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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## The Perfect Week-end

a short story by

## Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

JAN. 6, 1934

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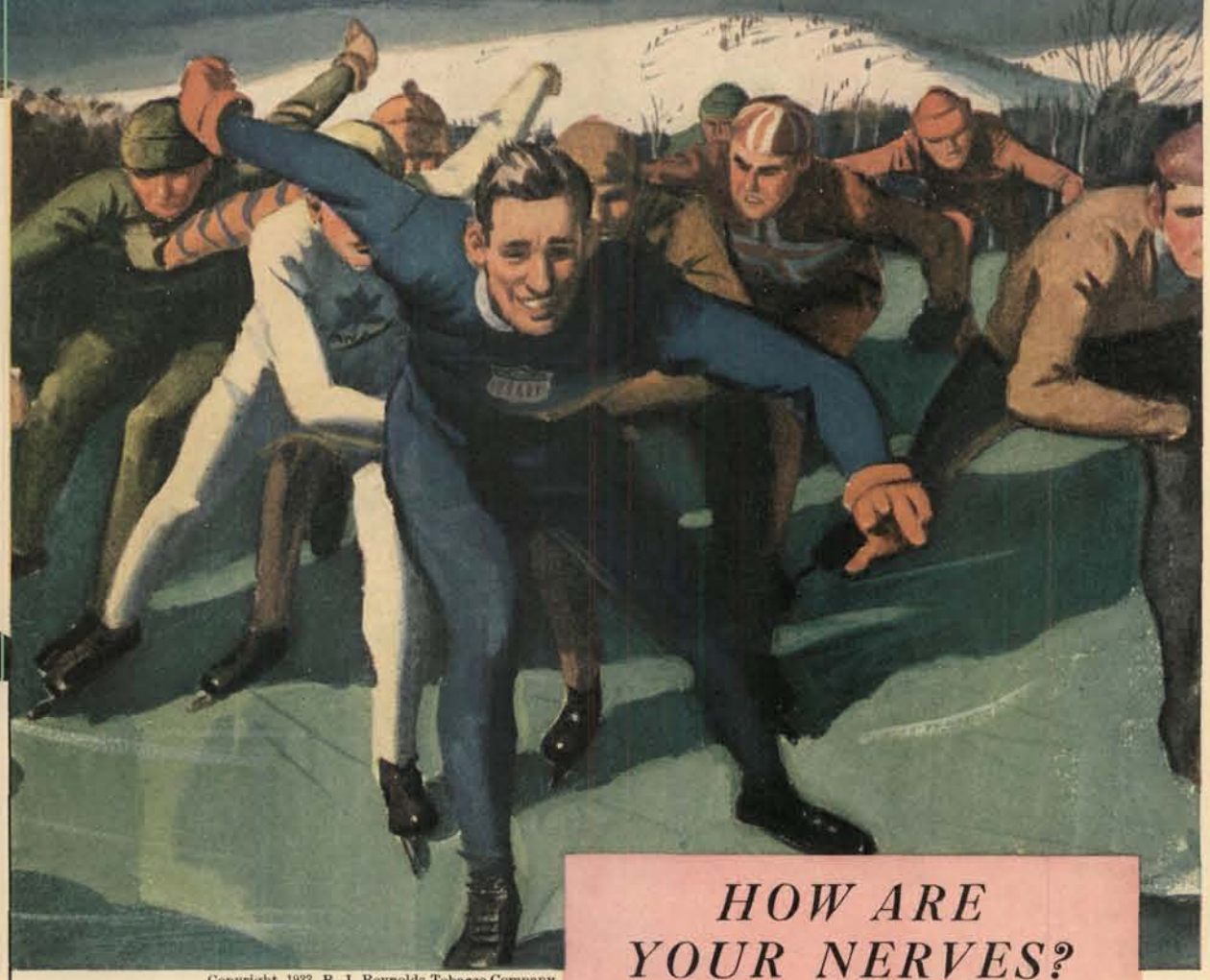
# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

## FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

**IRVING JAFFEE**

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U.S.A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# Steady Smokers turn to Camels

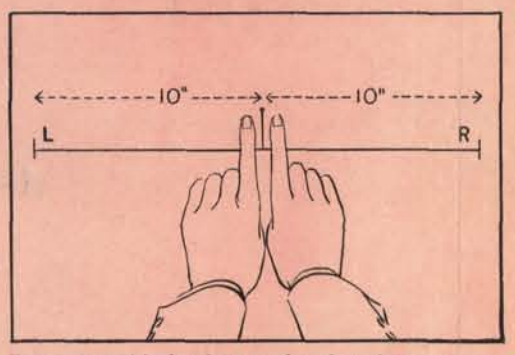
You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U.S.A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

* * *

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves... in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder... have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

## *HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?*

### TRY THIS TEST




Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes... try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

***Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.***

**IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW**

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

# CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

*NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES*

*NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE*

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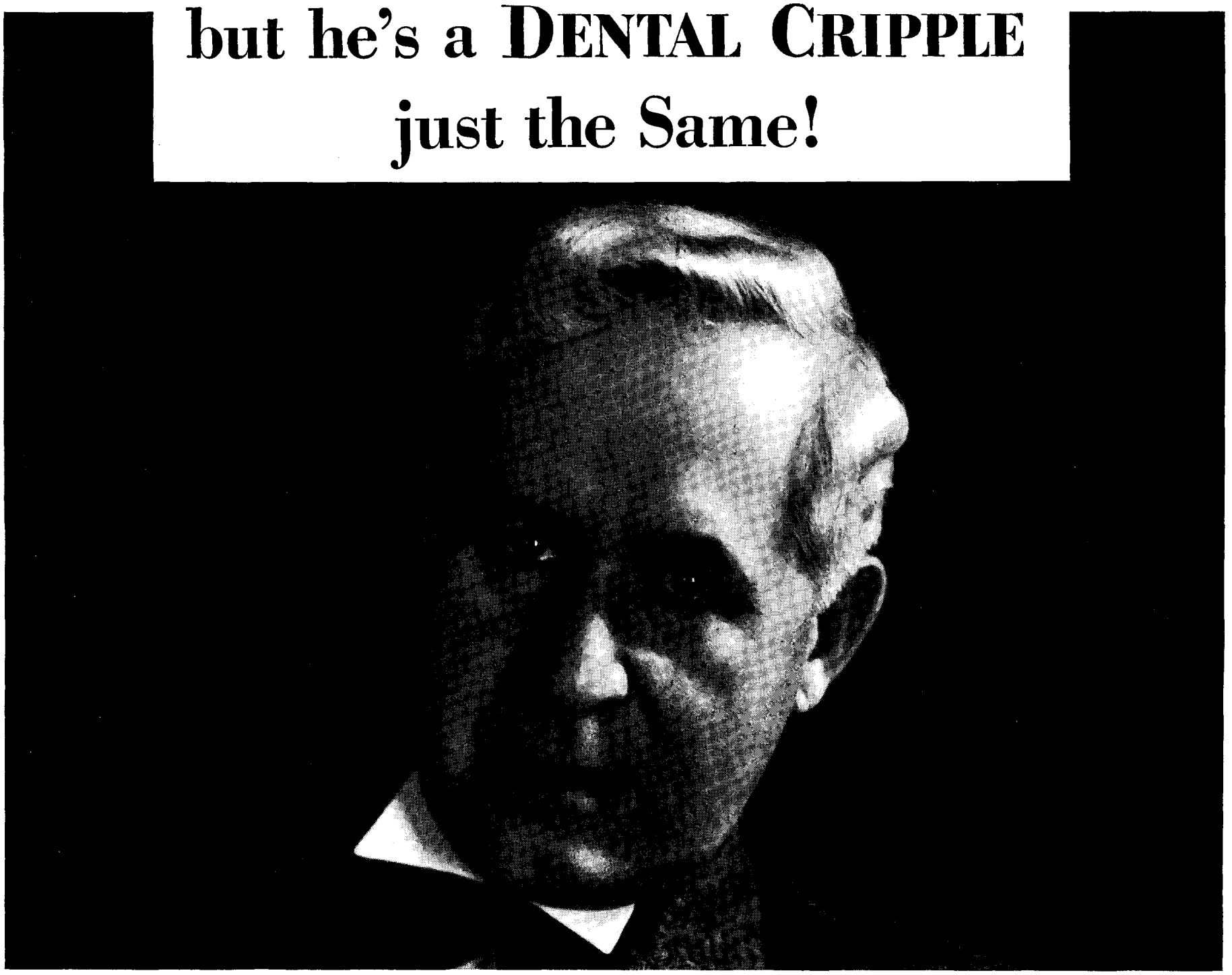
# When he speaks–It's News but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



Cameras click and reporters crowd around whenever this man stops eluding the gentlemen of the press and consents to talk. He's headline news any time, any year. And he's as busy, *every* day in the year, as a congressman during the strenuous weeks before election!

The fact is, he's been so busy all his life that he didn't even *listen* when his dentist told him, years ago, that he'd better massage his unhealthy gums, with Ipana Tooth Paste.

He's paying the piper today because he didn't even listen when a dentist told him, *two* years ago, that "pink tooth brush" is often the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis, Vincent's disease — even pyorrhea — and that it may even endanger a man's soundest teeth.

## "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT . . .

**"Pink tooth brush" is a threatening condition of the gums which should be dealt with at once. Use Ipana with massage**

Massage of the gums has come to be recognized as of equal importance with cleaning the teeth. Modern foods are far too soft and creamy to exercise the gums. Your gums tend to deteriorate—to become flabby and tender. You must do something to keep them firm. They need daily care.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your gums. In Ipana, there's an ingredient known to dentists as *ziratol*, and this aids in speeding circulation through the gum tissues and in bringing back firmness. Add gum massage, with Ipana, to your daily health routine—and your gums can better combat "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**

**TOOTH PASTE**

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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# Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


## Next Week

IN THE days when the W. C. T. U. was taking a strong stand about root beer, and the Sabbath was a day of arrest; when the Bloomer Girls were in full flower and bicycle riders were stopped for "scorching"; in short, in 1893, there came to New York a young man who was to play a large part in changing all that. At the time, however, he was not filled with any missionary or prophetic zeal—he was just looking for a strong man. His name was Florenz Ziegfeld.

His discovery of the American Girl made history—and millions of dollars. Under his magic touch stars flashed into being and filled the Great White Way. One of them, Eddie Cantor, has recorded that era of dizzying magnificence in the theater, of which "Ziegfeld and his Follies" were the bright midpoint. Next week, with David Freedman, he begins the story.

IT WASN'T true that Millie Agnew couldn't say "r." As a young girl she had had an almost irresistible temptation to substitute "w," especially at the beginning of a word. But she got over it—except in moments of excitement. As, for instance, on the night when she was kissed under the apple tree and then saw who had done it. "O-o-o-oh!" she cried. "You aren't Wichard!" The consequences of that slip didn't appear until years later, but they were worth waiting for. "The Second Kiss," by Lucian Cary, explains why.

THE doctor was very positive about it. There was a valvular lesion of the heart; the young man did not have long to live. To the young man this seemed very regrettable. There were a great many things he intended to do and they would take time. He determined to try them anyway. Now, fifty years later, after putting in the equivalent of three average lifetimes of work, the young man, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, inquires "Why Die Before Your Time?" and prescribes a few rules so you won't do it by mistake.

ANY man, looking at Michele White, would remember her forever. She was an instant, utter knockout. What chance would an ordinary girl have against this beautiful, scheming, self-promoting creature? In a dramatic love story Mary Fisher shows you.

DASHIELL HAMMETT contributes an unusual detective story. Hugh MacNair Kahler writes the Short Short. Freling Foster, Ray Tucker, Quentin Reynolds, Alan LeMay and George Agnew Chamberlain achieve one more masterpiece each. And all yours.

## This Week


**January 6, 1934**

*Cover by C. H. Twelvetrees*



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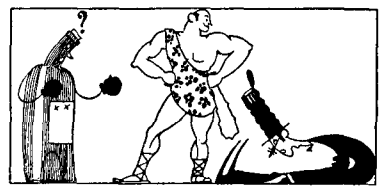
## Any Week

JUST a moment, please, while we have a word with Mrs. M. Elizabeth Loeser of Omaha, Nebraska. "Will you," demands she, "fight the liquor traffic as boldly as you did prohibition? I ask merely for information because, while I never agreed with your anti-prohibition attitude, I respected you for having had the courage to take your stand even before the dry cause became unpopular." Madam, we carry no banner but our own. Where we see liquor laws badly, illegally or even ineptly administered we shall be in there swinging with both hands. If it's crooked we won't like it and we'll say so.



WE FEEL very virtuous. We always do after a good night's sleep. We are even accused of letting our convictions run away with us now and then. "If I were you," writes Mr. T. H. Somers of Denver, Colorado, "I would be just as strong as you are for this New Deal idea. But I'd also tell the folks—and I'm asking—what is this New Deal anyway?"

AND all the time we had an idea that we were setting it forth pretty plainly. For example, in such editorials as "Don't Drop Your Guard," which, among others, Doctor J. C. Geiger, Director of Public Health for the magnificent City and County of San Francisco, California, describes as being both excellent and timely.

HOWEVER, it never fails when we go off on a personal back-slapping spree like this. Sometimes we suspect our secretary of arranging our mail this way just to keep us from floating off in an azure haze of self-admiration. "Taking it by and large," cries Captain Lew Wallace Unger of Indianapolis, Indiana, "I have never read a man who knew less about the facts." The Captain refers to us although he isn't very specific.

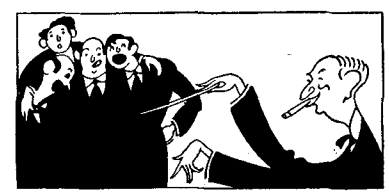
MR. BARNEY C. W. JOHNSON of Los Angeles, California, takes a Joe Savoldi lunge at one of our recent correspondents who wanted to know if there weren't too many farmers. "One is not necessarily a farmer," says Mr. Johnson, "because one lives on a farm. The real dirt farmer will come through like a veteran out of a battle—wiser but victorious. There may be too many scratching the soil, but not too many farmers."

"AS I SEE it," writes Mr. John J. Clover of Manchester, New Hampshire, "there is a great deal of confusion of thought in the country today. But just you wait until Congress gets into full swing, say about the middle of February. Personally, I am writing my name, age, address and so forth on a card and keeping it in my pocket because I expect to be right confused soon."

MR. JOE B. DOOLEY of Altoona, Pennsylvania, having a bit of time on his hands, reports a new garage sign. On the road to Harrisburg, says he, you are told: "If you have an honest dollar drop in and get a lot of inflated service."

AND Mr. H. Kahnweiler of Phoenix, Arizona, would appreciate a bit of information. "How come?" asks he. "A few months ago we veterans were almost lynched for daring to ask for our bonus and because we protested against allowance cuts. But the same newspapers and brass hats are now calling us heroes—provided we as an organization will join the big shots in the fight against inflation."

"I SEE by the papers," says Mr. R. B. Dougherty of Little Rock, Arkansas, "that Al Smith of New York proposes group singing for our idle hours. What, for instance? All right. All together now: Hallelujah, Give Us a Hand-out, Hallelujah, I'm a Bum."



MR. JOHN NORMAN of San Diego, California, regrets that it is necessary for him to indict Frank Condon of Los Angeles for ignorance of that state's laws. "In his story, 'Fore and Farewell,'" says Mr. Norman, "Frank has his painter of mountains marry that gal with the yellow-white hair too fast. We have what is known as a Gin Law out here whereby persons contemplating matrimony must declare their intentions three days before the ceremony takes place. Inasmuch as Frank's young folks decided to marry one day and got married the next they were, I regret to say, guilty of adultery and can be fined and imprisoned. And in case Frank protests that all this happened before the law went into effect, he ought to know that the Pebble Beach golf course was not laid out until some years after we adopted this Gin Law."

But Governor Rolph would pardon them.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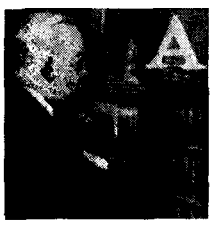
# PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO EVERY HOME

# —THE HARVARD CLASSICS

### Now where can I find out about that?

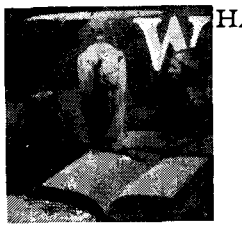


GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

### Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

### Some day he will ask you—

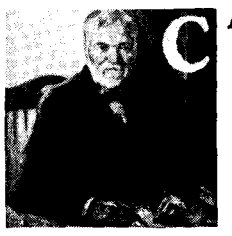
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

### Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

### "I would not exchange it," said Andrew Carnegie, "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

### Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

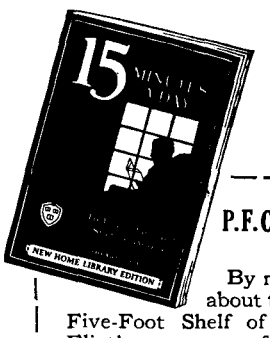
The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

### "Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."

## OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—FREE!

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# The Perfect Week-end

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

*A pleasant little interlude for Terence Mahadey—a great appreciator of beauty, no matter how dumb*

*Illustrated by Robert O. Reid*

HE KNEW it was a goofy idea. Buck Willetts had been telling him so ever since they left Stilesville, Ind.

"There won't be nothing doing in that hick dump, and you'll wisht you was in St. Louis drinking beer," Buck said.

"Aw . . . I got to get it outa my system," Terence Mahadey said.

Now, the truck was getting pretty close to this little burg in Illinois. He was going to do it. Yep, he was gonna lay over in Ostopolis, Illinois, for the week-end. Buck thought he had talked him out of the idea, but he hadn't. Buck was a good driving partner, a nice guy to share a sleeper cab within a ten-ton cross-country truck. But Buck didn't have no look-see in his system. Buck always said: "I got boils and my pants is greasy and God hates me."

Terence Mahadey squinted through the windshield down the long, gray road. On either side of U. S. Highway 40 the land was green with corn. Off to the right, a slender church spire still gleamed above the twilight shadows. "I got to get me a load of this," Terence thought. "I got to try this oncet."

Buck said, "Aw-aw," and swerved the truck to avoid a woman in a flivver, who was turning left from the extreme right side of the road. Buck cursed softly, hopelessly.

"Ostopolis, Illinois! Whyn't you pick Collinsville? 'At's a good town and you can hop the traction into St. Louis if you get tired of it."

"I ain't looking for a wild time."

"You better come on into the city. We'll get tight and you can lick that weight cop for me. He'll be off duty tonight and I know where he goes for his beer."

Mr. Mahadey sighed, tenderly fingering the bruised knuckles of his good right fist. A guy had got tough at a filling station in Mansfield, Ohio. The weight officer Buck mentioned sure had it coming to him. He said Buck and Terence were over the weight limit and made them unload ten cases of shoes.

"We'll get that guy next week."

Snorting, Buck scowled at two "thumbs" who were edging into the road to hop the trailer as the truck labored over the summit of a hill. He yelled: "Get off'n there!" and increased speed. It was the unwritten law that "thumbs" could ride only in a cloud-burst or a blizzard. The Green Triangle Trucking Corporation absolutely forbade its drivers to pick up hitch-hikers.

"Well," Buck said, "if your dumb head is set on it, I guess you'll live till Monday. Better open Jensen's squawk. Maybe he's fired you."

Terence reached behind the seat where a greasy envelope rested, preserved from blowing overside by the weight of a jack handle. He was very glad to change the subject. He couldn't explain this to a guy like Buck. He couldn't say: "Buck, I been driving through these little towns, St. Louis to Boston and back again, for nearly a year. I been watching the lights in the windows late at night. I been watching the sun rise behind haystacks. I'm sick of fighting the hard road. I got it running through my head nights. I got it in my ears and nose and eyes." Terence pawed open the envelope and extracted a green sheet.

**Half a dozen or more villagers who were following cop and prisoner to the very doors of the bastile snickered. The highway cop said: "Just a pair of wise-crackers. Yeah"**

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"Is either of us fired?" Buck asked gloomily.

"Naw. It's another one of them letters asting us to get business for the line."

"Business. Ha! Seems like I heard that word oncet a long time ago. . . . Here's Ostopolis. Where do you want out?"

"You got a gas stop. I'll get out there."

"It's on the other side of town."

"I'll get out there."

"Yeah?" said Buck skeptically.

They rumbled along a side street, between rows of white frame houses, and across one side of the town square. The shiny yellow truck, a tractor and trailer monster, was dusty from many a "kinked gut"—detour. Its running lights had twinkled in far places like Cropseyville, N. Y., and Lunenburg, Mass. Terence and Buck sat in the high cab behind two hundred thundering horses. Buck nonchalantly lighted a cigarette, keeping an eye peeled for the local traffic cop, while Terence fumbled for his battered satchel.

"Ostopolis," said Buck, with lordly condescension.

"Me—I like it," Terence said, jamming a gray felt hat on his red head. "Nice and quiet and peaceful. Golly!"

"Nuts. You ain't got out yet, I notice."

Terence said nothing. It was a kinda goofy idea. He didn't know a soul in this burg. What'd he do with his time tonight? Tomorrow? What did hicks do with their time? Riding through so often and only stopping for oil or gas or water, a guy got to studying about it. A guy like Terence did, anyway. Buck never. Buck had boils and a wife and two kids and a flat in St. Louis. Still and all, maybe Buck was right. Maybe he'd better go along to St. Louis. He could have a date with Mabel or Jenny or meet a new one. There was always new ones. . . .

"Twenty-fi' and two quarts," Buck said.

They were at their regular filling station on the other side of town. Buck turned to Terence.

"You got sense?" he challenged.

"Oh . . . yeah? S'long. See you Monday."

Terence, a battered satchel in his hand, swung down from the cab.

"You ain't that dumb!"

"Roll along, leather-pants. I hope you get pinched in East St. Louis."

BUCK shook his head, his lean, sardonic face twisting with the effort to think up a final insult. But there was an interruption:

"Could you give me a lift to St. Looey, Mister?"

They looked around. A girl, carrying an expensive suitcase, had approached timidly from the gloom.

"It'd mean my job, Sis," said Buck promptly. "I'd like to, but I'd get canned."

"Oh . . . I see."

Terence blinked at her. There were quite a few girl "thumbs" on the roads nowadays, but this one was different. She sure was different.

"There'll be a ride along pretty soon," said Buck hastily. "Well, I gotta be going." Then, above the engine's roar, "Don't talk to that tramp, Sister!"

The truck rolled away.

"I ain't no tramp," Terence said. "Him and me rides together. We're alla time kidding so on and so forth."

The girl made no response. She edged back into the shadows beyond the circle of filling-station lights.

"What you going to St. Louis for?"

"What's it *to* you?"

"Not a thing, girlie. What you been crying about?"

"I ain't."

"You have so. You got streaks on your face."

"What's it *to* you?"

Terence grinned. She had black hair and snappy black eyes. He liked 'em that way. She had a turned-up nose and a dimple in her chin. She wore good clothes. She was a nifty, a nifty.

"I don't like to see girls crying. It's on account of I got a big heart."

"Well, take your big heart and go for a walk with it!"

SHE looked up the road, waiting for another car to come along. Terence was enraptured. A smart, cute kid. What a come-back! Take your big heart and go for a walk with it. Just like a wise-crack in a picture show.

"Going after a job in St. Louis?"

"What's it *to* you? I s'pose you got a big business and everything . . . so what?"

"No. I ain't. You think I'm a masher or something like that, hey?"

"I never think. It's bad for the complexion."

Terence laughed loudly. He was tickled pink. This tribute to her wit seemed to mollify the lady somewhat. She put the suitcase down.

"It ain't hurt your complexion none," Terence observed. "Did anybody ever tell you you got a swell complexion?"

"Is that s'posed to be a compliment? I'll thank you next Tuesday. If I forget to remember."

What a girl! Terence had never met one who could wise-crack like this. Erpa, in Valparaiso, Ind., was pretty good, but not in this one's class. And this one felt bad. You could tell that. She must be a whiz when she felt good.

"There ain't many jobs open in St. Louis right now," Terence said. "If I was you I wouldn't try it."

"If you was I, you'd look funny, and I don't feel like laughing."

A car came down the road slowly. The girl got up and took several hesitant steps. Then she snatched up the suitcase and started to walk away. The car drew to a stop beside her. A large, heavy-set man got out.

"You come on home!" he said.

"Leggo of me! Take your hand off of me!"

"You're coming home. Your ma sent me after you, and I'm humoring her this time, see?"

"Leggo, you big bully!"

Terence walked over.

"Turn her loose, Brother." Then, to the girl, "Who's this tough guy?"

"Who are *you?*" the man said.

"He's a big crook that married my mother," the maiden said. "If I was big enough I'd knock his mean face in!"

"Aw, he ain't so big," said Terence. He jerked the man's arm away from the girl and pushed him backward "Beat it, Brother."

"Who you pushing?"

"You. Here's another push. Like it? Or want another?"

"Gee!" said the girl.

Her stepfather did not like the last push. He swung at Terence. . . .

"You knocked him down!"

"Yeah."

"He's getting up. Look out!"

"Quit that! Now I'm gonna hurt you . . . unh . . . okay . . . here's one a little harder. . . ."

"Fight! Fight!"

The filling station emptied. A state highway policeman appeared. Terence stopped pummeling his adversary, who was groaning and swearing. Terence had enjoyed the mild workout and swung around to face the highway cop.

"Watch yourself, buddy," said the highway cop.

"Let somebody hold your gun and I'll take you on, too," Terence invited. "I'll take you both on at the same time."

"Real tough guy, ain't you?"

"I want this man pinched. Assault and battery. He hit me with brass knuckles."

"That's a lie! I don't need knucks for clucks like you!"

The lady fair spoke up.

"You oughta arrest *him*," she said. "He started it. He come along and started getting rough with me."

"I'm your father."

"You ain't neither. My father's dead. You're just a big crook and a bully and I'm sorry he didn't black both your eyes."

"The light was bad," Terence said apologetically.

The highway cop tapped Terence on the shoulder.

"Come on," he said.

THE girl walked along with Terence. Her stepfather said nastily, "You better not show yourself around my house. I'm through with you."

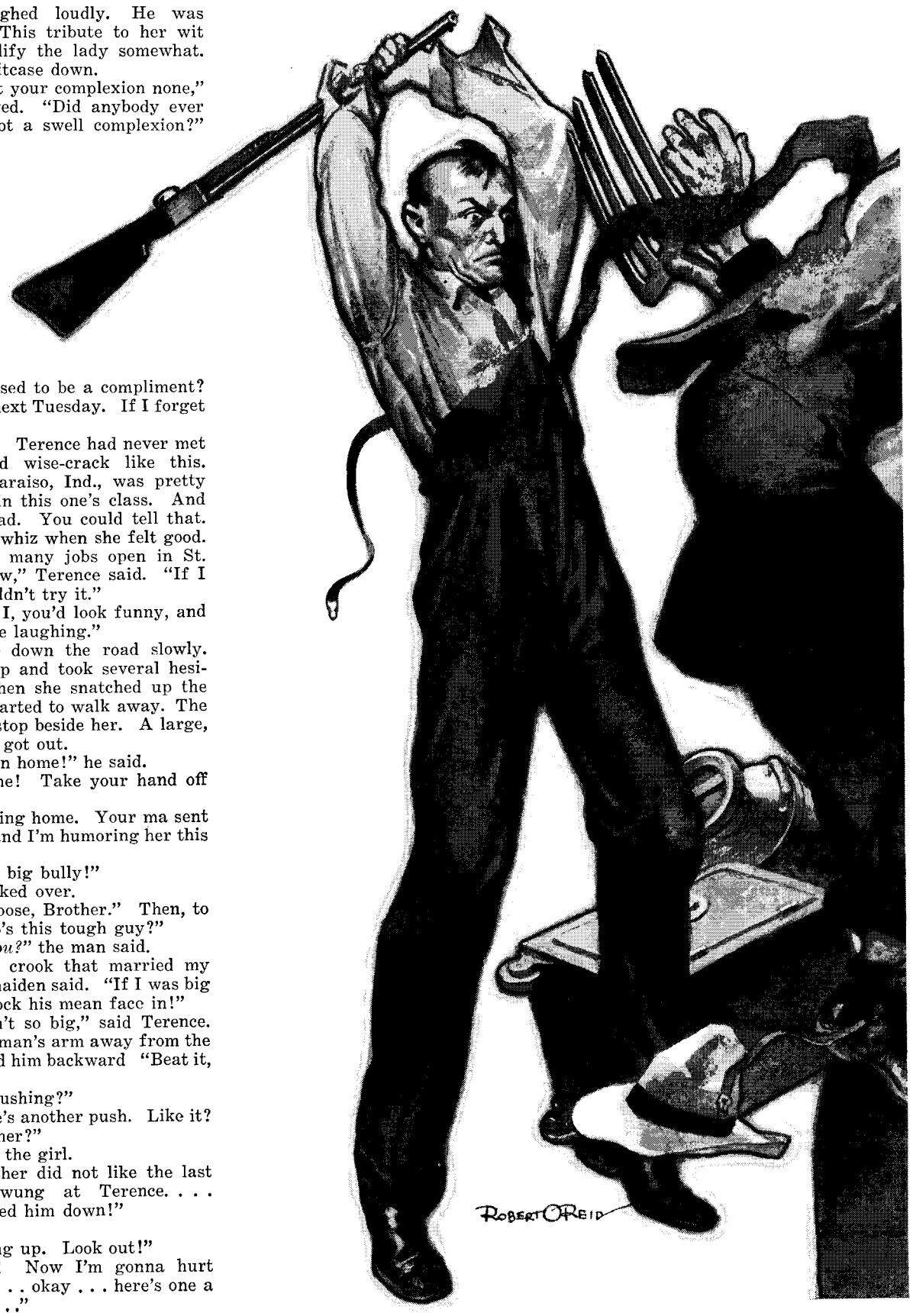
She said, over her shoulder, "I'd die before I ever looked at your ugly face again."

"Where you want me to go, Boy Scout?" Terence inquired.

"To jail. Ever see a good jail? We got one right in this town."

The girl tugged at Terence's sleeve.

"I'll get you out," she said. "I know a man that will sign your bond. I'll phone him. He lives on a farm."

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"That's sure nice of you, Sister. But I'll pay the fine. I got money. Where you going?"

"I'll go to Mrs. Reid's house. That's the Methodist minister's wife. Don't pay any attention to Mr. Smarty here. He's just trying to get you in worse trouble."

"Is that so?" said the highway cop.

"You wouldn't know what was so if the So-so bird was to tell you!"

Terence roared. He was tickled pink.

The girl plucked at his sleeve again.

"I guess I better tell you my name. It's Dorine Joelke and I used to live with Mrs. Martin Brown. That's my mother that's married to Mr. Brown, the man you had the fight with."

Terence took off his hat.

"Sure am pleased to meet you, Miss. I'm Mister Terence Mahadey and I drive for the Green Triangle Trucking Corporation. They got plenty of political pull, too. If I ain't treated right it'll be just too bad for these highway coppers."

The highway cop made an inelegant sound.

"Oh yeah?" he said.

Miss Joelke tittered.

"That's Oh Yeah, the big Indian chief, and I guess he's married to Izzatso, the cross-eyed squaw!"

THIS was too much for Terence. He laughed so hard a button popped off his shirt. Half a dozen or more villagers who were following cop and prisoner to the very doors of the bastile snickered. The highway cop said: "Just a pair of wise-crackers. Yeah. You won't be so wise-cracking when you set a while in jail."

Miss Joelke apparently always left them laughing when she said goodby.

"I'll tell the sheriff to put some bug exterminator on Oh Yeah, Mr. Mahadey. I'll be seeing you."

"Bug exterminator—ha ha ha ha ha."

It was a good jail, all right. The highway patrol used it as a district holdover. The sheriff, a benign old countryman, treated Terence very well.

"Little trouble, son?"

"Yeah. Had a fight with a guy named Brown."

"Assault and battery and peace disturbance and resisting . . . no, that's enough," said the highway cop.

Terence grinned.

"Aw, put in the rest. Go on. Put it in."

But the highway cop was not to be taunted into accusing Mr. Mahadey unjustly. "That'll hold you," he said.

"Yeah, until I get me a bond signed," said Terence.

The sheriff waited until the highway cop had swaggered out. Then he said: "Our cells are full of niggers, son. I reckon you better stay in the back room."

"That's sure mighty nice uh you."

In the back room Terence met Mr. Alloway, the chief deputy, Mr. Smith the turnkey, and a Mr. Richardson, who was a drummer from Moline and had failed to pay his wife's alimony. They were all nice guys. In fact, Mr. Alloway shook hands with Terence twice, saying: "You oughta have a medal for socking Martin Brown." Mr. Richardson proposed a game of rummy. They were just getting started when the sheriff said Dorine Joelke wanted to see Mr. Mahadey.

Dorine was in the sheriff's office. She had a basket of food on her lap. She had been crying some more.

"I got bad news," she said. "Mister Benson, the man that would of signed your bond, ain't home and won't be back until after the dairy farmers' meeting and that'll be all hours. And Ma had a fight with Mister Brown and left him and she's over to Mrs. Reid's house. Ain't that somepin?"

Terence grinned.

"Don't let it get you down, kid. I like it here fine. Morning's time enough for the guy to sign my bond. What you been crying about this time?"

"I brought you some supper. It's only cold fried chicken and light bread and some deviled eggs and pie, but everything had sort of run out and—"

"That's good enough for a guy that's gonna be hanged," said Terence, humorously. "And they can't hang me for what I done. It's you I'm worryin' about. What's all the trouble between you and your ma and this Brown bozo?"

Miss Joelke burst into tears. Terence said: "Hey now, quit crying. There ain't nothing to cry about." Then, bit by bit, he drew forth the following story:

Dorine's pa had left her ma a good dairy products agency. He bought milk and cream and fresh eggs from the farmers and shipped to the big dairies in St. Louis. But Ma went and married Mr. Brown, the big crook, and Mr. Brown said now the business was all his, and, besides, Mr. Brown had been cheating the farmers right and left. The farmers were all sore and threatening to strike and maybe they would strike tomorrow. Mr. Benson was head of the committee and they were coming in the morning for a show-down and maybe there'd be a riot. They might even burn down the plant. And Dorine and her ma didn't have a cent to bless them and unless somepin was done it would just be too bad. . . .

Terence wrinkled his brow.

"Will them farmers fight?"

"They certainly will, Mr. Mahadey. They fight real good, too, when they get stirred up. Mr. Benson was in the meeting at the Knob Church this aft and there's another meeting going on right now."

THE prospect sounded swell to Terence. He had never been in a riot. Not a real riot.

"I'll keep 'em from burning your ma's plant," said Terence stoutly, "and I'll dope out some way of getting the goods on this Brown guy. You leave it to me, Sis." Then, as gallantry warmed him, "You're too good-looking a girl to be crying about such stuff."

Miss Joelke dried her tears with a handkerchief.

"Aw, I'll bet," she said.

Mrs. Reid, who was waiting outside, called: "Dorine, dearie! It's getting late."

"You're a dead ringer for Claudette Colbert," said Terence sincerely. "You got prettier eyes than her."

The lady brightened.

"I s'pose that's a compliment. I'll thank you next Tuesday, if I forget to remember."

"'At's the spirit, girlie. Sure. You may be down, as the drunk said when he slipped on the stairs, but you ain't out!"

"You ain't out, neither."

Terence laughed immoderately.

"I'll be out in the morning, though!"

Miss Joelke smiled.

*(Continued on page 28)*

**A guy had jumped on Terence's back. Another guy was swinging at Terence's head. Several farmers made a rush to extricate Terence. All was confusion**

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# Bright Girl

## A Short Short Story complete on this page

## By Teresa Hyde Phillips

THE two sisters faced each other in the living-room of the elder's apartment. The small, dark younger one with grief in her eyes, and disillusion and despair in her heart. The dark one knew that what the fair one had done, was doing, was contemptible, and she was sure it was stupid too. And for the first time in her life Maryland Lee, who had worshiped her golden sister Lora, hated her.

She had come unexpectedly to Lora's apartment and at the door of the automatic elevator had met Rod Macklyn. Rod who meant good to no one, who brought ruin wherever he moved, and who had exercised always a spell over Lora. A sleek, black, smooth-tailored snake, he had disappeared down the hallway taking with him every illusion that Maryland had about Lora.

"You may be able to lie yourself out of this with Jim," Maryland said, bleakly, fiercely, "but don't lie to me. I *know*."

"And so what?" Lora's voice was sweet, contemptuous, sure of herself, of her cleverness and power.

"You can't treat Jim like that, not the man you are going to marry. You can't do things like that to *anyone*. And Jim trusts you so!"

It was as though she herself had been betrayed. Yet she, Maryland Lee, who would willingly have died for Jim Clay, had to stand by and be silent while he was cheated and duped and dishonored.

Lora looked at her sister pityingly: "Honestly, are you never going to grow up? If you think this air of naïve innocence is attractive, get over the idea."

"We're not discussing me," said Maryland. "It's Jim. You swore to him you would never see Rod again—that there was nothing between you."

"Men like Jim," said Lora coolly, "are natural lambs for the slaughter. Ordained to be sold."

"And you are my sister," breathed Maryland after a silence that seemed as sharp as a scream.

Lora regarded her. "You are still in love with him," she said. "It's too bad, because he really is in love with you, too. If I could afford to give up his fortune, I'd let you have him. You are two of a kind. Simple wights."

"I think he would be better dead than married to you," said Maryland. "You will kill every decent thing in him."

"Why don't you warn him?" Malice spoke from the couch. "Tell him what a horror I am?" She laughed up at Maryland because she knew that her sister's hands were tied. Tied because Jim had been engaged to Maryland when Lora came along and dazzled him, blinded him, bound him to her chariot wheels.

"How do you know he won't find out for himself?" said Maryland. "Everyone makes mistakes. You are bright but not infallible."

"I'm bright enough for that, believe me." She looked around the room. "Do you see any traces of Rod?" She reached for a cigarette. "Stick around," she said, "give yourself a treat. Jim is on his way over." She reached for an enameled lighter which, somehow, was symbolic of her in its polish, its perfection. Nothing was ever out of place in Lora's apartment. "I hate untidiness," she would say. She would not even have matches in her rooms because they were untidy. Lighters stood on stands and tables. "Do stay," she said, "and tell Jim. Here he is. I hear the elevator."

It was too late for Maryland to escape. She saw Lora's mocking smile and then she turned and nodded palely to Jim. He stood beside her, fair and tall, big and straightforward. He laid his arm affectionately across her shoulders: "Hello, Maryland." Then, crossing the room, he kissed Lora, and sat down beside her. Something was worrying him, Maryland could see that. He leaned back, seemed about to speak, decided not to, and then it came out: "Funny," he said. "I thought I saw Rod Macklyn across the street as I came up."

LORA'S arrowy lashes rose and pointed at her sister, then, innocently, seductively up at Jim. "Rod?" she asked. "Oh, I shouldn't think so. I fancy he is still in Europe."

She dipped her white, pink-tipped fingers into the silver box beside them, slipped a cigarette into his mouth, closed her scarlet lips over another and waited for a light.

"I should have known he wasn't around," said Jim. His hand reached out to the stand beside him and picked up a folder of paper matches. His eyes left her face and dropped to the colored folder so that he did not catch the swift look of apprehension that passed over her. Her glance had taken in the paper matches, for she knew they were Rod Macklyn's, and an almost audible sigh of relief escaped her as she saw that there was about them nothing that could betray her. No initials, no identifying club or hotel seal.

Jim opened the folder and started to pull out a match. Then his right hand halted and he sat staring as if turned to stone. He did not strike the match, and a kind of pallor showed under his tan.

"Jim, what is wrong? Are you ill?" Lora was shaking his arm.

The touch of her fingers galvanized him. He threw her hand from his arm as though it were a venomous insect, and rose to his feet. Something vital was happening, and yet was happening quite quietly, just like that. Jim stood and looked down at Lora, at the bright girl, but not as though he were looking for anything now. As if he were seeing her for the first time, quite clearly, and as though the sight were not loathsome to him but only faintly horrible.

"SO IT *was* Macklyn I saw," he said. Without another word he strode to the door, and his eyes were fixed on Maryland as though he had come to the end of a long street and at that end was home.

"But it wasn't!" screamed Lora. "You're crazy! What have those matches to do with Macklyn?"

"Look at them!" he said. She looked. Nothing unusual about them. Just matches.

"I roomed with a left-handed man at college," said Jim. "That's how I first came to notice it. Left-handers like him—and Macklyn—habitually take their matches from the left side. Out of a hundred folders you'll find only one with unused matches full on the right."

Lora Lee sat staring at the folder. She heard the elevator close behind Jim and Maryland. She listened while, floor by floor, as the elevator fell, tomorrow's sixteen-room apartment, and next year's ermine coat, and finally even tonight's theater engagement, dropped down one after the other to the street floor and vanished, with Jim and a little dark girl, up the street.

*Illustrated by George Howe*

**His right hand halted and he sat staring as if turned to stone. A kind of pallor showed under his tan**

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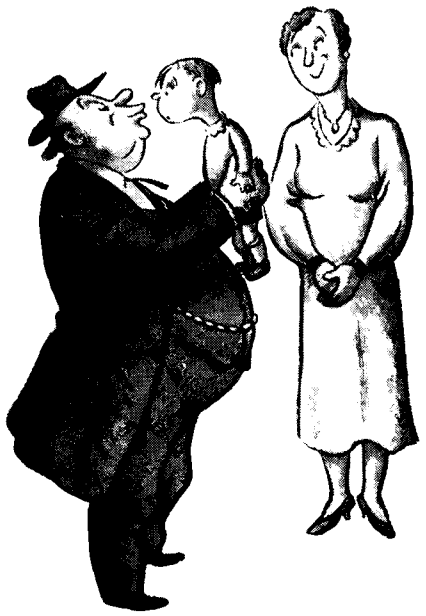
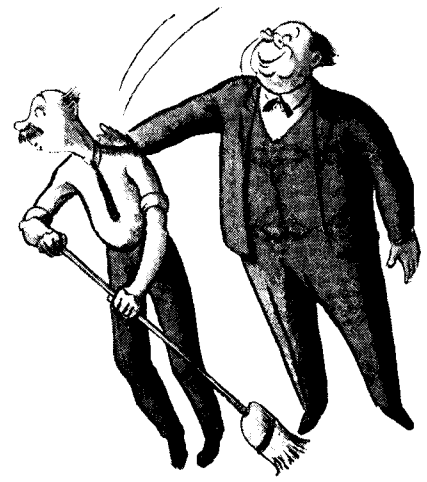
# Statesmen must Eat

## By Ray Tucker

*Collier's Washington Staff Writer*



Those whose terms expire this year are working all the ancient gags



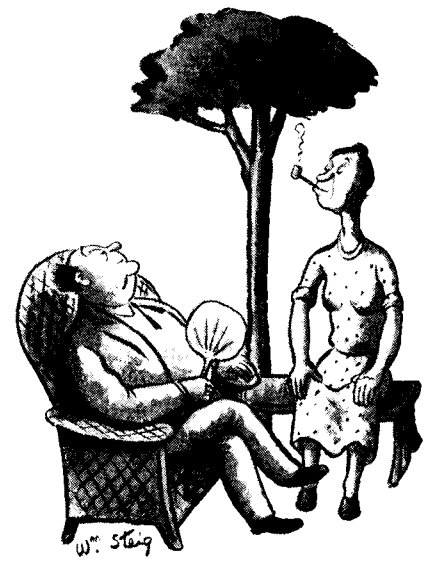
Some of our most snobbish senators are hardening up their palms

We're going to hear speeches made solely for crossroads consumption

Almost every Republican will walk the corridors with a man-of-destiny gleam in his eyes

*Illustrated by William Steig*

The boys are coming back after a summer with the home folks



***The first item on the congressional calendar for 1934 is Reëlection; all of the House and one third of the Senate are sitting up nights trying to decide which way to jump***

THE honorable gentlemen of the Seventy-third Congress have returned to the capital in a mean mood. There's political blood in their eyes. Both Democrats and Republicans who showed such a honeymoonish attitude toward President Roosevelt last spring fidget like a bride who isn't altogether happy under the present arrangement but can't quite make up her mind whether to stick around for a while or seek a separation.

Absolute divorce on the ground of neglect or non-support—and many mutter these charges against the President and Master of Patronage Farley—is out of the question. Most members must count the voters again next fall, and they know that the public is a little squeamish about such goings-on, especially when the other party to the political bargain is as popular as Mr. Roosevelt.

The people still place their hope in him, no doubt of that. Even "Dave" Reed of Pennsylvania, who will head reactionary Republican sorties against major Administration policies in the Senate, concedes Mr. Roosevelt's strength, and that admission sheds great light on the congressional scenery. Mr. Reed has denounced White House economic and monetary moves at chilly state fairs and in drafty basements where they hold church suppers of red cabbage and potato salad, kidding the "campus atmosphere of Washington" and warning that "a professor a day will keep recovery away."

The sooty adversity of Pittsburgh seems to add an acid touch to the senator's gift for sarcasm. But Mr. Reed has been careful to praise the President's courage and cheerfulness and good intentions. Now, if a liberal Democratic Chief Executive can draw such faint damnings from the legal and political counsel for the Mellons—you've heard of the Mellons of Washington and Pittsburgh—it is pretty certain that he will have a fairly fast track in a Congress which usually follows Mr. Reed's leadership by going—and voting—the other way.

### Every Member for Himself

Despite this respect for the President's apparent popularity, it will be a political field day—a red-hot camp meeting—from the time the gavels fall, for every member of the House and one third of the Senate must ask for another piece of plurality pie next November. Instead of the unity displayed in last spring's crisis, it will be every M. C. for himself, and prospective defeat take those who can't holler loud enough to make themselves heard. Almost every man has come back suffering from the high blood pressure and vocal rash which are the plainly discernible symptoms of the congressional disease commonly known as reëlection fever.

Rarely has the ailment been so epidemic or so severe on Capitol Hill. Recent elections showed a gleeful urge on the part of the voters to kick out the ins, whether they were Republicans, Democrats or Progressives, good, bad or indifferent public servants; they also indicated a liberal, even a radical, trend. Worst of all, from the average politician's viewpoint, the people seem to be thinking.

The members are changed men already. The most snobbish senators are hardening and soiling their palms by slapping Capitol janitors and police on the back, and senatorial doors never otherwise known to open hang inward on their hinges with a "Walk right in" sign on them. You can get them on the telephone at any hour of the day or night, and instead of snapping sleepily and grudgingly, they warble: "Sure, call me up any time, glad to serve you."

Almost a thousand congressional secretaries spend most of their time scanning local newspapers for announcements of births, christenings, weddings and deaths, and the zeal with which statesmen mail out congratulations in commemoration of these humble annals of forgotten men, women and children—and sometimes pet animals—is comic. They're working all the ancient gags, even though they shudder lest the day of barnyard politics has passed.

It will be a yapping, yelling, hear-ye session. There will be speeches delivered solely for crossroads consumption at a cost of $52 a page in the Congressional Record, which always jumps in size and circulation in a reëlection year.

While expressing the utmost admiration for the President's policy, members will deliver an oblique fire on his principal aides, especially those engaged in the industrial and agricultural recovery fields, not to forget the ubiquitous Mister Farley. Even some Administration supporters will "view with alarm," although they will always vote right. They will try to be as opportunistic as some think, rightly or wrongly, the President has been with the authority they gave him.

### Just Smart Politics

Thus, if things have gone sour by next November, they will point to what they said here and hope that the people—and their opponents—won't discover how they voted. If Mr. Roosevelt is going strong when their day of agony arrives, they will perform somersaults on his political coat-tails. If he is not, they will desert him like—well, like politicians. In short, they will double-cross themselves and pray that they won't catch themselves at it. That, you understand, is smart politics.

Their predicament is quite understandable, however. Last spring they lodged almost dictatorial power in the President, and enacted his program without knowing what it was all about.

*(Continued on page 41)*

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# Champion Preferred

## By Bernard de Voto

***Featuring two girls who were just about as much alike as Gandhi and Napoleon—and a young man who listened and learned***

*Illustrated by Mario Cooper*

**Ellen filled her arms with robes and blankets. Hank took the bags; Lynn found a jack handle. By flashlight they struggled across the bridge to a small house**

HENRY TOWNSHEND climbed behind the wheel of the sedan, drew on his fur gloves, and pulled a coonskin cap over his ears. Redness in the east became full sunrise. The gables of the Southern Quebec Club wore a sudden gilt; a ski jump scrawled its bitter blue shadow across the snow. Lynn Chase appeared on the steps. A thermometer on the veranda beside her, Henry knew, registered sixteen degrees below zero, but Lynn had made no concession to the arctic air except for her inadequate fur topped galoshes. After a week surrounded by girls in masculine attire, he had a new appreciation of chiffon stockings and the swirl of a skirt. Lynn turned up the collar of her squirrel coat over her cheeks, ran down the steps, got in the rear seat and wrapped herself in the robes.

"The heater is a sound idea," she said. "But if sunrise is just this, why have they written all those poems about it?"

Henry looked at the sun, now painting the slopes of the hills a bright carmine, and offered her a pair of dark glasses. Lynn yawned. "No, thanks, Hank. I prefer blindness to disfigurement."

A WEEK at the Southern Quebec Club was not Lynn's idea of amusement, but she had not complained. Athletes taking exercise distressed her and the rôle of a younger sister chaperoning an engaged couple was still more tiresome. But she had remained good-humored and aloof. Except that, night before last, aloofness had not been the descriptive word. . . . Hank groaned inwardly. The trouble with situations was that they never improved; they always got worse. And this one offered the Townshend genius for bungling a wonderful opportunity.

"It's been a dull week for you," he said. "And you wouldn't choose this way of going home."

Lynn was looking at her frosty breath. "Of course we'll go home by car. What would Daniel Boone do . . . ? The only winter sports I enjoy are all done before a brisk wood fire. This week lasted about two days too long, I think. Or—" her eyes sought his ingenuously, "or maybe about two days short of long enough."

Ingenuously but deceptively. He tried to read her thoughts in her dark eyes. You might as well try to read the combination of a bank vault in the shiny locks. He looked hastily away. He had a notion that the best way to turn a confusing situation into a calamity was to dwell on night before last.

"What I like about the demon rum," Lynn said, with much too gentle an irrelevance, "is that it lights up the shy spots where the soul hides when it's scared. If it hadn't been for champagne, I'd have gone on thinking that your soul was dedicated to dying in an athlete's grave—and no chance. Or wasn't it John Barleycorn, Hank? Maybe you have a dual personality? Maybe, for one evening, the stars were favorable?"

All those allusions were dangerous. He selected the athletic theme as probably the safest. "I ski with a correct mediocrity. I'd shrink from anything more as destructive of the amateur spirit." His mind dissolved into pictures of a dozen-odd competitions in which he had hardly rated as an also-ran, and of Ellen's increasing shortness of temper. He recalled Ellen at the curve of a Christiana, at the zenith of a jump, coming to a poised, perfect halt. Ellen was perfection. She had to be; it was her trade. She couldn't tolerate anything less than perfection. The sight of a fiancé consistently bringing up the rear and just as consistently sliding on his spine had been a dreadful experience.

ELLEN came out of the club with George Borland and once more verified her preparations. Ellen wore ski boots, ski trousers of blue gabardine, heavy scarlet sweater, béret, beaver coat, thick mittens. You didn't question the appropriateness of the clothes, but they feloniously obscured her figure. She put on amber glasses and Hank saw that Lynn was right; they broke the line of Ellen's excellent nose.

Borland was solicitous and apprehensive and all but exploding with sternly repressed tenderness. The ski-jumper had been like that all week—he had been shot down on the wing . . . Borland's shoulders, his cheeks, his eyes belonged on a poster advertising shirts and shorts. So, Hank decided, did his mind. Almost certainly he liked to address prep-school boys on keeping fit.

But the tanned face was harassed and somewhat grim. Borland talked urgently in a low tone. His hands were restless; they obviously wanted to keep touching Ellen. "Who could expect

*(Continued on page 31)*

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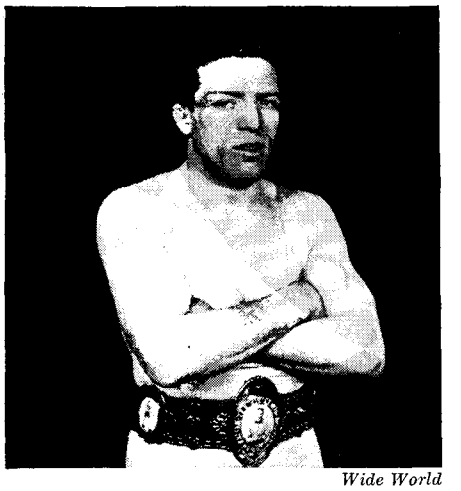
# Glove Money

## By Quentin Reynolds

***Those glamorous dollars the gladiators of the prize ring earn are tough to earn and they're tougher to keep. X-ray the pockets of most of the champs and near-champs of bygone days and you will find out why these former heroes now have only a nodding acquaintance with ham and eggs***



*Wide World*

BACK in 1920 a bull-necked kid was driving a taxicab in New York. He did some amateur wrestling on the side. One day up at the New York Athletic Club Dan Hickey, the trainer who handled Bob Fitzsimmons, decided to make a boxer of the boy. He never really made a boxer of him but he did make him a fighting fool and a world's light-heavyweight champion.

Paul Berlenbach just exploded over the boxing horizon. He didn't have a good right hand; he couldn't box much and anybody could hit him. Yes, he was an easy guy to hit—but a terrible guy to miss. His left hand was dynamite preferred and when Paul hit them they stayed hit. Paralyzing Paul, they called him, and he sprayed light heavyweights all over the fistic landscape.

He beat the canny Mike McTigue and won the light-heavy title in 1925. He fought Jack Delaney three times and the combined gate receipts for those three bouts were three-quarters of a million dollars. Paul was riding high, wide and handsome. When he fought Delaney at Ebbets Field in 1926, sixty thousand people paid $450,000 to watch the fun. They didn't seem to be such tough bucks to Paul. They kept rolling in and he bought all of his friends police dogs and gave gold watches to his seconds. Just a short eight years ago that was.

Now Paul is back on the streets again and instead of the roaring adulation of a hysterical crowd he works to the accompaniment of the metallic click of his taxi-meter. Paul doesn't hear very well—he stopped a lot of punches in his day. Paul's face is a little battered and there are lumps over both eyes. But he's a good cab driver and on a busy day he should clear seven dollars. Now and then he wrestles in a preliminary match and he might get fifty or sixty dollars for that. Oh, Paul is doing all right. Just as well as he did back in 1920 when Dan Hickey discovered him. But he's got nothing to show for his ring career but a scrapbook and you can't buy beefsteak with clippings.

Ask him what happened to the fortune he made and he'll look puzzled and say, "Oh, it just went."

Those tough bucks have a habit of just evaporating—here today and gone tomorrow.

Remember Jimmy Slattery? Ah, but there was a broth of a lad, clean-limbed, fast as quicksilver, with the kick of a mule in his right hand, and with a gay Irish smile that won your vote right away.

They loved him in New York. He had as much color as a sunset. He boxed with his arms dangling nonchalantly at his sides and his feet twinkled over the canvas like careless sunbeams. He was a wraith in the ring, a delicate phantasy. That right arm of his would occasionally flash upwards and the man he was fighting would look astonished for the split part of a second—and then drop. The crowd would shriek its delight. He was beautiful to watch, was Jimmy Slattery.

In 1927 Tommy Loughran was light-heavyweight champion of the world. Slattery was ranked number two. He was beating men like Maxie Rosenbloom, Jack Delaney, Young Stribling, and occasionally, just for the fun of it, he invaded the heavyweight class to beat men like Johnny Risko.

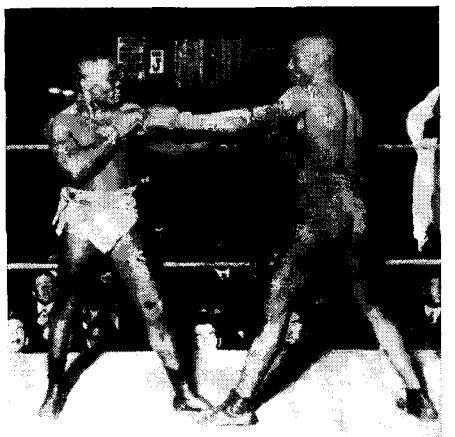
How those bucks rolled in. Jimmy used to laugh gayly and say with mock annoyance that for the first time in his life he couldn't spend the money as fast as he made it. He did his road work on a dance floor and he could never resist that persuasive wail, "Come on, Jim, just one more before we go home." He laughed at training rules and then would go out and knock out some lad who had been getting his ten hours of sleep every night. Burn wild—die quick. That was Jimmy's rule of life. And still the money came in. His bouts with Delaney and Loughran gave him enough to buy a trust fund. Instead he bought a few new cars and set the boys up to a few rounds, then a few more.

### Father Time Demands His Toll

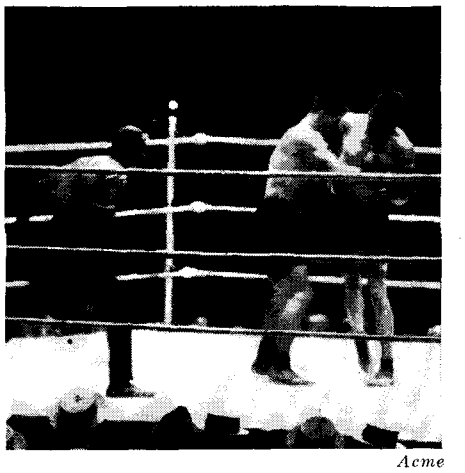
Then one day he found that the elastic had gone out of his legs and that his arms didn't leap joyously into action at the command of his brain. He wasn't the twinkling will-o'-the-wisp any more but merely another flat-footed has-been. And he was twenty-eight years old. But he didn't worry much. Jimmy always went along on the assumption that a glass of beer was made to drink, not to weep into.

*(Continued on page 46)*

**Gans and Walcott facing off for their historic twenty-round fight to a draw in San Francisco in 1904**



*Wide World*



*Acme*

**Jack Delaney winning the light-heavyweight championship from Paul Berlenbach in 1926. Above, Ted "Kid" Lewis, welterweight champion in 1915**

**Jimmy Slattery and Tommy Loughran packed 'em in in their several fights. Loughran is facing the camera**

*Acme*

*© International*

**Above, Dempsey, then a contender for the heavyweight title, knocking out Big Fred Fulton**

*© International*

*Keystone*

**Above, Freddie Welsh, once lightweight champion, with Jack Dempsey, whom he trained for the latter's fight with Carpentier**

*Acme*

**Left, above, former welterweight champion Jack Britton, between rounds, with his son Bobby, 16**

**Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, one of the best big men of his time, as he looks today**

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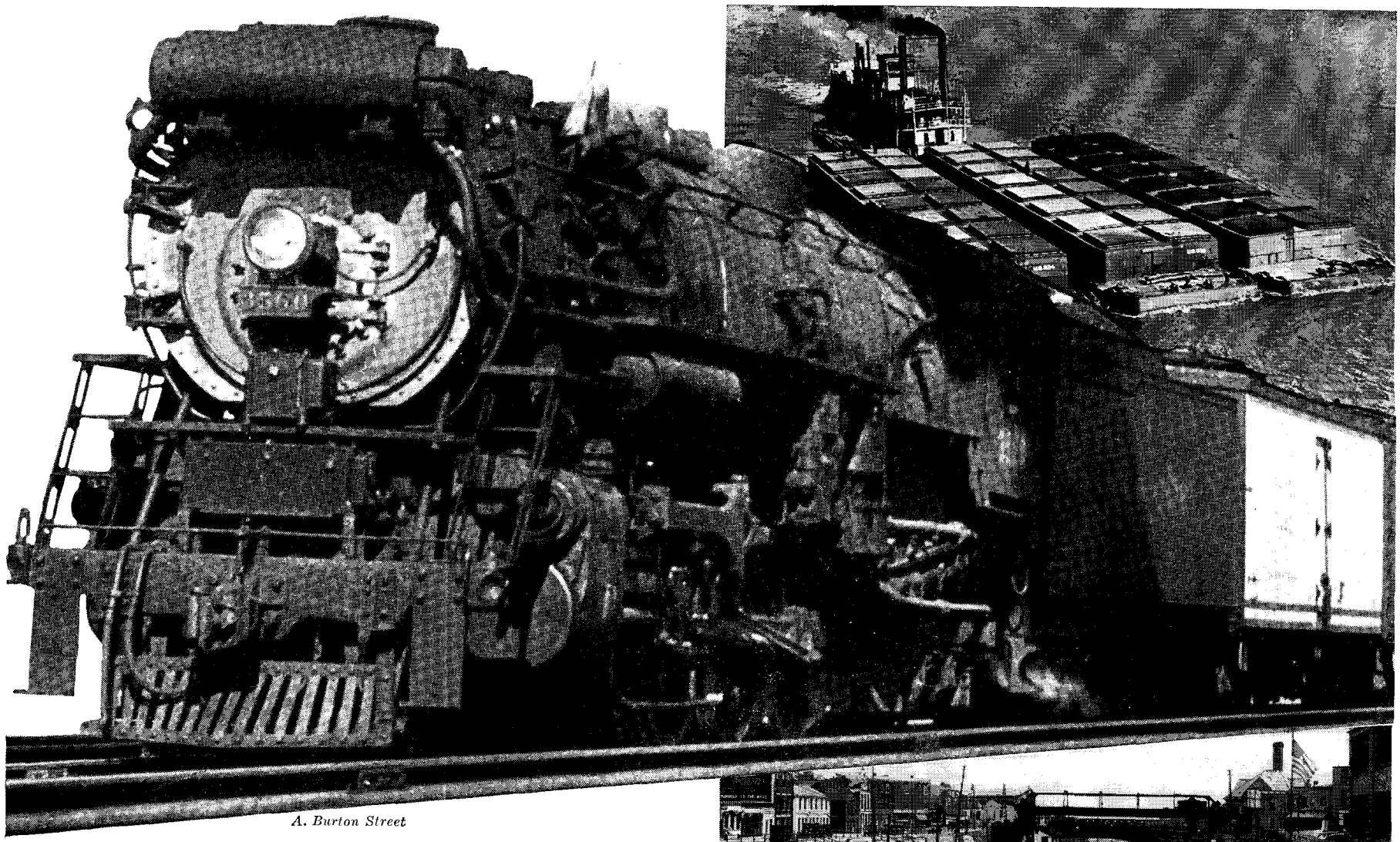

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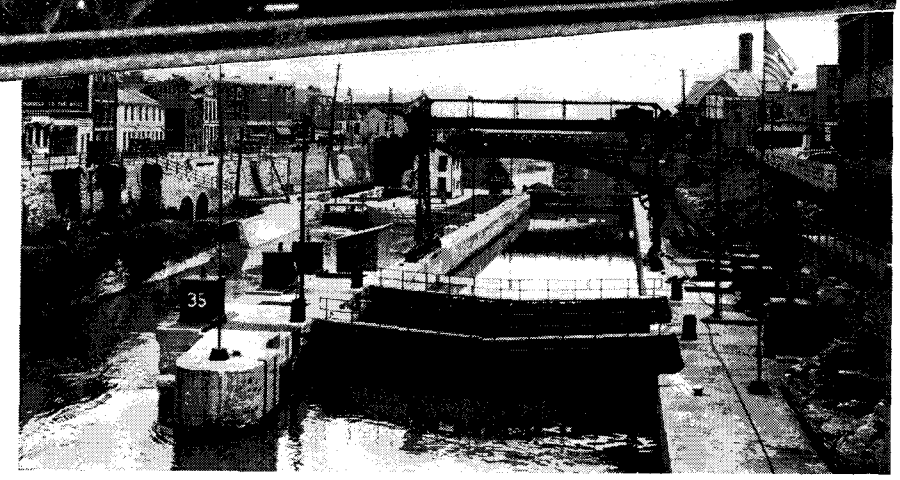


Ewing Galloway

**Behind the failure of water transportation in America is railroad competition. Above, government barges on the Mississippi, and, below, the canal locks at Lockport, New York**

***"Transportation by water is cheaper than by land." That's an axiom, but when it's applied to inland waterways be sure to ask: Cheaper for whom? Not for you. You pay the subsidies. In 1929 it cost the Inland Waterways Corporation $7,900 for every ton of cattle, corn, logs and mules that moved on the Missouri River. You, of course, foot the bill. The government gives money to the waterways and, with the other hand, lends money to the railroads in order to foster a pointless and expensive competition. There ought to be a law***

# Get out of the Ditches

## By George Creel

NOW that Uncle Sam has gone frugal, prying into every source of waste and pinching pennies until it hurts, how about our inland waterways development? What of the millions already spent, and the millions authorized to be spent, in order that the Choctawhatchee, the Quillayute, Raccoon Creek, Swinomish Slough and Jacksnipe Bayou may take place among the navigable streams of the world?

Back in 1908, a federal commission went over the United States on its hands and knees, and when the members rose to their feet at last, and put down microscopes and witch-hazel rods, they reported that there were just two hundred and eighty-seven rivers that *might* be considered navigable. In 1928, some two hundred and ninety-two were being given first aid treatment by Congress, many of them so dusty that they had to be sprinkled.

Rivers and canals, to date, have cost the federal government around one billion dollars, and this is exclusive of the appropriations for flood control, sea coast harbors and the Great Lakes. It is also the case that this vast sum takes no account of expenditures by the various states. New York has poured an aggregate of $346,000,000 into its canal system, and other commonwealths have been similarly prodigal although on a smaller scale.

All of which is no more than the beginning. The St. Lawrence undertaking, with its plan for a twenty-seven-foot channel from the ocean to the head of the Great Lakes, will cost between $999,000,000 and $1,350,000,000. Waterway developments in process will require $507,000,000 for completion, and Mr. Hoover, before leaving office, pointed pridefully to the fact that $800,000,000 would have to be spent in the next ten years on the two hundred streams now being surveyed for navigation.

Estimates, however, mean nothing where waterways are concerned, for there is a royal quality about rivers and canals that makes them contemptuous of dollars and cents. For instance, it was first figured that the comparatively small sum of $3,500,000 would make the Missouri River permanently navigable between St. Louis and Kansas City.

### A $55,000,000 Mistake

This amount, it was promised, would insure a broad, deep stream that would float large steamers and possibly accommodate transatlantic leviathans. Later calculations raised the ante to $20,000,000, at which time the engineers mournfully recommended the abandonment of the project, but when cities and states roared their protest Congress meekly gave the order to go ahead. In 1932 the cost had mounted to $47,945,000, plus $2,090,000 contributed by local interests. More than this, an additional $8,000,000 will be required to complete the work, making a total of $58,000,000 as compared to the first estimate of $3,500,000.

There is also the vital question of maintenance, for contrary to general opinion, a stream bed has to be looked after just as carefully as a railway road bed. Old Man River may keep rollin' right along, but not always in the same channel or at the same depth. Silt collects, sandbars form, and daily dredging is a necessity. The Missouri River maintenance charge was put at $147,500 annually in 1908, but by 1912 it had leaped to $500,000, and in 1932 the cost was $2,090,000.

It may be that $507,000,000 will "complete" authorized projects, and that $800,000,000 will take care of Mr. Hoover's two hundred streams, but taxpayers can count themselves lucky if the figures are not doubled and trebled. To

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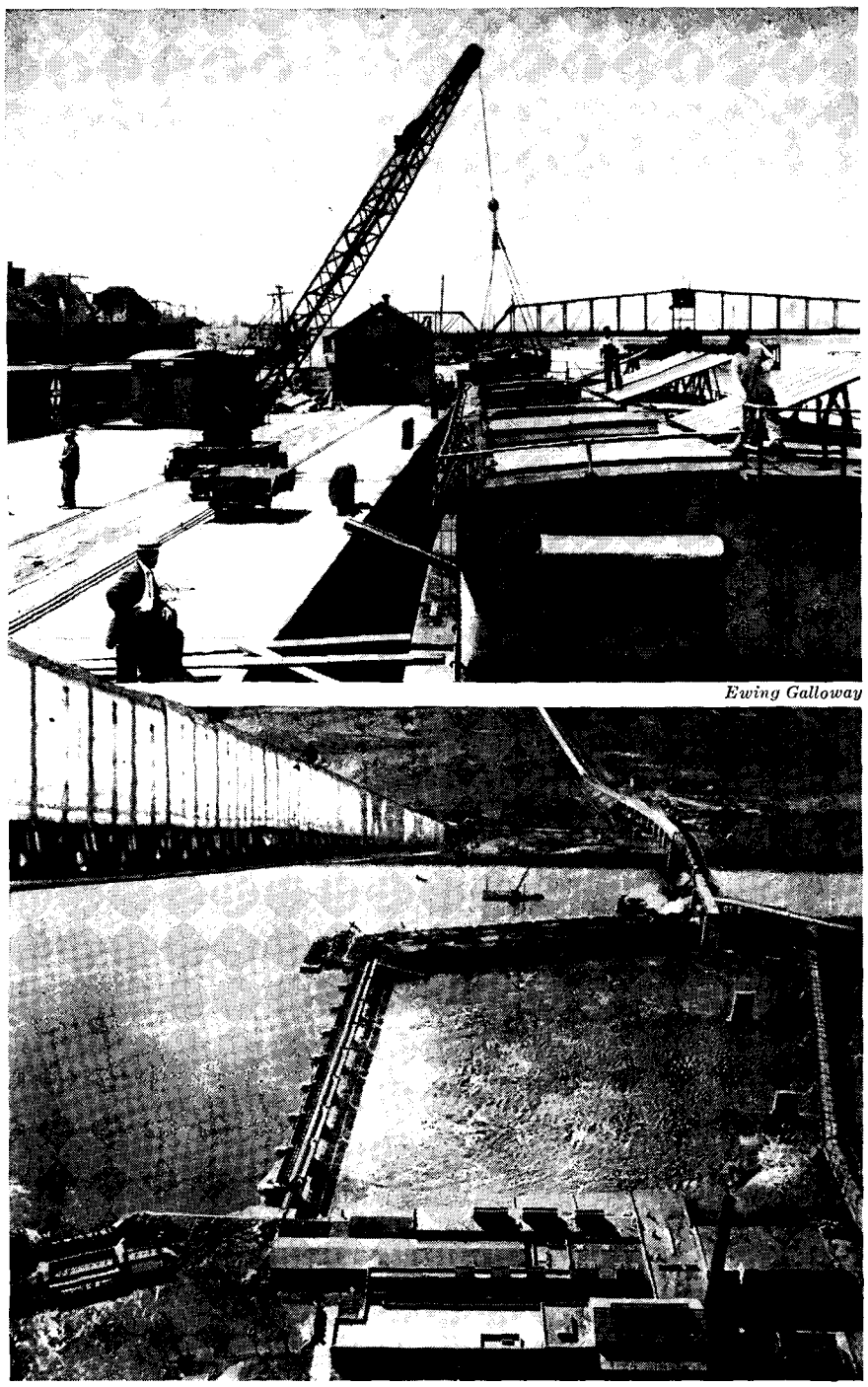

Ewing Galloway

Acme

**Above, freight docks at Kansas City, on the million-dollar barge line from that city to St. Louis, Missouri. Below, a link in the Lakes to the Gulf system at Morris, Illinois**

make things worse, each new year will witness the initiation of additional developments, for every congressional district either has a "navigable" river or else a suitable site for one. Representatives have been known to carry water to sand pits and ask appropriations for rain puddles.

A perfect example of pork-barrel legislation may be found in the Intracoastal Waterway, a grandiose project that contemplates a sheltered route from Boston to Corpus Christi, permitting yachts and barges to float in comfort and safety from Plymouth Rock to the Rio Grande. To attain this objective, the Cape Cod Canal will have to be deepened and widened, a canal will have to be dug across New Jersey to connect Long Island Sound with the Delaware River, and scores of other land cuts will be necessary in the long stretch between Chesapeake Bay and Miami, not to mention the costly development between Florida and Texas. Here is the description of one fairly small stretch:

"By the Elizabeth River, Virginia Cut and North Landing River; Currituck Sound, Coinjock Bay, the North Carolina Cut and North River to Albemarle Sound; across the sound to and by Alligator River, and by land cut to Wilkerson Creek, Pungo River, Pamlico River, Goose Creek, Upper Spring Creek, a land cut to Jones Bay, across the bay to Beef Creek, Gale Creek, Bay River, Neuse River, Adams Creek, then a land cut and Core Creek and Newport River."

More than forty million dollars in good hard cash has already been spent on the project, and at least that additional amount will be required to dig canals and deepen and widen the numberless creeks and sloughs. All this without the slightest hope of commercial traffic, for the Intercoastal Waterway will have the competition of railroads on the one side, and of coastwise ships on the other.

### Days That Are Gone Forever

Any inland waterway discussion, of course, must start off with the frank admission that rivers and canals had real value in early days, constituting the main arteries of commerce. Even after the coming of the railroads there was still point in the development of water routes, for they constituted a valuable and necessary check on the greeds and aggressions of the steam lines.

These considerations, however, are without validity today. The country is now a network of steel rails, and motor trucks jam streets and roads, amply accommodating every traffic demand. As for the menace of monopoly, even if adequate safeguards were not provided by the steady growth of motor transport, government regulation has progressed to a stage where every single railroad activity is under a drastic and ceaseless supervision.

The carrier proposition, therefore, would seem to be reduced to this simplicity: What is the best form of transportation and, at the same time, the *cheapest?* The way to get an answer to this question, quite obviously, is for the government to stop favoring one kind against another, forcing every form of transport to stand on its own merits, submitting equally to the test of economy and efficiency.

### It's Time for a Closer Look

An early and diligent inquiry into the whole business of inland waterways is plainly indicated. Just how much economic justification is there for the millions spent on the development and maintenance of rivers and canals? And the millions that will be appropriated if Congress has its way? Do they pay? Can they be made to pay? Are they really needed? A fair field for such an investigation is furnished by the Inland Waterways Corporation, for nine years the government's own pet project.

This venture had its inception as far back as 1917, when all boats and barges on the Mississippi and Black Warrior system were commandeered for war uses. This equipment, after the Armistice, was turned over to the Secretary of War for operation, but when a million a year was lost for four years Congress became a trifle perturbed, and in 1924 authorized the formation of a company to be run on strictly business lines. The committee in charge made these explicit statements at the time:

"We believe that the government can and will, within the next five years, demonstrate not only the practicability of water transportation, but the great advantage and economy to shippers, and the profitable results that will reward private capital invested in transportation facilities on our rivers. When that time comes, it is the judgment of the committee that the government can dispose of its properties to private capital to an advantage, and withdraw entirely from such activities.

"After the enactment of this bill, the Secretary of War can operate the barge lines in accordance with the same business principles that would be followed by a private transportation company. If they cannot then operate it successfully and at a fair profit, private capital could not do so, and further expenditure of government funds for the improvement of our inland waterways would be useless and should be stopped."

No effort was spared to launch the new venture auspiciously. General T. Q. Ashburn, a vigorous, competent officer, was assigned to the executive management, and the government not only turned over equipment to the value of $10,000,000 but supplied $5,000,000 in cash. This amount proving insufficient, a second stock issue of $10,000,000 was authorized in 1928.

Moreover, a rich territory was allotted, the three divisions being the Lower Mississippi between New Orleans and St. Louis, the Upper Mississippi between St. Louis and the Twin Cities, and the Black Warrior between New Orleans and Birmingham. It is also fair to mention that the development and maintenance of these rivers represented a government expenditure of more than half a billion dollars.

Certainly a fair start for any undertaking, and with what result? In 1929, at the end of the five-year test period prescribed by Congress, not a single bid for the property was received from private parties, nor has there ever been the least hint that anybody wanted it. The reason for this singular apathy on the part of private capital, perhaps, is to be found in figures showing that the Inland Waterways Corporation has lost around $7,000,000 since its organization in 1924.

The management, to be sure, claims a net income of $922,871 from June 1, 1924, to September 30, 1932, but the statement fails to stand up under analysis. A private business, for example, is compelled to take these charges into consideration: annual interest on money invested in construction and equipment; cost of maintenance; proper allowances for depreciation; taxes on real estate, property and equipment; corporation income taxes; insurance; damage suits, and some measure of return on the investment.

The Inland Waterways Corporation labors under none of these burdens. It pays no interest and no taxes, save a small sum to Alabama for a railroad that it owns. Moreover, it pays no office rent, gets free postage, free wireless, free legal service, and General Ashburn's salary is paid by the War Department. Even if everything else were put aside, interest on the government's investment of $24,000,000 at four per cent would be $960,000 a year, and at two dollars a hundred, taxes would amount to $480,000 a year, a total of $1,440,000 that a private concern would have to carry.

### Cities with White Elephants

The Federal Barge lines, as a matter of course, can handle only low grade freight, owing to slow movement and circuitous route. From sixty to eighty per cent of the traffic is stone, sand, gravel and lumber, and even this is not in any great volume, judging by the experience of the towns along the route. Communities, for instance, were asked to build their own terminals, the Corporation agreeing to pay fifteen cents for every ton that passed through.

Great expectations were excited with respect to the annual receipts, and as a consequence, Rock Island, Davenport and Moline waged a battle royal for the privilege. Rock Island won, the people voted a $380,000 bond issue, built a fine terminal and prepared for a gala opening. Unhappily, the celebration had to be postponed for two weeks while the Corporation scurried around getting together a mixed cargo with which to load a barge.

As for financial returns, Rock Island received a gross revenue of $1,718 in 1931 as against interest and principal retirement needs to the amount of $29,215. In 1932 the receipts from the Inland Waterways Corporation were $1,228, while the town's fixed charges on its investment were $55,471. Peoria is another sufferer, having spent $400,000 on a terminal, and receiving two and three thousand dollars a year against carrying charges of $39,000.

The enthusiasm of the Corporation, however, remains unchilled. Despite the explicit statement of Congress in 1924 that a five-year test would prove the use or uselessness of waterways development, plans continue to be made for further expenditures. Some $90,000,000 have already been poured into the Upper Mississippi, a losing venture from the start, but the Rivers and Harbors Act of 1930 authorized a nine-foot channel between the mouth of the Illinois River and Minneapolis by means of locks and dams. This project will cost a minimum of $124,000,000 and the annual maintenance charges are put at $1,000,000.

*(Continued on page 42)*

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In the doorway stood El Fuerte, showing his strong teeth in the same exultant grin that had faced down Old Beard

# Thunder in the Dust

## By Alan LeMay

*Illustrated by Ronald McLeod*

*The Story Thus Far:*

HIS herds raided by cattle thieves, against whom the authorities refuse to protect him, Tom Cloud, owner of the Flying K ranch in Mexico, takes a partner: a Mexican known as "El Fuerte." He knows little of the man—a mysterious figure who rides about accompanied by two aides and one del Pino, his "secretary"; but El Fuerte is a fighter—and he knows how to deal with the natives.

Unfortunately, El Fuerte makes a slip. By accident, he kills the son of old Solano, whose enmity no Mexican would dream of incurring. The news alarms Cloud. He is sure that trouble lies ahead. . . . Living near by—in a hacienda in the Valley of The Witch—are John Boyce and his beautiful wife, Kathleen, who, knowing her husband for the brutal weakling he is, loathes him. Seeing much of Kathleen, Cloud falls in love with her. And the girl loves Cloud.

With El Fuerte, Cloud calls on the Boyces. The Mexican—a swaggering, boastful exhibitionist—produces a guitar, sings a weird Yaqui song. His voice is beautiful; and, watching Kathleen closely, Cloud observes that she is strangely affected by it—apparently almost hypnotized. Again he feels a twinge of alarm.

And well he may. He does not know it, but El Fuerte's secretary is enlisting fighting men—organizing the "Cattlemen's Protective Association," for some mysterious undertaking; while El Fuerte himself, pretending to be interested solely in the Flying K, is making mysterious plans, wherein Tom Cloud is to play a minor rôle.

While singing at the Boyces', El Fuerte had had a strange experience: someone, out in the darkness, had imitated him—reproduced, almost exactly, his voice, the words of his song. For reasons of his own, he wants to find that man. And find him he does—through the industrious del Pino. He is well satisfied. The day—the day to which he has, it appears, been looking forward for years—cannot be far distant!

Meanwhile, Tom Cloud goes his way, unsuspectingly. As often as he can, he calls on Kathleen. And, longing for her, he sees her—with another man. A man who mistreats her; a man who is, by his many cruelties, ruining her life. . . . At times Cloud grows desperate. Leaving Kathleen, one night, he realizes how miserable she is. And, riding home, he is shocked by his thoughts. For, in his mind's eye, he can see himself—*killing John Boyce!*

### VI

THE empty pole of the saddle rack told Cloud that El Fuerte and his vaqueros were not at camp as he rode in. To be gone at various odd hours of the night had become a custom with El Fuerte since he had joined the Flying K. El Fuerte called his night rides "patrols"; they were, he said, supposed to guard against the raids which had been a drain upon the Flying K until he had come. Sometimes Cloud had ridden with El Fuerte on these patrols; but nothing ever happened, and he had presently given it up.

Unsaddling, Tom Cloud noticed that the lamp was lit in his own room of the smaller adobe; through the open door he could see the long shadows the yellow light cast upon the earthen floor. He supposed that del Pino was there, laboring away obscurely. For among the curious things which Cloud had discovered about del Pino were that del Pino considered himself a lawyer—had at one time, at least, held a license as such; and that del Pino was writing a book. It was to be called "The Truth About Mexico; or The Wrong of My Country." Del Pino liked to work in the comparative privacy of Cloud's room, whenever he was tolerated there, and sometimes he had read to Cloud passages of his great work: "*O patria mia!* Can it be, in this advanced day and age—"

But now as Cloud swung his saddle onto the pole and kicked free his pony, a figure appeared at his elbow.

"It's me," del Pino said in a strained whisper.

Cloud studied him curiously, wondering at del Pino's furtive caution. He was about to demand what was the matter when suddenly he stiffened. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen one of the shadows move in the lamplight within his room.

He gripped del Pino's shoulder so sharply that the little man almost collapsed. "Who's in there?"

"Sir," said del Pino in tones of consternation, "it is Solano!"

"How many are with him?"

"Sir, he's alone. But, ay, *caramba!* I don't like his looks!"

Cloud hitched the heavy gunbelt which he nowadays never rode without, bringing it around so that the big holster hung in front of his thigh. "All right. You stay around out here. If El Fuerte comes in, go out and meet him; warn him and send him in."

"*Si, señor.*"

CLOUD walked squarely to the door of the little adobe and stepped inside, looking like the boss of four haciendas come home; which, after all, was what he was.

As he entered, a tall, very lean man who had been sitting beside the slab table rose to his feet, slowly, with grave face and hard eyes—and yet with a certain air of courtesy.

"*Buenos noches,*" Cloud said.

"*Buenos noches, señor.*"

Solano was deep into middle age, but he bore himself erectly, with the easy, rugged balance, akin to awkwardness, of a man who had ridden every day of his life, and would ride until he died. His long hands, without calluses but as brown as an Indian's, were steady as he dragged upon his cigarette.

"*Favor de sentarse,*" said Cloud; and Solano sat down. Cloud saw that the back door was open as well as the front, and he shut it; then picked himself a place on the end of the bench, beside the slab table, and well out of line with either of the two windows. The front door he left open.

"I come upon a peculiar errand," said Solano in excellent English. Though he spoke slowly, with a trace of apology, he was not embarrassed.

Cloud watched Solano's face and waited. It was a cleanly chiseled face, line-carved by the weather; but though it was deeply bronzed, the features showed no suggestion of Indian blood. The nose was high-bridged and thin, the thin-lipped mouth set itself, at rest, into a line of enduring resignation. Above the mouth, the mustache was a narrow, neatly trimmed line of gray. Only the deep-socketed eyes, steady and direct, but without warmth, suggested that this man was not Cloud's guest out of friendship.

"I have run cattle in this country a long time," Solano said now. His English was accurate, but accented heavily.

"I've been with cattle all my life, my-

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self," Cloud said; "though not down here."

"In some ways it is different, running cattle here, than in your country," Solano went on. "Maybe not harder, maybe not easier—but different."

"So I've noticed."

"Most Americans do not succeed here," Solano said. "And nowadays—I am afraid it is sometimes difficult for a man to hang on forever in a country that is not his own."

"What do you mean by that, Solano?"

"Let me be frank," Solano said. "So far as I know, you have always dealt fairly with everyone. I know that you bought your leases in good faith, and your cattle also. But this land that you have leased—it has an unfortunate history. I know that you have had trouble with some of the people here. By tradition—sometimes by tradition that was old even when my people came—certain of the people will always feel that this land is their own."

CLOUD had to admit that there was much he did not know about the history of Baja or its people. But Solano's view was so much like Old Beard's that an impatience rose in Cloud, very difficult to suppress.

"Now there comes to Baja this man who calls himself El Fuerte," said Solano.

"I thought we were coming to that."

"Naturally," Solano admitted gravely, "I came here to talk about El Fuerte. I ask you to believe that I come peaceably and in all good faith. You see, for example, that I am alone and unarmed."

"I'm not questioning your good faith," Cloud told him.

"You know who El Fuerte is?" Solano asked.

"What do you mean—do I know who he is? He's proved to me he's a cowman."

"In Mexico," Solano said, almost with contempt, "all men are cowmen; or if not cowmen, at least horsemen. That means nothing. But do you know the life story of this man?"

"Where I come from," said Cloud, "we don't believe much in poking into the 'life story' of a man."

Solano shrugged eloquently. "But this is different. This El Fuerte has been a center of disturbance everywhere. When the country rises, I suppose everyone takes to one side or the other. But there is a large class of people in this country, señor, who will follow without sense or cause, wherever a man like this leads. And this man is only too ready to lead. He is known over half of Mexico as a dangerous man to the peace of any state."

WHAT Cloud could not understand was that Solano, who must certainly blame the death of his son upon the Flying K, could sit here solemnly debating what amounted to Baja politics. It was true that the Flying K could hardly be held responsible, morally or otherwise, for the death of José Solano. But Solano could not be expected to allow for that; human nature just didn't work that way. Cloud began to wonder if Solano really knew just how his son had met his death.

"All I know," Cloud said, "is that he's a good cowman. That's enough for me, Solano."

Solano disregarded this. "Señor, I have told you—El Fuerte is much more than an ordinary revolutionary. Now I tell you that Baja is not the place for El Fuerte."

Cloud was beginning to lose patience again. "Well, he's here, isn't he?"

"That's why I have come."

"Now look here, Solano," Cloud said; "I came to you twice. My cattle were draining away on me; I came and asked your advice and your help. What did I get? Nothing at all! If you had wanted to act like a neighbor of mine, maybe I wouldn't have had to call in this man to take over the job of stopping up the leaks. But when I came to you the second time—damnation! That time was the last! From here out I handle this my own way."

"I was sorry, señor," Solano said quickly. "But there were circumstances—"

"Circumstances!" Cloud snapped at him. "I've run into enough circumstances around here to load a pack mule down!"

Solano was silent while he lit a fresh cigarette. The faint tremor of the match as he lit it perhaps signified that he was not used to being spoken to in the tone used by Cloud, but his face did not alter.

"Señor, El Fuerte cannot run Baja; when he tries it he will break himself—and if you persist in backing him, he will break you too, and nothing will be left of the Flying K, or your leases, or anything else you have here, when he is done."

"I don't get your game," said Tom Cloud. "Play your hand, man! Then I'll play mine."

"I'm only telling you," Solano said soberly, "what will happen if you insist on backing El Fuerte. And I will tell you one thing more that will prove what I say, if you are willing to see. The rurales are on the way north. Within the week they will be in the Valley of the Witch."

"For what purpose?"

Solano made a quick, meaningless gesture. "To make an examination," he evaded.

CLOUD knew something about the rurales, the mounted police of Mexico—men in improvised uniforms on unimpressive mounts, but hand-picked men, every one of them, and good fighting men. Some of them could track through the brush country like Apaches; and they had proved repeatedly that they were game to track a man the length of Mexico and back again, once they had set themselves to run him down.

"It's time they came," Cloud said. "God knows I tried to get them here long before."

"They're coming now," said Solano dryly. "I advise you—"

Cloud grinned a little on one side of his face. "The time when I was asking you for advice is past, Solano!"

A silence fell, while Solano studied his cigarette, and Cloud waited out his man.

"I'll say one thing more. I'll speak straight, señor. If you will not back this El Fuerte—"

"Back El Fuerte, hell! El Fuerte's backing me."

Solano shrugged. "If you will drop El Fuerte, I can, within limits, be your friend. It may be that I can help you in some small way to solve your problems."

If Cloud's answer was delayed it was because he was, for the moment, considering Solano in a new light. Here was a man who had lost a son in what amounted to a skirmish with Cloud's men; yet gravely, with more than dignity, he appeared to be offering truce. Cloud wondered if the old ranchero could possibly be laying a trap.

"The time for that is past," he said again.

For a moment Solano sat motionless. Then he raised somber, unreadable eyes to Cloud.

"Señor—" he began, "señor—"

As the curious thing that had happened to Old Beard now happened to Solano, Cloud found that he was not surprised. He had heard no sound as El Fuerte came to the door; yet somehow it seemed logical, even inevitable,

*(Continued on page 47)*

**The cigarette came sailing through the door, to drop in Solano's lap. Solano stood up like a man struck by a whip**

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# The Vampire of Khor

## By Harold Lamb

*A weird and beautiful romance of a day when men believed in magic and devils haunted Russia*

SNOW covered the steppe. Old snow that banked high around the scattered trees and blanketed everything except the dark line of the trail. It formed white caps on the haystacks and on the steep thatched roofs of Gorod town.

Only in the streets of Gorod—a trading town close upon the Tsar's eastern frontier—was there smoke and bustle and the chiming of horse bells.

Demid rode into Gorod at noon with a horse between his knees, an empty purse and the ache of hunger beneath his belt. Women who looked twice into his dark face nudged each other and whispered that here was a Cossack coming back from the wars. Tradesmen, glancing at the ragged coat and the shaggy horse, shook their heads, saying that a Cossack was good for nothing except brawling.

But Demid rode on, to the log barracks of the governor's guard, to the smell of hot soup and corn brandy. He dismounted and entered, to stand by the long table where forty men were feeding.

"Eh," he said, "salaam to you. Have you a bowl for a rider from the snow road?"

They grunted and no one made room. They were uncurried devils, those guardsmen of Gorod, who served a hard master, the Starosta. Aye, they were shifty, masterless men—slant-eyed Kalmuks and bearded Russians who looked out for their own gain—and they had no words for a far-wandering man, a Cossack as wild as a gypsy or Volga River bandit. Now that snow was deep on the roads, few travelers went from town to town here at the edge of the open steppe. If the Cossack sought food and service let him look to himself.

"Go to the tavern," grumbled a pock-marked giant.

DEMID had no money. He looked once more at the crowded table, and was turning on his heel when the door opened and a stout sergeant entered.

"Look here, little pigeons," the *essaul* said, "one of you will have to ride to Khor this afternoon. Which is the one?"

For a moment forty heads bent in silence over the *kasha* bowls. Then the tall, pocked man looked up. "Well, Father Ostap, I'll go."

The sergeant shook his head and spat. "Will you, Gritchka? You'd go as far as the tavern, and come back fit to kiss the pig, and say you'd been to Khor. Come now, it's his excellency's order. One of you to ride to Khor, patrol the wood for an hour, and come back. I'll stand a glass of corn brandy."

The men at the table said nothing.

"I won't hold back for any man," grumbled Gritchka, "but I won't go after devils."

"Two glasses."

"Make it a jug," suggested Demid, "and I'll go."

The sergeant stared at him. "What manner of man are you?" But he had served his time in the Tsar's army, Ostap had. He knew these Don Cossacks who followed the wars, and threw their gold from women to fiddlers, afterward. And then came back licking their wounds to the great steppe that was their home—these steppe-born lads who knew cattle and Tartars and night riding. Good riders and swordsmen—forked lightning on the back of a horse. This Demid was young; he could not know the secret of Khor, and so he might be fool enough to go there, as he offered. Ostap would not have gone for a fistful of ducats, and it was evident that his guardsmen had no mind to go.

"Well," he said, rubbing his shaven head, "I'm willing. You'll have to talk to our master. Come along."

HIS master, the Starosta of Gorod, was a hard man. So Ostap said as they trudged over the snow, Demid leading his horse. A hard man new come from Moscow, a man of business, with a hard hand, and new to the steppe. Aye, he clapped a tax on every head and horn and hut, and bade Ostap's lads collect the coins. The Starosta took in more kopecks than he paid out.

"What is this Khor?" Demid asked. "Where the devils are?"

A farm, said the sergeant, a castle-farm, a few versts out of Gorod along the highway. Long ago when Gorod was a small village, the people of Khor were rich and lordly; now there was only one girl on the place and few souls ever saw hair or hide of her. A stone tower in a wood, graves near a deserted chapel, a Tartar village, and a girl mistress of all that. Such was Khor.

"Before last Michaelmas," Ostap added, "we found a trader with his toes turned up in the highroad where it runs through Khor wood. Then we found Togrul, one of my little pigeons. He was a crafty son of a dog, Togrul was; but there he lay by the graves with a hole in his throat and half his blood in the snow. Horse tracks all around, and his sword in its sheath, his pistols primed and charged—untouched." Ostap shook his head moodily. "What manner of thing could come out of the wood and strike down a hard-fighting lad like Togrul as if he were a babe at suck?"

"A lance," said Demid idly, thinking of the horse tracks. He was hungry.

"Would a lance make a hole no larger than a tooth in the vein of his throat?" grumbled the sergeant. "Would Togrul sit there as if saying his prayers while a rider came up and pricked the life out of him? Nay, lad, there are devils in Khor," he admitted honestly. "Think a bit before you ride patrol down there."

"I'LL ride through Satan's kitchen," the Cossack answered, "for a dinner of beef and bread."

Ostap spat and crossed himself. "Fear God. Don't jest—it's unlucky."

The Starosta had more to say. Mikhail, Starosta of Gorod, was sole lord of the empty land as far as a man could travel in a day, except for the land of Khor. He saw to it that his word was law. Sitting in his high seat by the fire of his hall, his square-cut beard jutting over his collar, he looked from Ostap to the Cossack, noticing Demid's

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Illustrated by Franz Felix

He saw tracks—caught a glimpse of a gray shape flitting away—and galloped in pursuit

shagreen riding boots and white lambskin *papakh*. Although both the sergeant and the Cossack stood silent, hat in hand, Demid bore himself as if he was at home in a lord's hall, and Mikhail noticed this. But, since the table had been cleared away, he did not bid Demid to sit down to meat and wine.

"You're a likely lad for my service," he said. "Have you any kin in Gorod? No—I see you're a wandering Cossack. Well, times are hard, lad—I can't take another sword into my service. But I'll pay you well to patrol an outlying farm. Eh, what do you say?"

"What is the pay?"

THE Starosta considered. "I confess my own men shirk going to the place. It has a bad name. They say a *vourdalak*, a vampire, roosts there."

Ostap started to spit, and crossed himself covertly instead.

"They have tales to tell," Mikhail resumed, "of this vampire, which seems to change its shape, being sometimes a young woman, sometimes a shining white rider that vanishes into the snow. Old wives' tales—"

"Nay, lord," Ostap broke in stubbornly. "Haven't you ever heard hungry vampires howling in the twilight? They have pallid blue faces and their eyes shine like candles in the dusk when they are hungry. They whine and whine, and if you take them up on the saddle they bite behind the ear or into the throat vein. Once they taste blood—"

"Enough!" Mikhail glanced about slowly, as if ridding himself of some fear. Demid observed that the walls of the hall were hung with a strange variety of weapons, ranging from curious muskets to daggers, not far from the Starosta's hand. The muskets looked as if they were charged. "I don't say that vampires and werewolves can't be found. Only, they are human beings that have been turned into beasts. Now the people of Khor are like savages; for generations they have lived with the Tartars and wild herds. No priest is in the chapel there."

"NAY," Ostap assented. "When I rode last to that deserted chapel I was followed by tall shadows that slipped between the trees. As God lives, when I was standing by the graves I heard a woman cry out, like a bird of prey."

"Yes," nodded the Starosta grimly, "and doings like that frighten my guards away."

"Togrul went into the wood, my lord. Aye, we found his body just where I had been standing."

"I think that more travelers have been slain." The Starosta turned to Demid. "But their bodies were hidden away—put under the ice somewhere. I think we can uncover a nest of bloodletting thieves in that wood, who have been doing away with solitary travelers. From the top of Khor tower the highway can be seen afar. Those Tartars in the village there must have a hand in it. Togrul saw something evil and so they made crow's meat of him. Now, Cossack, I'll pay you forty silver ducats if you find evidence of thievery and murder—twenty ducats if you find any black magic going on there. Anything, that is, to show there is a witch or human vampire alive there."

"What if I find nothing?"

"Then you will be paid nothing."

"A hard bargain, Starosta."

Mikhail sat back with a shrug, but he watched the young Cossack. "You are free to do as you like. As for me, too many of my men have sworn they rode through Khor, when they turned back at the windmill. I've seen them do it. If you are man enough to turn the thieves out of their nest, you will have a heavy price paid. What do you say?"

"I will take the patrol. But I must have food."

"When you come back."

DEMID smiled, and turned on his heel. When the door had closed behind them Ostap put his wolfskin cap on the back of his shaven head and grunted. "Forty ducats! Why, you can frolic with a princess for that! I've never heard his excellency say anything more than pennies before. Still, it's a bad place. Are you going, lad?"

Demid swung into the saddle and gathered up the rein. "Which way does Khor lie?"

"Down that street, past the haystacks and the tavern. There's only the one road." Ostap came closer to whisper: "Just the same, if you see a woman or child hungry-looking, jump down quickly and plunge your sword into the ground. The vampire will run up and take hold of the hilt. Then—'In the name of the Father and Son,' you say. She'll slide down the blade and vanish into the ground. Make two cuts, like a cross, over the spot and she can't come up again."

A smile lit up the Cossack's dark face. "Listen, Sergeant," he whispered, "I'm brother to the vampires, and I used to train werewolves to bring my supper." He galloped off, turning in the saddle to shout back: "My boots to you, Sergeant."

The good people of Gorad hastened to get out of the way of the speeding black horse. Ostap stared after it as

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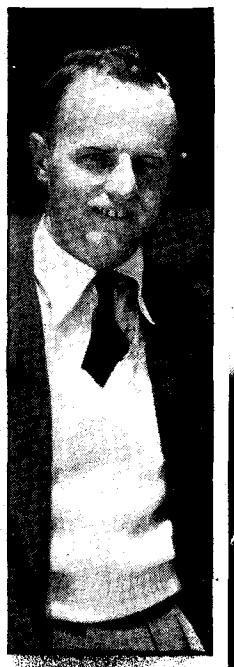
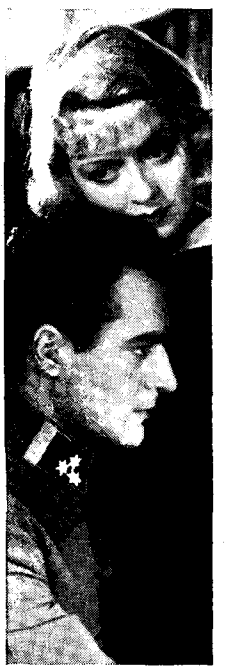
# Brains in the Front Office

## By Henry F. Pringle



Darryl Zanuck, Hollywood's "boy wonder" director, and a few of the stars he has used or is using in his pictures

George Arliss, Joan Blondell and, below, Constance Cummings



Above, Ruby Keeler. Above, right, Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland

ABOUT two years ago, when in charge of production on the Warner Brothers lot, Darryl Zanuck sat in a projection room and watched a film called The Public Enemy. The picture was destined to shatter a few box-office records as well as to start Jimmy Cagney on the road to stardom. Zanuck did not like one sequence, however. The gangster and his girl friend were having a row and were hurling epithets as ripe as the Hays code would allow.

"That's rotten," Zanuck said. "They wouldn't just talk. What would the guy do?"

"He'd sock the dame," laconically answered an assistant.

"Sure," agreed the production boss. "Re-take that scene. Have Cagney poke her."

The command was obeyed and Zanuck violated, thereby, a hallowed tradition in Hollywood. This was that the gentlemen of filmland might stoop to murder or send a lady to the fate worse than death. But never, never did they descend so low as to strike her. Zanuck's innovation proved astonishingly popular, and other studios hastened to get rich on this unsuspected American trait. The leading movie queens became punching bags and took it on the chin or on more intimate portions of their persons. They were socked and spanked and hit with baseball bats.

It was one of the minor triumphs of Darryl Zanuck; Warner Brothers got ahead of their competitors and cashed in on the socking wave. Early this year he caused a more lasting commotion in the moving picture industry. He was receiving $4,500 and a cut in the profits from the Warners but he suddenly resigned.

Zanuck had won a reputation for making popular pictures on a smaller budget than any other producer. He rejected flattering offers from other studios and announced that a new company, Twentieth Century Pictures, had been formed in partnership with Joseph M. Schenck. The uproar began when it developed that Zanuck was planning raids on the stars of his former employers as well as on those on the other major lots.

The contract of George Arliss with Warner Brothers was about to expire, for instance, and Zanuck promptly grabbed him. He signed up Constance Bennett, Fay Wray, Constance Cummings and Loretta Young. Wild rumors gained circulation that he was planning further forays, that no pretty and valuable darling in Hollywood was safe. These rumors proved unfounded.

The truth is that Zanuck had no desire to antagonize any competitor unduly—with the possible exception of Warner Brothers. His real menace lay in the speed with which he could make pictures and his low cost sheets. Twentieth Century Pictures was organized last June. A few weeks later Zanuck had started shooting his first offering, The Bowery. He had two more productions under way by midsummer. He plans to have a dozen finished by the end of this year and to make at least twenty in 1934.

### A Jumping-Jack Executive

Zanuck is, of course, delighted by the excitement he has aroused and by the spotlights which beat upon him. He is only thirty-one years old. "One wonders," mourned one of his press agents, "what there is left for him to do during all the rest of the years." Another proclaimed that Zanuck "is more prominent than any of the film stars" and that "an expectant hush greets him when his presence is announced at a Hollywood première." All this is artistic exaggeration. Zanuck is not at all worried about worlds to conquer and the première enthusiasts, if they crane their necks to see him, must be sadly disappointed. He is rather insignificant in appearance. His photographs (as whose do not?) flatter him. He has light hair and a lighter mustache. His eyes are a pale blue. His teeth protrude and he is small and thin.

But Zanuck exudes energy. He works from sixteen to eighteen hours a day. He is a jumping-jack executive rather than a swivel-chair one and he spends much of his time on the lot working with directors and telling them to hurry, hurry, hurry. Cocksure and dictatorial as he rushes about, with a long, unlighted cigar in his mouth, Zanuck dominates the set.

"Have those girls report for work tonight," he orders. "Get these shots finished so you can start for location at 6 o'clock in the morning."

Zanuck's entry into the picture business was achieved in 1923, after a false start or two. He had been seized with the ambition to become a writer several years before. He had sold a number of short stories and a movie script or two. But the real money lay in affiliation with some major studio, so he made his way to California. Zanuck, at twenty-two, was sophisticated beyond his years. Swank and front counted in Hollywood, so he scraped together enough money to join the Los Angeles Athletic Club, then the favorite gathering place of picture people.

He knew, too, how to ingratiate himself in the circles where it mattered. Zanuck was always ready for a party as he is, indeed, today. He never complained about the quality of the liquor and rarely went to bed. He made valuable friends in a short time and among them was Raymond Griffith, the comedian whose antics in silent pictures were delighting the nation. Griffith got him odd jobs in the studios and introduced him to the producers.

### Habit, and Other Stories

Zanuck did not feel that he was going ahead fast enough. One morning he dropped into Griffith's room and said that he was making little progress toward becoming a writer. The studios were buying only novels and plays. What should he do? Griffith had started to shave and was only half listening.

"Guess you'd better write a novel, too," he said, as he scraped.

***"A blow against a female is the crime of a monster." That's how the copybook had it, and someone must have told the movie producers, for they rigorously avoided such unmannerliness. Women, in their pictures, could be seduced, betrayed and murdered—but not struck. Darryl Zanuck broke with tradition and delighted the public. It was just one of the ingenious devices that have made Zanuck at thirty-one a wonder in Hollywood***

Three weeks later Zanuck again breezed into the comedian's room, this time jubilant. He handed Griffith a book and pointed proudly to the title page which bore the words: "Habit, and Other Stories, by Darryl Francis Zanuck." It wasn't precisely a novel, Zanuck explained, but four long stories which he had whipped into shape during the past fortnight. He had given it to a job printing shop in Los Angeles for publication. Best of all, he continued, the volume had cost him nothing.

A Los Angeles acquaintance, it appeared, had recently invented a new hair tonic which would shortly be on the market. Zanuck pointed to the last story in the book and showed Griffith how he had cleverly worked a hair tonic theme into it. The story was lavish in its praise of the product; in return for this publicity the tonic magnate had paid for the printing.

A copy of Habit, although its publication did not arouse literary interest

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Marcia saw him and shrieked. Grandma Linden took one bewildered look and then let out a piercing wail of anguish

*Illustrated by D. B. Holcomb*

# Familiar Disguise

## By Dana Burnet

***A romance with whiskers —but you've never read it before***

IT WAS in vain that Marcia protested to her grandfather that John Sprague was not an actor but a theatrical director. Grandpa refused to be won over. He insisted that John had been an actor, which was true. Besides, anyone or anything connected with the theater was poison to Grandpa. He had hated the theater for sixty-odd years, and would continue to hate it, he affirmed loudly on all occasions, till he died.

If Marcia wanted to marry an actor she could do so, and take the consequences. She'd get none of his fortune, in that case; and, "What's more," the old man would shout, waving his stick at her, "you'll send your old grandfather, who's brought you up since you were a baby, broken-hearted to his grave!"

Now Marcia Linden was a normal, sensible and rather sensitive young woman. She wanted very much to marry John Sprague, who that summer was sponsoring and directing a serious-minded stock company in the town of Westfield, Connecticut, where Marcia lived.

But, being sensible, she did not want to sacrifice her inheritance, which would be considerable. Nor did she wish to send her grandfather broken-hearted to his grave. Her own parents had died when she was a baby. She had lived all her life with Grandpa and Grandma Linden, in the ancient colonial house on Linden's Hill.

They were old people now, about to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary. So Marcia could only say to John Sprague, meeting him in the darkened auditorium of the local theater after a rehearsal: "Darling, I can't marry you now. I just can't. I've talked to Grandma, and I'm sure she's on our side. But she can't change Grandpa's mind, and he's dead set against it. So we'll have to wait."

John Sprague answered like a lover: "I'll wait just so long, then I'll pick you up and run off with you."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Marcia.

He kissed her. "What's your grandfather got against the theater anyway? Is he one of those old fossils who still think it's immoral?"

"OH, NO," Marcia said. "Grandpa's obsession is personal. You see, darling, once when he was young—it was just after he and Grandma were married—he took her to New York on a royal spree. One night they went to a theater—"

"No!"

"Yes. I've often heard my grandmother tell it—when Grandpa wasn't around. They sat in one of the stage boxes. It was a vaudeville theater, I think. Anyway, there was one comedian there who was awfully funny. He burlesqued a scene from one of the current melodramas, and the audience loved it. Grandma told me, on the quiet, that Grandpa enjoyed it, too—till the end of the act. Then for a climax the comedian suddenly rushed over to their box, pointed to Grandpa, who wore a full beard in those days, and yelled: 'Take off those whiskers, Jack Desmond, I know you!'"

Sprague laughed. "Gosh!" he said. "No wonder the old chap's sore at the theater! Stop giggling, Marcia. You'll get hysterical."

"I can't h-help it," gasped Marcia. "It always strikes me t-this way! I mean, you know, it is f-funny." She paused to draw breath. "Of course the audience howled, and—Grandpa was furious. He tried to climb out of the box onto the stage to get at the comedian, but Grandma caught his coat-tails and held him back. When she finally got him back to their hotel, she says Grandpa swore to hate the theater and everyone connected with it as long as he lived."

"I see," John said, grinning. "Yes, it is funny. But it's darned serious for us. What are we going to do, sweetheart?"

"Just wait, I guess," said Marcia, mournfully. "Anyway, I can't do anything till the anniversary's over. It's next week, and I've got to manage it. Their sixtieth! Just think of it, John."

"I am thinking of it," John said. "Almost a record, isn't it?"

"Grandma says," replied Marcia, "that when she married Grandpa she enlisted for the duration of the war. Isn't that sweet?"

"It would be a lot sweeter if the old man'd agree to let me marry you," John said.

THE arrangements for the anniversary were not difficult. They consisted of cleaning the house, ordering a cake from the local caterer and inviting certain old friends and relatives who hardly needed to be asked, so sure were they of their welcome. The hardest thing was to get Grandpa Linden to the barber's to have his beard trimmed.

Grandpa no longer wore the full hirsute equipment of his youth; but he clung to a pointed beard and a mustache that was, to say the least of it, sweeping. Both beard and mustache were white with the years, but Grandpa wore them proudly, as he had worn them (and sideburns as well) at the battle of Gettysburg. He disliked to have a barber approach him. He hated barbers almost as much as he hated actors. They belonged, in his opinion, to the same inferior species.

He knew that, for the anniversary, his beard must be snipped and made neat. But he fought his usual battle

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# Marriage for Revenue

## By George Agnew Chamberlain

*The Story Thus Far:*

ADSIT ABBOTT, member of Abbott, Raglan & Co., brokers, receives a caller—a charming girl whom he has never seen before. She introduces herself as Regis Mulholland, sister of Don Mulholland, one of Abbott's classmates in college, and asks for a job. Don, it appears, is dead—the victim of an airplane crash; the girl, hitherto dependent upon him, must, she says, support herself.

Abbott remembers Mulholland—as an enemy. But, impressed by the girl's personality and beauty, he puts her to work, as a stenographer. Then, involved in various business machinations, he promptly forgets her. Unknown to Larry Raglan, his partner, he is gambling in XL stock—has taken 1,000 shares. It soars. And Abbott, who had promised Raglan not to touch XL, is happy. Not so Raglan. Bitterly opposed to the idea, he has been forced to give Eleanor, his wife, a divorce, together with one half of his estate. Now the only things which interest him are his work and his home—an ancient structure, which Eleanor detests.

Much is going on of which Larry Raglan suspects nothing. Behind his back, Abbott is having a mild affair with Eleanor, an avaricious creature who can, she feels sure, marry him—*if* she wants him. . . . Regis Mulholland has a sister-in-law: Dora Mulholland, Don's widow. Shocked by what Regis has done ("it wouldn't do, you know, to have our friends know that Regis is a stenographer!"), she calls on Raglan at his office, explains her predicament, and asks him to discharge Regis.

Raglan refuses the request. But Dora interests him. He likes her. He is lonely. That meeting leads to others; many others—*as only Kit Bilderback, a reception clerk,* is aware. . . . Meanwhile, Abbott has been active. Working secretly, he has succeeded in having Abbott, Raglan & Company included in a vast, and dishonest, pool operation. He breaks the news to his partner. Raglan is appalled. "That crowd's crooked—the whole deal's crooked," Raglan gasps. "Then," Abbott snaps, "*get out!* I'll go it alone. I can buy you out ten times over. XL did it— I bought a thousand shares at 36." For a few tense moments, Raglan gazes at him. Then— "Abbott, I'm a fool. We've been together for four years. And it's taken me just four years—*to smell a skunk!*"

### IV

A STRANGE quiescence had settled upon Dora Mulholland. Starting out as a fog, it had quickly changed into a golden, translucent haze. No longer was she troubled as to Regis—where she was living, whether she worked or what might become of her—except to look forward gloatingly to an approaching hour of revenge and vindication. Raglan's astonishing invitation to dine, uttered at their very first meeting, marked the beginning of this period, and its end, though possibly in sight, was not yet.

For a while she had gone around with a dazed expression, like a child overwhelmed by Santa Claus and fearful lest she be dreaming. But soon that phase had passed and she regained control over all her unusual faculties. To meet her individual need she resurrected the buried and forgotten national policy of watchful waiting. No phrase could better describe her inner attitude toward Raglan, but her increasing hold on him arose from a pleasanter source. Because of his attentions, more than because of the man he was, she became at peace with herself and with a transformed world.

The result was astonishing. Years fell from her, her querulousness departed and in its place sprang into full flower a genius for companionship. Consider that its power was poured steadily in a single direction in spite of the awaking interest of other men, and immediately Raglan's gradual enthrallment takes on another color. He did not rejoice, as Abbott would have done, in the envious glances cast in his direction, but he did take joy in a presence which fitted into all his moods, was silent by instinct when he wished to be silent and, though apparently brimming with physical potentialities, could exercise the ultimate charm of restraint.

*Carl Mueller*

**She demanded nothing of him—hadn't he her word for it?—and the conviction gave him assurance and content**

Consequently, when he went to Dora in answer to an urgent message on the day following his break with Abbott, he was a little bewildered by his reception. With a low exclamation she came close to him, raised her hands to his shoulders in a protecting gesture and laid her cheek against the lapel of his coat. Automatically his arms went around her and promptly his confusion increased. He had never embraced her before and had always imagined her body to be as frail as it looked. But to his surprise it was round, warm and endowed with a peculiar liquidity.

"Oh, Larry," she murmured, "I'm so sorry for you! I didn't know a thing about it until I read the papers."

RAGLAN'S thoughts naturally turned to his parting from Abbott and he was puzzled that she should take it so emotionally. "You mean the row in the office?"

She threw back her head. "What row? No, of course not. How could I know anything about that? I meant your divorce."

"Oh," said Raglan. He paused, astonished to find that his official release from Eleanor seemed already to have slipped far into the past.

Only a few days had elapsed since the final decree had been granted; but, to the man who had been Eleanor's husband those days seemed more like months. It was incredible, he meditated, that two lives could be so easily sundered; that he—to whom Eleanor had once been so close, so dear—could so readily adjust himself to a life in which she played no part. "So the papers have finally got hold of that, have they? Did they try to make a story out of it?" he asked slowly.

"No, only a paragraph saying the decree had been made final." She sensed the laxity of his arms and turned so gently out of their embrace that he was scarcely aware of her withdrawal. "No matter how long you've been expecting it," she continued, moving toward the living-room, "that sort of thing can't help being a shock. That's why I sent for you. I didn't want you to feel too terribly lonely."

He followed her in silence. She curled up on the couch against a heap of cushions and motioned him toward a low chair near her feet. He stood for a moment looking down at her, trying to reconcile her tininess and apparent frailty with the startling impression he had so recently received. Abandoning the puzzle, he settled down, sat back and stretched his legs.

For a time, neither said anything. Raglan was comfortable, thoroughly at ease. He was enjoying this peaceful moment—a moment when he could, for a space, relax, forget so much: Adsit Abbott's ugly machinations, his own financial problems, Eleanor's bitter harshness, all the hurts, big and trivial, he had recently been forced to endure.

Looking at Dora—so calm, so sweetly serene, so generously understanding—he felt, for the first time in months, strangely elated. And Dora, returning his gaze, sensing that feeling in him, smiled quietly—to herself.

"It's funny," he said presently, "but I don't feel particularly lonely."

"That's nice," said Dora, smiling uncertainly. She wondered if she might assume a compliment to her companionship, but decided not to press the point. "Perhaps you'd rather not discuss it."

"I don't mind. Why should I? Yesterday doesn't matter; whatever went wrong happened long ago."

Dora studied his placid face curiously, her own turning sober. "You're a queer one, Larry."

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This is real old-fashioned vegetable soup with invigorating beef broth, purée of flavory tomatoes, diced potatoes and carrots, peas, onion, selected barley and a liberal supply of tempting pieces of meat. A splendid and convenient meal-in-itself!

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I daily dine
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Vegetable-Beef

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NRA

# Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

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"Why?" he asked, greatly puzzled.

"You're a clam. You've never said a word. I thought we were friends, yet I didn't know you were getting a divorce—I don't think I even knew you were married!"

"Well, I wasn't, in a way. If I'd considered myself married you'd have heard about it quickly enough. It just didn't occur to me to tell you."

"It's all right," said Dora, "but it mightn't have been."

RAGLAN frowned. "I don't get you. What's the use of telling everything? What difference would it have made anyway?"

"None, with me, because I'm in a class by myself. I'm through with one side of life. I can be an awfully good friend—never anything more. But what if that weren't so? Do you think it's fair for a man as attractive as you are to go around as if he were free?"

"Nonsense. I haven't been trying to act married or unmarried; I've just been drifting."

"What puzzles me," said Dora, drawing her arched brows into a knot, "is how any woman could help getting along with you. There must have been something wrong with her, some gland that wasn't working normally."

Raglan took his eyes off Dora in order to visualize Eleanor, trying to penetrate in memory her sleek body. It was no use and his attention wandered. He had been in this apartment before, but only now did he perceive that as an entity its personality was entirely alien to Dora's.

From the criss-crossed curtains of amber net, all the way around the antiqued walls, it proclaimed itself made to order and guaranteed to be without an error. It had its points of contact with Eleanor's ideal, but at least Ellie had belonged in her background if only as a companion piece to an Empire chair or a dressing table, while in this enameled interior one felt that Dora had been added. It was a bandbox into which she had been thrust with the passivity of a smart little hat on the way to a customer.

"Let's get out, shall we?" he suggested impulsively. "I've got the car downstairs."

"Oh, I'd love to!" exclaimed Dora, having had time to realize she had mistaken her moment. Undismayed, she rose with the agility and the grace of a kitten. "Do you mind waiting while I change? It won't take me five minutes."

"I'll wait even ten," said Raglan, smiling.

Half an hour later they were on their way. He dodged swiftly while they were in traffic, but once they had reached open country, slowed down to a lazy pace. Summer was nearing its end and the air was cool without being chilly. A feeling of peace descended on his spirit. He was glad to be alive and to have somebody at his side to share his well-being; Dora was certainly easy to be with.

He struck east and north through the Pocantico Hills, then west toward the setting sun and finally south, keeping his eye open for an obscure left turn. He found it, plunged into a rough lane through private property, jounced from mudhole into mudhole but finally emerged on a broad grassy way under the trees which border the Croton River. They arrived at an inn perched on a jutting cliff a hundred feet above the water.

"Oh!" gasped Dora. "How perfectly lovely!"

Raglan smiled his satisfaction. "It wouldn't have been half as lovely if I'd brought you in the other way."

HER brows puckered in a puzzled frown. "Why haven't we been here before, Larry?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Because you used to come with somebody else—with her?"

"Yes. Long ago—so long it begins to seem it never happened."

"I understand," she murmured, "but I'm glad you decided to bring me—so glad!"

They chose a table at the outer rail where they could toss out bits of bread, watch them plunge down through the still evening air and disappear into the gullet of a gull. When, surrendering to the beseeching glances of the eager three-piece orchestra, they danced under the starlit sky, holding Dora in his arms continued to be a discovery to Raglan. He had known her for weeks, seen her many times, even danced with her, but only today had her body taken on form and begun to come to life. Heretofore she had been big eyes and a soft voice, but tonight he was aware of her person. Yet she demanded nothing of him—hadn't he her word for it?—and the conviction gave him a feeling of assurance and content.

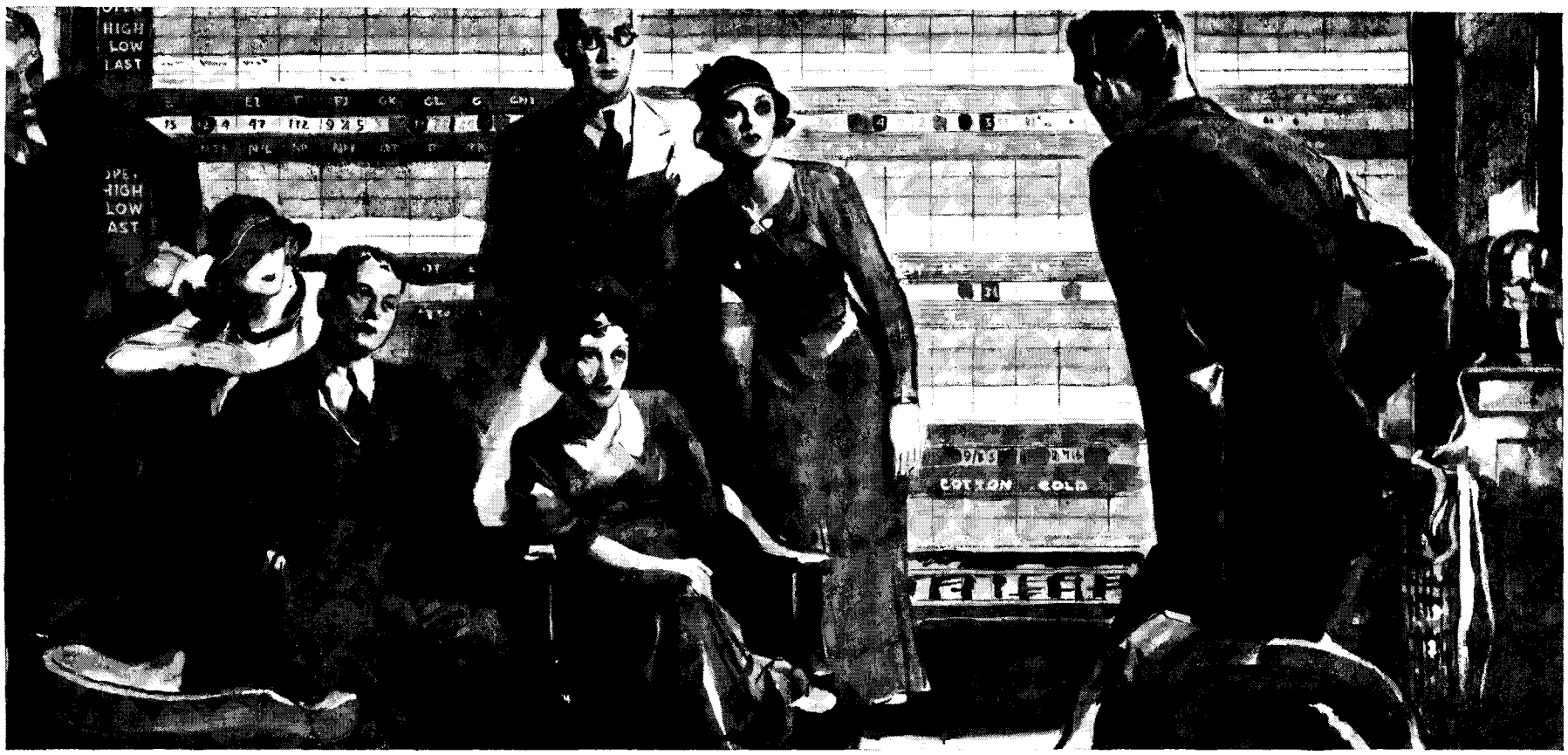
On the return journey he drove with one hand and quite naturally slipped his arm around her. Just as naturally she snuggled up against him as if she were merely cold and grateful. But at her address, when he refused her conventional invitation to go up for a minute, it was because his mind was in a whirl and he wished to be alone. Driving home, he reviewed the entire course of their contact, from acquaintance to friendship, and found justification for her complaint that he had been a clam. Was it true he had treated her unfairly, perhaps misjudged her? Take the matter of his house. He had never shown it to her, never even mentioned it, restrained by the havoc it had caused between Eleanor and himself.

Yet it had been Dora's cry that she was fighting for a home that had first drawn him to her. Now he was planning to talk to her about the old place, perhaps to show it to her, and the mere thought so excited him as to arouse his sense of caution. What did he expect of her? Where was he heading? Wherever it was, he decided to go carefully and slowly. No more blunders. His house had become to him a test, a measuring rod, and he would take his own time in applying it.

FOLLOWING the thunderbolt which had split the partnership in two, auditors swarmed into the premises of Abbott, Raglan & Company like first-aid outposts threading a battlefield. They poked their noses into everything, yet disturbed nothing so far as the outward operation of the machinery was concerned. It was different with its individual parts. From Smith at the top down to Happy at the bottom, feverish nights had been added to feverish days. Strangely enough, nobody speculated aloud, but in each head buzzed questions as to the future—one's own future and the future of the heads.

AFTER the auditors, the lawyers; then swiftly the final day of reckoning. Abbott, Raglan & Company was no more; Abbott & Company remained in possession of the field. On that afternoon Abbott himself left early, but Raglan stayed late, for he had issued a call requesting that the whole force gather in the Trading Room at closing time, presumably that he might say his farewells. He entered without warning, his hair mussed as usual, but his face grave, wiped clean of its habitual smile. Only a few were sitting down; the girls already had their hats on and some of the men were carrying theirs in their hands. Nobody was talking, nobody looked at anybody else.

Beholding this strange spectacle, Raglan's eyes came suddenly to life. They began to smile, and gradually the smile spread over his whole face; he was himself again. Then he demanded, so unexpectedly that the question caused consternation and a general gasp, "Who's the cheapest stenographer in the room?"




**"You're a very valuable man, Smith," Raglan said finally. "How do you feel about this business?"**

"I am," said Regis, long before the rest had gathered their wits.

"Would you like to come with me as my secretary?" asked Raglan, casting a quick glance in the direction of the voice.

"Yes."

His eyes left her and roved the room, colliding presently with Kit's. Her lips were parted and she had the eager expression of one who, wishing ardently to speak, is yet robbed of breath. She looked as if she were about to burst either with grief or rage and the sight almost caused Raglan to laugh aloud.

"What about you, Kit? Want to come along?"

She found voice enough to gasp, "Yes, oh, yes!"

"Fine," said Raglan.

"Where do we report and when?"

*(Continued on page 38)*

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# A Man called Smith

## By Owen P. White

***To the women who crossed his path he gave love and affection; for the men who crossed him he had bullets and knives. This swashbuckling blacksmith traveled two continents, drinking, loving and killing; he met and mastered all sorts of receptions —all but one—a firing squad. We don't know his first name, but—meet Mr. Smith***

In Nigger Alley they had a dance and there the fun really started

*Illustrated by C. C. Beall*

THIS Smith a mighty man was he, with large and sinewy hands. They were too large and sinewy. That was it. It was those hands and the brawny arms behind them that furnished Smith with his main source of trouble. A Maine girl, who stopped too often in front of his forge to watch him pound out too many horseshoes, furnished him with his secondary source.

Poor, simple-minded Smith. His heart turned a somersault; he was in love; he went to see the girl's father about his predicament, and when he was told that no poor village blacksmith could expect to marry a rich farmer's daughter it so annoyed him that he just up and handed the old man a couple of caresses. Two were enough. With only a pair of light taps, no heavier perhaps than those he was in the habit of administering to recalcitrant mules, he put an end forever not only to his first dream of connubial bliss but also to Papa.

This was too bad. It meant that for the sake of his health Mr. Smith would immediately have to find a new climate, and hence it befell that less than a week later, the year by the way being 1848, the captain of the good schooner Elizabeth, three days out of Belfast, Maine, and bound for San Francisco via Cape Horn, was disagreeably surprised to discover that along with the rest of the assorted cargo aboard he also had Smith.

The captain's disgust, however, was mild in comparison with Smith's as soon as that gentleman found out that his point of debarkation, which would be the ship's first stop, would be Valparaiso. "And where in hell might that place be?" Smith inquired. "Is it as far off as Philadelphia?"

"Just a wee mite farther," answered the captain. "It'll take us nigh onto two months to get there, I reckon, but you needn't worry about that because I'll instruct the mate to see to it that you have a pleasant voyage."

"Yes," sulkily replied Smith, "and I calculate as how I'll do all I can to make things merry for the mate."

He did. Having no axles to weld and no plowshares to point, about the only thing Mr. Smith could do with his magnificent hands, when he was not polishing the deck with them, was to polish the crew. He made a good job of this several times, and was just beginning to think pretty highly of himself when he ran afoul of the mate.

They were off the Horn and fighting a bad sea when this collision occurred.

"Aloft there, Smith, and furl them tops'ls."

Being a blacksmith, not a sailor, Smith didn't even move toward the shrouds. The mate glared and reached for a belaying pin. Smith glared back and stuck his hand inside his shirt. The mate swung and so did Smith—with a knife.

The next day, being below in irons, Smith didn't see the mate's body slipped over the side of the vessel, and neither, two weeks later in Valparaiso harbor, he having slipped his bracelets, did any of the crew see his body perform the same journey.

Swimming ashore in the dark, the man from Maine found himself in a strange city, in a land he didn't even know the name of, and among people to whom he couldn't talk. These embarrassing facts, however, were of no immediate interest to Smith. Knowing that by daylight he would have to be far on his way to somewhere else in order to avoid becoming the center of attraction at his own obsequies, he headed straight through Valparaiso and by sheer luck stumbled on a highway that led inland.

It was the road to Santiago. He trudged along it, met a traveler, and, as he had no scruples whatever about appropriating the man's mule and stock of provisions, he soon reached the Chilean capital, where within a week he was at work in a blacksmith shop conducted by an Englishman.

Within another week he was himself again. With his brawny chest and arms exposed, and with sparks flying from both his anvil and his eyes, he was a tempestuous Vulcan that hardly any hot-blooded Chilean could resist.

### Then Smith Settled Down

Señorita Carmen Vargas didn't even try to. She paused and gazed at Smith through the folds of her *rebozo;* he paused and gazed at her through the smoke of the forge, and that settled it. Miss Vargas cast her eyes demurely to the ground; Smith did the same thing, violently, with his hammer, and as it was just about quitting time anyhow he walked down the road with her.

This time Smith didn't go and call on the girl's father. He didn't even call on a priest. What was the use? He couldn't have understood them and they couldn't have understood him, but Carmen did. He also understood her, or at least thought he did, and thus, like the old pirate,

*'Twas then and there Smith settled down*
*To a peaceful life in a Spanish town.*

But not for long. After about four months of unlicensed happiness Smith made the social blunder, so often productive of domestic disaster even on Park Avenue, of going home a couple of hours ahead of schedule, and then on top of that error he piled the second one of allowing his New England conscience to be shocked by the discovery that his Carmen had a boy friend. This shock, though, was harder on the boy friend than on Mr. Smith, who, after he had slapped the lad to sleep, permanently, turned around just in time to prevent his fair but false lady from puncturing him from the rear with the family carving knife. Another slap, just a mild one, however, that a lady could absorb without suffering any more damage than the loss of a few teeth, the acquisition of a broken nose and a long nap, disposed of that menace and gave Smith time to sit down and think.

It didn't take him long to do that.

*(Continued on page 30)*

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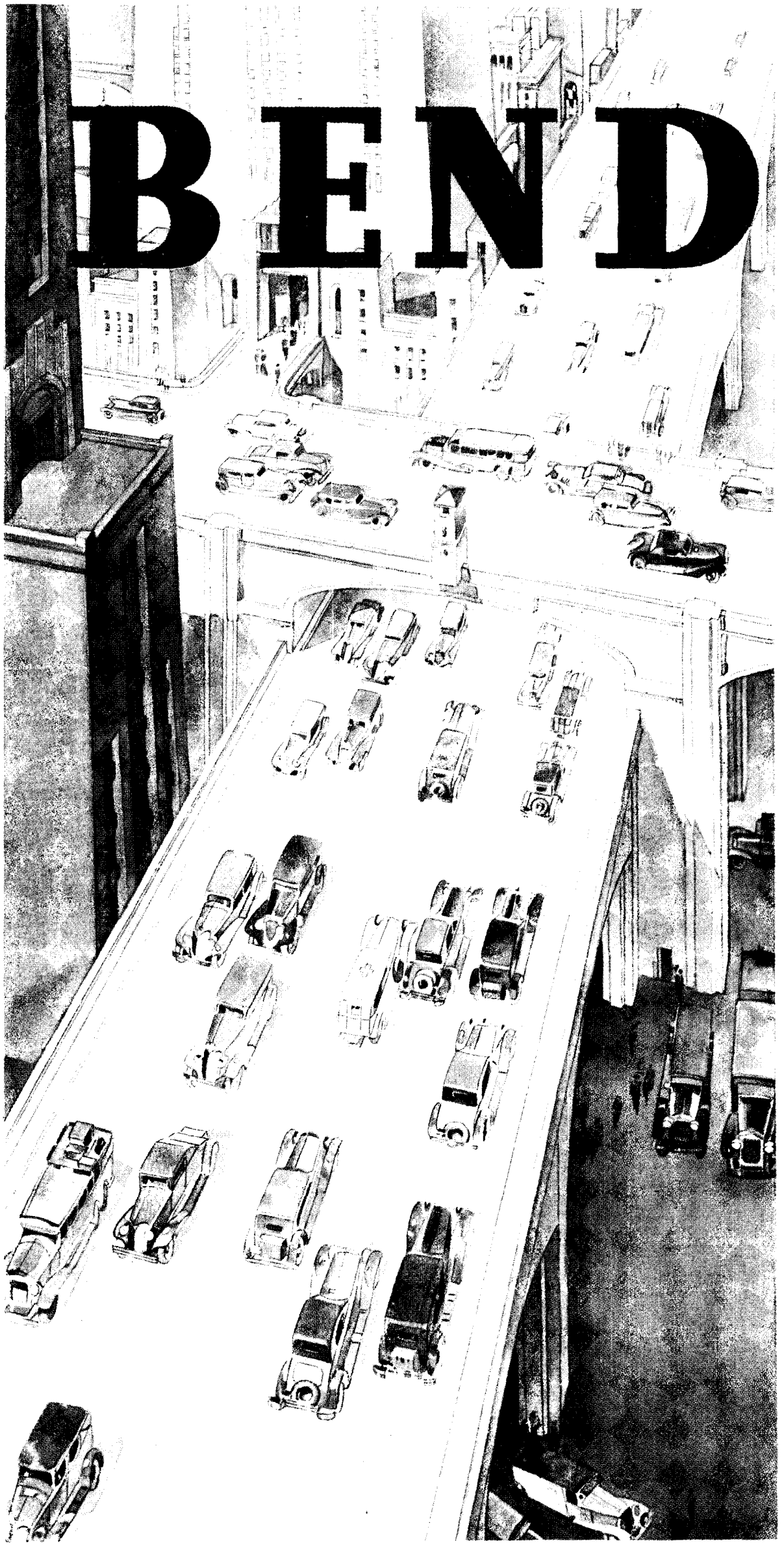

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# A Perfect Week-end

*Continued from page 9*

"I got a feeling about you, tall and han'some."

"Yeah? Honest?"

"Guess what?"

Terence, blushing, said: "Like me, kid? Honest?"

She giggled daringly.

"If your hair was green and your eyes was pink I'd never be bothered," she said. "Try that on your guesser."

And she ran out the door. Terence chuckled. What a girl! Hair was green . . . eyes was pink . . . try that on your guesser. Pretty dog-gone cute, that was. Pretty dog-gone sweet.

TERENCE went back to play rummy with a light heart. He lost a few dollars, but he didn't care. As soon as the sheriff went to bed, Mr. Alloway brought out some good beer. It was the pleasantest evening Terence had ever spent in jail. He retired very late on a good, clean cot in the back room, sleeping the sleep of the just and looking forward to a fine day on the morrow.

It was a swell day, an extra swell day.

Dorine brought him breakfast. After breakfast, Mr. Benson appeared to sign the bond. Mr. Benson was a lean, grim-faced man. He and Terence took to each other right off.

"This Brown guy is a crook and I got to show him up," Terence told Mr. Benson. "What you figure I better do first?"

"Wa-al," said Mr. Benson, "we reckon his books don't check with the milk slips he's been a-giving us farmers. So we're stopping deliveries this mornin'. Then, we're aimin' to call on him fer the books."

Terence tested his knuckles. They were stiff but not very sore.

"I'll get the books. Leave it to me."

"Nope. The boys aim to attend to that later. We got to get them deliveries stopped fust thing."

STOPPING deliveries turned out to be a swell job. Terence and two dozen farmers lined up across the hard road. When a milk truck came along, Terence said: "You want a bust on the nose, brother?" Only one driver, it developed, wanted a bust on the nose. He got it. The others turned back or suffered their milk and cream to be dumped.

Word came that a detachment of state police was on the way to arrest the farmers. But by this time deliveries had been stopped. Terence and Mr. Benson and the other boys then rode in flivvers to Mr. Brown's office at the milk depot. The office was closed and no one was in sight.

"Reckon we'll have to hunt up Brown," Mr. Benson decided.

Terence shook his head.

"I got to get them books. The cops is coming. I'll kick in this door."

"The books, I reckon, is in a safe," said Mr. Benson.

"Hell," said Terence, "we'll cart the safe some place and open it."

"I reckon that's a leetle agin the law," Mr. Benson said sadly.

Blam! Terence hit the door with his shoulder. "Gimme an axe," he said. The farmers grinned. They handed Terence an axe. In no time at all Terence was inside the office. Sure enough, the books were in a small safe behind the counter. The farmers hung back a moment, but Terence said: "The guy's crooked, ain't he? How we gonna prove it? Go to law? Nuts. He'll doctor them books if we give him time. Gimme a hand with this safe."

As they were carrying the safe out to a car, Mr. Brown appeared, accompanied by a dozen milk-truck drivers.

"Drop that safe!" Mr. Brown yelled. "Boys, run for the sheriff and the state police."

Terence took off his vest.

"A couple uh you older men put the safe in that flivver and step on the gas," Terence instructed. "We can hold 'em."

Mr. Brown and his employees made a rush for the safe. They were met by Terence and Mr. Benson and the farmers. Dorine was right. The farmers were stirred up and they certainly fought good. Terence fought right good too. Mr. Brown, puffing and bloody, retreated into the milk depot. His helpers eyed him enviously. But they could not retreat. Terence had cut them off. The battle raged. Boys from the town and boys from the country arrived as reinforcements for each side.

"I reckon we better stop fightin' now," Mr. Benson drawled, dropping his man with a grubbing-hoe handle. "Them cops are liable to come any minute."

"Let 'em come," said Terence. Then, to a milk driver: "Go fight that little guy. You ain't big enough for me."

Miss Dorine Joelke drove up to the firing line in Mr. Reid's auto.

"The cops are coming, Mr. Mahadey," she yelled. "Beat it!"

A guy had jumped on Terence's back.

Bill Holman

Another guy was swinging at Terence's head. Several farmers made a rush to extricate Terence. All was confusion. Terence saw stars. It was a real riot. Terence landed on a guy so hard his shoulder hurt.

Six state policemen roared up on motorcycles.

"Mr. Mahadey . . . run . . . run, Mr. Mahadey . . . oh, run!"

The coppers charged, swinging riot sticks.

Terence was, for an instant, free.

Dorine laid hold of his tattered shirt. "Quick! Around the depot! I'll get the car!"

Then Terence saw the copper who had pinched him the night before. He scowled, his battered brows gleaming. He pushed Dorine out of the mêlée and waded in. . . .

EVENING came to Ostopolis, Illinois. Police sirens no longer screamed. Startled townspeople still milled around the square, but the shouts and thwackings had died away. The sheriff, who had been awakened from an afternoon siesta by the first outbreak at the milk depot, was assuring St. Louis newspapers by long distance phone that there was no need to send for the militia.

Terence was back in jail.

A sergeant of state police called the roll of his misdeeds.

"Book this man . . . breaking and entering, inciting to riot, assaulting an officer, resisting arrest—"

"That's a lie. I never resisted arrest. I hit that cop when he went for his gun. Then I picked him up and says 'Arrest me. Go ahead an' arrest me.' I got witnesses to prove it. You ask that cop."

"Officer Joslin told me you resisted arrest."

"Where's he at?"

"Never mind. He'll be ready to appear in court."

The state police clumped out. They had arrested nine farmers and Terence.

SHERIFF MESSELDOPP was plaintive.

"That wasn't no way to do, son," he said to Terence. "Fighting's one thing, but hitting the law's another. The judge is apt to give you time for it."

Terence hung his head.

"Yeah. I hadn't ought to of done it. I jest got carried away, kind of." Then, sighing, "Golly, what a riot!"

He joined his comrades-in-arms, who were lounging in cane-bottom chairs on the side porch of the jail. Dorine had disappeared. So had Mr. Benson.

Terence felt kind of low. He had promised Dorine to show up Mr. Brown as a crook. He had made a lot of big talk about restoring the milk depot business to Dorine's ma. And here he was back in jail. He had been too hasty. Yeah, too hasty. A job like that calls for pretty deep legal stuff and a lot of thinking. Besides, he had been mighty careless guarding in the fight. His face was a mess and his right fist wouldn't be any use for weeks. And he had welts all over his head.

The farmers did not seem to be much disturbed. Terence, listening to their talk, marveled:

"Reckon Cy will make the bonds?"

"Reckon so."

"Hope so. I got two cows apt to drop calves this evenin'."

"Did you bust your gun, Everett?"

"Unhunh. Best squirrel gun I ever had."

"Shouldn't 'a' hit with that gun. Them stocks is mighty brittle."

A farmer peered over his corncob pipe at Terence.

"You fit good, stranger."

"I'll say he fit good."

"Aw, I wasn't so hot," said Terence.

"Aimin' to stay hereabouts?"

Terence blinked.

"Sure would like to," he said, and then he reddened, thinking: "Wonder what made me say that? Me stick around here? Me . . . Terence Mahadey? And Buck coming for me in the morning? Wouldn't that hand Buck a laugh!"

The sheriff's wife brought out a big pitcher of lemonade and some home-made cookies. A farmer got up and brought Terence a glassful.

"Say-y . . . thanks," Terence said.

"Mighty hot this evenin'," the farmer said.

Terence felt still lower. Dorine sure must be disgusted at him. She had tried to keep him out of trouble. But no—jest like a dumb-head he went back and socked that highway cop. Now he'd have to stay in jail and how would he show up that crook Brown?

"Reckon we can go home, naow," a farmer drawled, suddenly.

Terence looked up.

A group was approaching along the walk to the jail. First came Mr. Alloway with Mr. Brown. Then came Mr. Benson and Dorine and a man with a white goatee.

"Reckon the boys got that safe open," another countryman said.

"Reckon so."

Dorine hurried over to Terence.

"They pinched Mr. Brown!" she announced. "Judge Hoskins says he'll have to stay in jail too! They found all kinds of dirty work in the safe. That's Judge Hoskins, the one that's talking to Sheriff Messeldopp. And he says Ma can get the milk company back!"

Terence grinned painfully.

"That's swell," he said.

Miss Joelke giggled.

"Not swell . . . swelled. Does it hurt?"

"Swelled . . . ha ha ha ha ha. Naw, it don't hurt."

THE maiden's dark eyes were demurely admiring.

"It certainly was brainy of you to think up how to get hold of the safe, Mr. Mahadey. Judge Hoskins says if Mr. Brown had of dreamed it would be opened he'd of faked everything."

"Aw, I jest figured it."

"I told Ma all about it, Mr. Mahadey."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And she wants to meet you. I'll tell you what it's about. I . . . that is, I and Ma were thinking maybe you'd like to run the milk depot for us. We couldn't pay a large salary at first till we get our customers back, but there certainly is a future, Mr. Mahadey."

Terence looked from the porch of the jail around the skyline of Ostopolis, Ill.

"Sounds good, girlie. I'd like to talk to your ma. How about me coming over this evening?"

Dorine blushed a fiery red.

"Why . . . you couldn't . . . I mean . . . I meant to tell you. Judge Hoskins says you got to stay in jail tonight. It's only for tonight. The prosecuting attorney is outa town and Judge Miller won't let anyone sign your bond on account of the state coppers are being mean. But it'll be fixed up the first thing in the morning—"

"Aw, that's all right. I don't mind a bit."

"But . . . I . . . I mean, I and Ma could come over this evening, Mr. Mahadey."

"Just you come. I can see your ma any time."

Quick as a flash, this cute, smart kid came right back with: "I'll break the news to Mother!"

BUCK brought the truck to a halt. "Hully gee!" he said. "You get hit with a steam roller?"

Terence winked at Miss Joelke.

"None uh your lip, Willetts," he said. "I got forty cans uh milk an' seventeen tubs uh butter set up for a quick haul to St. Louis. The depot's four blocks to the left. An' be careful how you bump that loading platform. If you ain't, you'll get the *can*. Ha ha ha ha ha."

Miss Joelke tittered appreciatively.

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* * * *

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# A Man called Smith

*Continued from page 25*

He clenched his huge fists, gazed admiringly at them for a moment and shook his head sadly. Yes, there was no doubt of it. Because of those hands of his he was being transformed into a perpetual health-seeker. From Maine to Valparaiso, from Valparaiso to Santiago, and from Santiago to—where? Smith didn't know. All he did know was that he had better be on the way, and so after turning Carmen over with his foot to make sure that she wouldn't come out of it for perhaps an hour or two, which would give him time to get going, he walked out of her house and her life forever.

For the next two months there didn't a great deal happen to Smith. "On the way back to Valparaiso," he said in telling some newly made drinking acquaintances about it in San Francisco eight weeks later, "I didn't have no trouble at all. That is, none to speak of. One man I recollect did object pretty strong to my taking four of his mules away from him and so I just had to kill him. But what could I do? I needed them mules: had to have something to sell when I got to Valparaiso, and that's what I did with 'em. Sold 'em for six hundred pesos, made a dicker with a ship captain to bring me on up here and here I am. Seems to be a nice town too. A little damp and a bit foggy perhaps for a frail feller like I be, but with plenty of liquor and lots of women around I reckon maybe I can stand it. Let's have another drink."

### A Trip for His Health

Thus, standing squarely on his self-confessed record of four killings in one year, did the simple village blacksmith introduce himself into the social life of the Pacific Coast. That he was an unwelcome addition thereto went without saying. It naturally would. Probably nobody was delighted with Smith at first sight, but after several reckless gentlemen, who had intimated as much in his hearing, had been seriously damaged, the rest of the community took his word for his prowess and gave him plenty of room in which to operate.

Was he successful? Let us see. For some months we have nothing to go on except circumstantial evidence. This shows that for quite a period following the reformation of Mr. Smith there was a decided upturn both in his personal prosperity and the homicide curve in and around the city of the Golden Gate. Was this a mere coincidence? Perhaps, but at any rate it is not so very long until we find Mr. Smith, who has been invited to leave by a Vigilance Committee, heading hastily for Sacramento.

When he got to the capital, though, he didn't like it. Being an inland town, it was too tame for him, and so, after transacting a little business there, he turned south, with the intention of eventually invading Mexico, and hit the long trail for Los Angeles.

Los Angeles in those days was not the Mecca for the make-believe bad men that it now is. You bet it wasn't. It was just plain tough. It was the toughest place on the Pacific Coast, and as its toughest spot was Nigger Alley—so called because the town's only Negro, a popular barber named Pete, dwelt therein—it is not at all surprising that as soon as Smith arrived in the metropolis he went to that section and began to celebrate.

According to a version left behind by a contemporary, that celebration was about equal to a Hollywood coke-and-gin party, an Aimee McPherson revival and a modern earthquake all rolled into one. Here, however, we cannot go into much detail. For our purpose, all that it is necessary for us to record is that there was a dance and that the fun at that function really started when Nigger Pete, all dolled out in a pair of admiral's pants, with gold stripes down the legs thereof, stepped out on the floor and essayed to do a fandango with the queen of the demimonde.

Just how Pete, who showed up three days later and three shades paler, escaped assassination is unknown. Eight or ten other men, though, did not.

### A Seven-Hundred-Mile Stroll

We next find Smith in the Bella Union Saloon where he proceeded to win for himself a high place in the esteem of the community by going on a glorious drunk.

Undoubtedly he had one coming to him, but even so two years was too long for him to keep it up, especially as during that period some popular gambler or other person of known financial worth would every now and then mysteriously disappear. Of course no one came out openly and asked Mr. Smith to solve these mysteries but, just the same, the town adopted no resolutions of regret when he finally announced that he had joined up with a hundred other congenial cutthroats who, under the leadership of a man named Zerman, were going to go down and take lower California away from the Mexicans.

**"We've got the twins thinking it's some sort of a game!"**

*Frank Owen*

However, they didn't do it. Instead of taking anything, or even any part of it, away from anybody they got taken themselves, by General Blancarte, who forthwith put the entire Hundred and One adventurers in chains and started them off on about a seven-hundred-mile stroll from Culiacan to the City of Mexico.

On this jaunt Mr. Smith, whose bellicose disposition and magnificent physique had at once impressed his captors, was signally honored by having twice as much "jewelry" hung upon him as was hung on any of his companions. This distinction, however, appears neither to have gone to his head nor hurt him any. In spite of his double load of manacles he kept up with the procession, reached the national capital along with the rest of the show, went to the same jail with the other boys, and then some months later, and for reasons entirely unknown to anybody, he and all the rest of the Hundred and One outfit, instead of being stood up against an adobe wall and summarily disposed of by a firing squad, were summarily released.

What happened after that to the remaining Hundred we do not know; the Lone One, however, we will continue to follow.

According to Holy Writ, as you can see if you will consult I Samuel xiii:19, there was not a smith in all Israel, but in 1855 there was one in Mexico. He was a good smith, too; he knew his business, and, moreover, as he could by this time speak Spanish fluently, he was not long out of prison until he was at work at his trade in a government foundry.

History now naturally repeated itself, but as our magnificent Vulcan was now a man of wide experience in the matter of women, he didn't fall, as he had in Santiago, for the first pair of black eyes that fell for him. On the contrary, he took it slow and easy. In fact, he was several months in making up his mind about it, but after he had industriously experimented around with the débutantes in the dance halls and finally did choose a señorita for himself, he had one upon whose luscious figure he could becomingly hang much rich silk brocade, many fine feathers and a large assortment of expensive gems.

But who paid for these trimmings? Smith did. He was one of the most indefatigable and untiring servants the Mexican government had ever had. People remarked on it and praised him for his industry. It was noticed, and commented upon, that he actually neglected his "wife" for his work.

On Sundays, and Saints' Days even, while she, in her carriage, would be driving alone in the *Paseo*, he would be working alone in the foundry. When he had anything important to do he just seemed to love the solitude of the huge, deserted workshop, and incidentally it was this queer fondness of his for his own society that almost got him into trouble.

### With the Law on His Side

In those days the Mexican government was very punctilious about seeing to it that everybody did his duty toward the saints. It didn't make so much difference about a man's neighbor, or even about his neighbor's wife. Being alive, those people could take care of themselves, but it was not so with the saints. They were dead men; they couldn't look after their own interests, and hence the law did it for them by decreeing heavy penalties against anyone who worked on any of their holy days.

There were a great many of these days; they were all legal holidays, and thus Smith had a great deal of opportunity, provided he could get away with it, of working alone in the shop. On the occasion in question, though, he made the mistake of carelessly allowing so much smoke to get out the chimney that it attracted the attention of a passing policeman, who promptly entered, arrested the toiler, and hurried him off to a hearing before the judge of the district. This hearing, which had a threatening beginning, came to a happy ending. Being asked if he was *culpable o' no culpable*, which means, guilty or not guilty, Smith asked, "Of what?"

"Of desecrating the holy day of Saint John," said the judge.

"*Culpable*," promptly replied Smith, as a relieved look spread over his swarthy face, "and how much will it cost me?"

"*Cien pesos*," snapped His Honor, and thereupon Mr. Smith dug deep down into his pocket and, producing a whole handful of bright and shiny gold pieces, passed the requisite number of them over to the law.

### On the Move Again

The judge looked at this new money carefully and then looked quizzically at Smith. Smith winked; the judge winked back, and so readily did this pair understand each other that thereafter our hero was not arrested for the desecration of anything, save at regular, prearranged intervals, on which occasions he regularly paid his fine, direct to His Honor, with the counterfeit money which by this time he was manufacturing in copious quantities.

This happy arrangement hurt nobody. As Smith was a good mechanic and a careful workman, his coin was at least as good-looking as that turned out by the Mexican government, and yet it befell that at the end of about a year, when he was one day unexpectedly called upon to appear before his personal judge, presumably to answer to the charge this time of having violated the sanctity of the Dia de San Miguel he was told, *sotto voce*, by His Honor that the federal authorities had gotten onto his curves and he had better beat it.

Thus Mr. Smith, who left Mexico City immediately after dark that same day, accompanied by his "wife" and large chests full of gold coin, once more became a health-seeker. Where should he go? His "wife" settled that for him. Minatitlan, down on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, she said, was a lovely place. She had been born there, she asserted, and she ought to know. Yes, it was hot but to a man of Smith's means what difference did that make? All that he had to do was come along and she'd show him.

Smith yielded, and thus about a year later we come upon him, all dressed in snowy white and with a couple of mozos industriously fanning him, sitting in front of a hotel in Minatitlan talking over old times with a former friend from Los Angeles. The pair are having a good time when, unexpectedly, a portly-looking Mexican, who had just come off the steamer from Vera Cruz, walks past them and into the barroom. "Damn that feller," says Smith, "I reckon I've got to kill him."

"Who is he?" inquired the other man.

"Aw," said Smith, "he's one of them City of Mexico detectives and he's after me. But I'll get him."

He did. Two days later Smith got his sleuth and then a lot of other sleuths got him. So far as we know this was the end. He was taken to Vera Cruz, the heavy iron doors of the prison of San Juan de Uloa clanged shut behind him and shortly a rifle volley followed by a single pistol shot rang out. Sounds pretty final, doesn't it? But with a man like Smith one never can tell.

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# Champion Preferred

*Continued from page 12*

championships to lead to tragedy?" Lynn said pensively. "He was kissing her with chivalrous renunciation on the back stairs when I started down. You've got a lot of ground to regain."

Ellen's wrinkled forehead was a bad omen for the day. She got in beside Hank. Borland's shoulders were thrust through the door. "I'm still not sure you ought to try it," he said unhappily.

"Nonsense, George." Ellen was decisive. "The roads are plowed all the way through. It was ten below yesterday everywhere north of Exeter. We'll be at the border in an hour and I've allowed two and a half hours from there to St. Johnsbury. We'll be out of the hills in time to have lunch at Plymouth."

"Suppose it warms up?" George said. "A big snow wouldn't be much fun." His troubled eyes yearned at her. "Maybe I ought to go with you after all."

Another day of Borland's conversation? "With Montreal coming down to jump against you?" Hank said hastily. "Think, you'll own another cup by noon. What the heck, George—we probably won't make Boston tonight, but we'll get to Concord or Manchester, and nobody has been devoured by wolves there for some years."

"Of course we'll make Boston," Ellen said. "I've allowed a full hour for the unexpected and still we'll be there by five."

"You feeling better, Hank?" Borland inquired.

"Once more, George," Hank explained, "I didn't have a hangover yesterday. My hips were skinned and my soul was morbid, but there was no hangover."

"But when a man's fiancée is in the finals—" George stopped and blushed.

LYNN leaned forward. "We'll be safe, George. When Ellen decides on a course of action, the elements don't dare to interfere. Even if they did, think what a gorgeous chance to be Spartan. With a wolf in her vitals, Ellen is just superb. Don't be anxious—just break some more records."

Borland shut the door, stood back, waved. Hank let in the clutch. But Borland shouted, "Got your cup, Ellen?"

"Of course," Ellen said. "Come on, Hank. We're three minutes behind schedule."

Her arrangements called for each of them to drive in one-hour shifts. Hank took the car down the frozen roads at the best possible speed. Moroseness grew on him. On Ellen too, it seemed. All week she had grown steadily more irritable and irascible, the line of annoyance between her eyes always more marked. This sudden adoration from a champion, contrasted with the unvarying ineptness of a fiancé! Hank felt a tremor in the dark places where Lynn said the soul hid. That was uncomfortable; it was just as uncomfortable to keep thinking about the firelit lounge of the club, with only a few couples dancing late at night. Much less confusing to think about Ellen silhouetted against a winter sky, her arms outspread, her skis slanting.

"All the same, Hank," Ellen said abruptly, some miles farther on, "you must have been tight night before last. I don't know what time it was when Lynn came up, but I'd been asleep for hours."

Did anything beyond her conscientious accuracy exist in that remark? "I don't know," he said judicially. "I got a little fed up with all the hard muscles at the club and, after all, this was Quebec. We danced some and ate stuff that your training diet couldn't possibly sanction. Then it was amusing to buy legal champagne for Lynn. Would you say I was tight, Lynn?"

"I wish I knew. In a quiet way, I've done a lot of wondering. Anyway, you talked about your inadequacies."

Ellen nodded. He had been tight. "You didn't come out to watch the finals."

"Still," Lynn pointed out, "all the news-reel men were there."

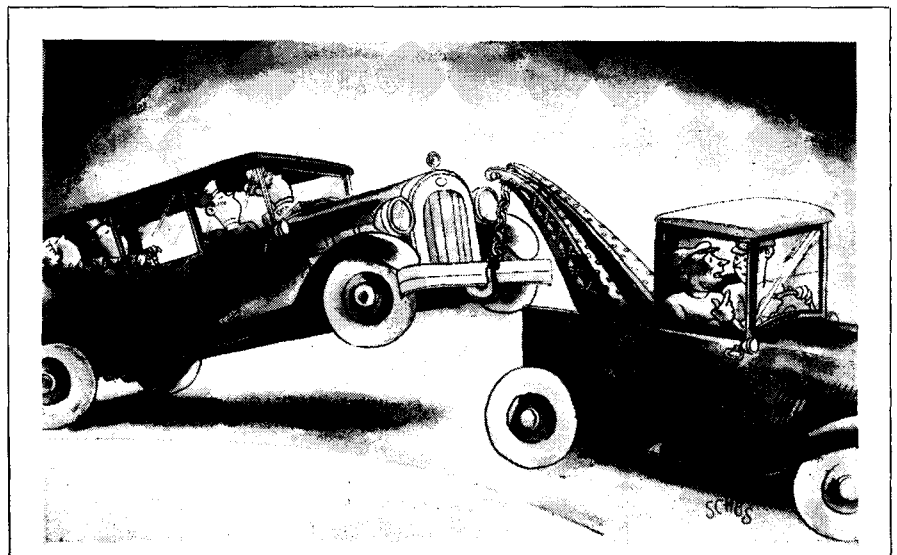
Ellen ignored her. Hank concentrated on the road. At driving an automobile, he decided, he was almost or quite as good as Ellen. Was there any activity in which he was her superior? Well, perhaps boxing. Yes, he could probably outbox Ellen.

THE big snow of five days ago had been plowed as high as the windows. The climbing sun made it prismatic. Exactly one hour after their start, Ellen took the wheel. But snow had drifted across the road in places and their speed was cut down.

"Twenty minutes late," Ellen announced as they came to the border. "You've got your birth certificates?"

Hank nodded but Lynn said, "I didn't bother to bring one."

"You never bother to do anything efficiently. Serve you right if they detained you at the border."



"Foist we got to drop 'em at the opera!" *Adolph Schus*

Lynn nodded with complete good nature. "The unlit lamp, the ungirt loin."

Inspectors in sheepskins swarmed out of the American customs house. Hank tossed out suitcases and Ellen produced registration and license papers. Lynn kneeled on the rear seat, tugged helplessly at her bag, and looked distressed.

"Are you big hulks going to make me carry this trunk in on my shoulders?" she asked an inspector. She stood close to him and smiled. She smiled again.

"O. K., babe." The inspector grinned—and put the bag back unopened.

A mile farther on, Lynn opened the bag. "Just how ungirt are my loins?" she asked. "If you hardy woodsmen run us into an avalanche, at least we'll be as well equipped as a St. Bernard."

Hank gaped. "An imperial quart of Scotch!"

Ellen said accusingly, "That makes you a smuggler."

Lynn burrowed under robes again. "Darling," she said lightly, "it's just my way. Life simply won't measure up to the Elsie books."

Ellen crossed her knees and stared fixedly at the road, her mouth tight. A pressure gauge would have shown that her exasperation had increased, not diminished, on this drive. An ominous day—and many miles to go.

Where the road at last led out of the valley, a wide drift brought them to a stop. Lynn leaned through the open window to watch the shoveling. Looser snow made uncertain footing; at the far edge Hank sprawled in it, his shovel skidding across the road. Ellen drew in her breath sharply. "No wonder you're such a flop on skis!" she said. Hank blinked, hardly believing the hot resentment in her face.

"Have I got to study the best form in snow shoveling?" he asked.

"I think," Lynn said slowly, "Ellen had better study the gossamer technique."

It seemed likely that he would have to pay for every minute lost from the schedule. By chance he caught Lynn's eyes. They had an anger in them he had never observed before. Shrugging, he finished his shoveling and had Lynn back the car for a running start. She launched it at the drift; the wheels spun, the rear end slewed round, the car hung poised for a second. Hank prayed it across.

Lynn stopped it on the other side. "Oh," she said deliberately, "did George's desperation reach the point of suggesting an elopement, or did he master himself and decide that heartbreak was what the Elsie books prescribe?"

Ellen had one foot on the running-board. For a ghastly moment the scene was poised in a clear light. You saw Ellen's self-control slipping away; you saw Lynn strangely roused. The scene faded: Lynn was just amused and Ellen just disdainful.

"I don't see what there is in George to laugh at," she said coldly.

IT WAS one o'clock when they came into St. Johnsbury; it should have been ten o'clock. At lunch in the hotel, Ellen was cheerful again, studying her map. There was a choice between a road down the Connecticut and one through Franconia Notch. The thing to decide, she said, was which road seemed likelier to be clear.

Food and coffee had comforted Hank but had not relieved his forebodings nor cast any glamour on the drive ahead of them. He decided to risk offense.

"You and Lynn go on from here by train and I'll bring the car home after the storm."

"What storm?"

He shrugged. "The wound I got at San Juan Hill has begun to throb."

Her good humor had been just a mist. "It's an easy six hours from here to Boston. We'll be home by eight."

In the town of Littleton, Henry slowed up. Nearly three o'clock, the sky cloudy, the Notch still to come. There was a hotel here, the last possible refuge. It would be sane to quit this preposterous trip right here. He looked at Ellen; she steadfastly declined to recognize his motive in slowing up. He looked at Lynn; comprehension was in her eyes but, surprisingly, she shook her head and said, "Shoot the moon, Hank." All right, shoot the moon. He stepped on the accelerator. So much for the Rubicon.

The Notch was incredibly gloomy. The thin light was thinned still further; premature dusk hung in woods and hollows; snow was piled high along the road. There had been no traffic since the morning's snow plows, whose wheel marks remained intact. Haste, speed of any kind, was impossible—he had some satisfaction in realizing that if Ellen had made a schedule for the Notch it was annihilated. The winter afternoon sank westward; before long, twilight would advance out of the woods. A farmhouse, a light already burning in the kitchen, showed ahead of them where the Notch widened for a space, then fell behind with a tantalizing sense of security. The drive, he decided, belonged in a nightmare.

Hank stared. Snow was falling—scattered, moist, rather large flakes. That settled it! There was a sudden vivid realization: they were deep in the mountains, at the end of a winter day, a long distance from any shelter. All his forebodings had been right—this was what he had anticipated. He stopped the car.

"They find you in the spring, in a state of perfect preservation," Lynn murmured.

He had to lean forward to see Ellen's face; for the first time she seemed disturbed. "We can make North Woodstock before it gets too bad," she said positively.

THERE was no perceptible line between day and night now; suddenly it was dark and the headlights shone brighter against the wall of rapid snow. At a curve they picked out a small rustic bridge over the frozen brook beside the road. At the sight of that bridge decision came to Hank with violent finality. He stopped, got out, floundered through the deep snow.

He was back in a moment. "Abandon ship," he ordered. "There's someone's summer house across the bridge. This is where the Rover boys make camp for the night."

He felt an unaccustomed sense of command. Hank Townshend, a flivver on the ski run, had taken control—and was being obeyed. Ellen took two flashlights from a pocket in the upholstery. She filled her arms with robes and blankets. Hank took the bags; Lynn, first fastidiously wrapping her coat round her, said, "You'll need a blunt instrument," and found a jack handle under the seat. By flashlight they struggled across the bridge to a small house in the midst of some trees. It looked curiously cold and forlorn in the darkness and falling snow. Dropping the bags, Hank broke a trail round the house; the two doors were solid, the windows had been boarded up but offered the better chance.

He got the boards loose, opened a window, climbed inside. He reached out a hand to Lynn but she said, "Why not open a door?" He opened one; Lynn and Ellen came through. He played the flashlight round the room. It seemed adequately furnished but desolate and cold; there was another room beyond it and a small kitchen at one side. Ellen began to explore.

Presently she came back. "There's a shed full of wood. There are canned

*(Continued on page 34)*

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# THE RAIN ON THIS WINDSHIELD RUNS *UPHILL!*

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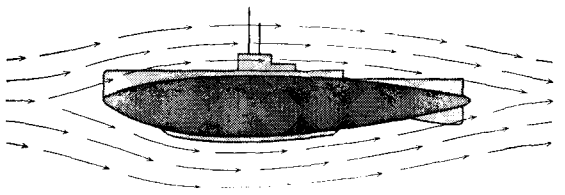
# That's typical of the coming AIRFLOW DeSoto . . . it looks differently . . . is built differently . . . and it RIDES differently than any car ever built before!

IT'S SO DIFFERENT . . . that rain on the windshield runs uphill and vanishes! It's so different . . . you can read a newspaper in the back seat at 80 m.p.h. and hardly know you're moving!

It's so different . . . that its FLOATING RIDE will be an utterly new experience . . . the 1934 sensation of the motoring world!

Certainly . . . you want to know more about such a noteworthy car. So let's begin at the beginning with a simple yet astonishing story.

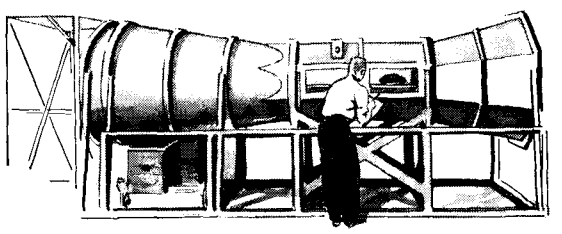


### Here's a Submarine Boring through Water

Notice how the water flows around it as it speeds along. What has a submarine got to do with a car? Just this. A car travels through the air just as this submarine travels through water. When you drive 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour the flat surfaces of your car are smashing into a thick, heavy "wall" of air.

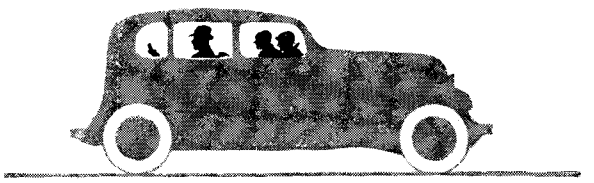
### Here's a Zeppelin . . . Boring through Air

The first airships were balloons. Why this change of shape? A balloon has to go *with* the wind. But an airflow power-driven Zeppelin can bore through the air at high speeds. Examine a fast, modern plane. Every inch of its surface is designed to reduce wind-resistance.



### A Wind-tunnel measures Stolen Power

Five years ago, Chrysler-De Soto engineers began the first serious studies of aero-dynamics ever made in the automobile industry. Their problem . . . how much of a car's speed and power is stolen by wind-resistance? They erected a wind-tunnel . . . like those used for testing the design of airplanes and ships . . . and similar to that used by the U. S. Department of Commerce. Into this tunnel went scores of car models . . . their relative resistance to wind measured by delicate instruments.



### Hard to Believe . . . but True

Here's what they found. An ordinary car would run faster, use less power, if the body were taken off and reversed. That's because an ordinary car body becomes more nearly an ideal airflow form when it is turned around.

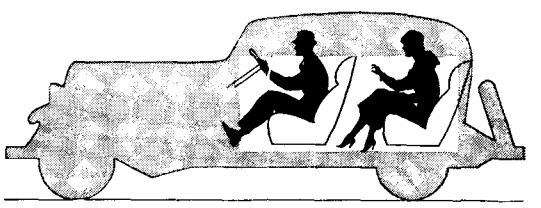
We are all accustomed to seeing cars with sloping radiators and sloping windshields. These things are the *first steps* toward airflow design. The coming AIRFLOW De Soto will be a car that is *scientifically* streamlined . . . designed as all cars must be designed in the future.

### Read a Newspaper . . . at 80 M.P.H.

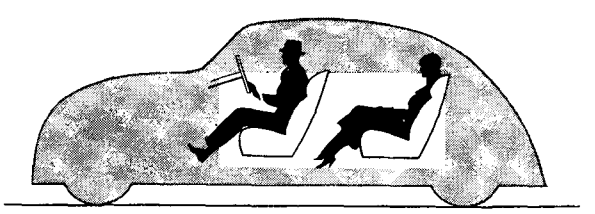
You'll be surprised when you *see* the AIRFLOW De Soto. You'll simply gasp when you ride in it. It isn't like riding at all. It's like relaxing in a steamer-chair. You don't bump . . . you don't bounce . . . you don't vibrate. You just FLOAT along . . . it's a FLOATING RIDE!

You can sleep in the back seat . . . you can read a newspaper . . . at 80 miles an hour.

Here's how you ride in a conventional car . . . and pity the passengers who sit over that back axle:—



And here's how everybody rides luxuriously "amidships" in the AIRFLOW De Soto:—

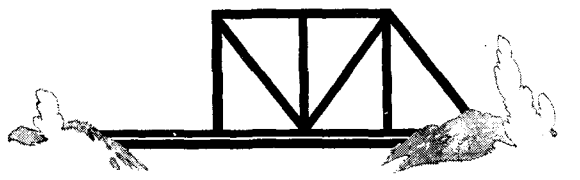


### New Thrill for Drivers

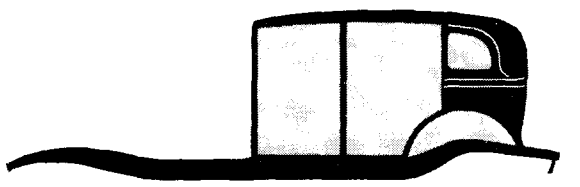
Passengers aren't the only ones who'll be thrilled in the AIRFLOW De Soto. Wait till you drive it. Smoother, faster acceleration than ever . . . 80 m.p.h. without any sense of hurrying . . . safely take curves "wide-open" . . . enjoy 25% greater visibility through the new airplane-type windshield.

### Built Like a Bridge!

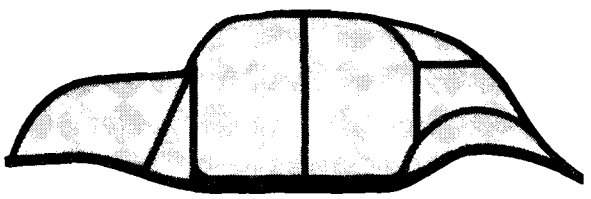
There is nothing safer than a modern girder-trussed bridge. But wouldn't you be surprised to see one that was only partly trussed . . . like this:—



Yet the fact is that conventional cars are built that way. The frame ends stick out in front like the handles of a wheelbarrow . . . like this:—



All that is changed in the AIRFLOW De Soto. Its frame and body are one safety-steel unit extending from end-to-end of the car . . . like this:—



The result is the safest low-priced car ever built. You ride surrounded by beams of structural strength. The car moves *as a whole* . . . instead of the frame vibrating against the body. And that's another reason why you can relax so completely.

### Ventilation is Automatic

Have you ever wished that somebody would ventilate the *bottom* of a car as well as the top? De Soto has done it. Both front and rear passengers enjoy free circulation of air around their feet. Everyone is comfortable . . . summer or winter. Windows and windshield are easier to adjust than ever before.

### It Won't be Long Now!

There's a lot more to tell you . . . how conveniently it carries luggage . . . how it seats three in the front as easily as your present car seats two . . . how luxuriously it is appointed.

But it won't be long now before the AIRFLOW De Soto will be on display. Ask your dealer to invite you to his Preview. Be one of the first to take an AIRFLOW De Soto ride. It is an experience you'll never forget.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

## COMING THE *AIRFLOW DE SOTO

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# Champion Preferred

*Continued from page* 31

beans and tomato soup and corned beef hash and apricots. Four candles. Plenty of dishes—"

"What!" Lynn said. "No bath salts?"

Henry got a fire going in the large room and carried armfuls of wood into the other room. He had a good blaze going when Lynn came in carrying her bag.

"My boudoir," she said cheerfully. "Do I tip you for room service?"

Ellen punched holes in the tops of cans and set them on the edge of the hearth. She foraged a card table from behind a door. She was rising to the occasion, she was making the best of the unexpected. She was qualifying to be an Eagle Scout. . . . Hank's thoughts pulled up short. He seemed to detect that his images were changing. He seemed to make out, too, that they were Lynn's.

"The pump is frozen, naturally." She raised her voice. "You can chop a hole in the creek, Lynn, and get some water."

"I wouldn't dream of it. I never hew or draw, darling, and I've made myself far too beautiful to spin."

She came into the main room and Ellen gasped. The perfection of Lynn's hair and lips and cheeks could have been no greater at a deb party, but that wasn't what had made Ellen gasp. Lynn was wearing scarlet pajamas, dainty mules and a satin negligee.

"Are you modeling somewhere?" Ellen asked. "Or did they call a dress rehearsal?"

Lynn pulled a chair up to the roaring fire and settled herself in it, stretching out the mules. She smiled at Ellen. "My shoes and stockings and skirt were sodden. You'll find them drying on a chair in the other room."

"If you'd dress intelligently you wouldn't get wet."

Lynn withdrew one foot from a mule and held it nearer the blaze. "The idea makes me shudder. Dressing intelligently sounds like a reform movement."

DISDAIN showed in Ellen's lips when Henry returned with the water. The day's strain was piling up, aggravated by this humiliating failure of her calculations. But she set out the food. Hank put the card table in front of Lynn and moved up two other chairs. Lynn looked at the beans. "With some fish balls it would practically be Beacon Street."

Ellen caught her breath in dismay. "I wired the family we'd be home tonight!"

"They'll guess we stopped at Plymouth," Hank suggested.

"But I shouldn't have wired! I should have allowed for this possibility."

Lynn smiled. "We've made out so far, but I don't think we could stand much more foresight. You're so efficient that you give off faint blue sparks and we're going to spend the night in a snow bank."

The blue depths of Ellen's eyes were hard. "You've been grinning like a moron ever since we broke in here. Will you tell me what's funny about spending the night in a snow bank?"

Lynn smoothed crimson silk over subtle knees. "The silk hat formula."

"The what?"

"The dignified gentleman who falls on his face. Scoutcraft has let us down."

"It doesn't matter to you that we've failed to do what we started out to do?"

"Ellen, darling," Lynn said quietly, "what has happened to you? What has uprooted your sense of humor? We didn't plan on this, but here it is. We've got to spend the night here—it seems sensible to make the most of it. Do try to give up crusading. Why hunt for thorns to press your breast against? Just eat some beans."

Food and firelight increased Hank's satisfaction. Finishing dinner, he held a match to Lynn's cigarette. Firelight was carmine on her arms and cheeks; it gave her dark hair a burnished gloss. It made her seem remote and unknown, fragile, improbable. He had observed that effect before; the shadowy lounge of the club rose in his mind.

Lynn stood up. "Deb culture doesn't run to dish-washing, but I can try to extemporize."

"No!" Hank said. "That couldn't possibly be your *métier*. Sit there and let the fire sketch you in red chalk. Be fragile, be impractical, be fundamentally unsound."

IN THE kitchen Ellen's increased restlessness disturbed him. All day her interior stresses and strains had visibly increased with each interruption of her plans, but it now seemed unlikely that mere failure to get to Boston was the explanation. She was mutinous, she was positively agonized. But, he had to acknowledge, the dishes had an aseptic shine they had certainly never before achieved.

Coming back to the large room, they found that Lynn had discovered a portable phonograph. She wound it up, put on a record, and listened with critical attention. "A little obsolete and badly scratched," she decided, "but it's music of a kind." She pushed chairs into the corners. "The débutante touch—night clubs in the wilderness, at will. Dance with Ellen, Hank."

"I can't dance in ski boots."

"Go ahead," he urged her, "they'll be the element of risk."

"I don't want to dance."

"Dance with me, then," Lynn said.

It was, at once, an experience of the greatest possible merit. He managed to observe that Ellen found an outing club handbook on the shelf and retired to a chair to study it. Then awareness of Ellen simply evaporated. The room became a blur of firelight, music, and reminiscence.

"You could never have been a ski-jumper," Lynn murmured. "All your ambitions have been wrong. Too much frivolity in your soul, not enough iron and aspiration."

The second record scratched to a stop. Lynn thumbed through the others. Ellen looked up from her handbook. "How long does this keep up?" she inquired. Hank stared; her voice had become harsh.

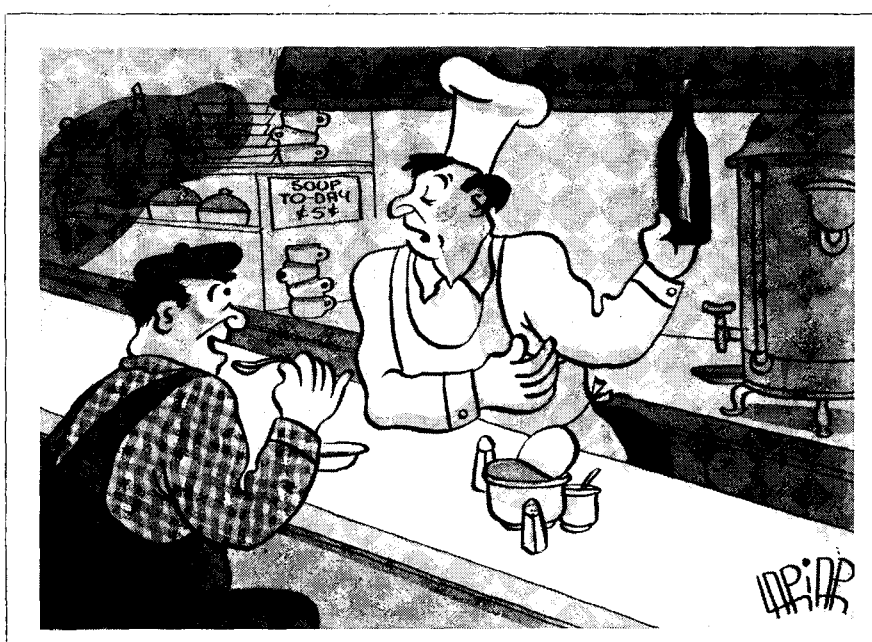
Lynn said, absently, "I know, dear—a snowstorm started without your permission and acutely mortified you. What do you want? A hair shirt or half a yard of sackcloth?"

It was clear that the interior strain had kept on increasing. Ellen dropped the handbook on the table; it sounded like a shot. "Here we are spending the night in Franconia Notch when we ought to be in Boston, and what do you two do about it? You wind up a phonograph and dance!"

They were now linked together in deplorable triviality. But Lynn wanted to examine the question. "Why not dance? Is there any better behavior for snow banks?"

"Isn't there anything to do?" Ellen asked wildly, "The car ought to be looked after. We ought to decide how we're going to get out of here. There are dozens and dozens of important things to do and you two spend the evening dancing!"

She had at last worn a hole in Lynn's patience. "That ought to make you feel happier," she said acidly. "You can reflect how far you are above such frivolity. Let the trivial stew in their own folly—you'll be the firm purpose, and the well-toned muscle, the unfaltering will!"




**"A dry wine, *always*, with consomme, Mr. Harrigan!"**

*Lawrence La Riar*

She went to the kitchen and returned with three glasses which she set out on the mantel. Then she was stripping the paper from the imperial quart of Scotch. "Our host neglected to leave us bar supplies," she said, "but grandfather used to like a hot Scotch of a winter's night."

ELLEN stood up. "Don't pour one for me," she said sharply.

"Why not?" Lynn asked, honestly surprised.

"I don't want it!" Ellen ran a desperate hand across her forehead. "And it isn't going to fill my soul with joy to watch you two getting tight."

"Tight—on one drink?" Hank said. "Nobody is going to get tight. It's just a gesture of good will." His hands moved widely. "We invoke the decorative sense—firelight and the winter winds and a roof against the storm, and the high heart—"

"You sound tight already—talking about the high heart! Do you have to drink? Haven't you any other resources?"

Hank reflected. "Sometimes I sing a little."

"Yes," she said vehemently, "and you humiliate me when I watch you trying to ski. You haven't any wind—because you drink too much. Your jumping is simply grotesque. You're perfectly helpless on hills—"

"All because of the demon rum?"

"You couldn't even watch me in the finals because you had a hangover. And now all this imbecile dancing and boozing when we're stuck here in a snow bank! I can't stand any more of it." She picked up her scarf and wound it round her throat.

"What now?" He understood that he had been condemned, with Lynn, for utter triviality, but he could see no reason for getting dressed up about it.

"This handbook says there's a state foresters' camp about two miles down the road from where I think we are. Maybe there's a telephone there." She put on her coat.

She brought Lynn out of her chair and Hank away from the mantel. "Out in that blizzard?" Hank shouted. "Two miles down a road you don't know anything about, in the dark, with snow up to your knees?"

"My knees are protected." She buttoned the coat. "I'm not wearing my pajamas. I'm going to call the family. Snow doesn't frighten me the way it does you, and I don't share Lynn's dislike of activity. I'll get there all right and I'll get back here."

Lynn, who had been startled, perhaps even frightened by her announcement, looked levelly at her for a moment and then went back to her chair. "I see. Just carrying the serum to Nome. It would rehabilitate you in your own eyes. Probably the best treatment—let her go, Hank."

"The hell I will!" While Ellen pulled the béret down over her hair, he went to the door and threw it open. The fire roared; a flurry of snow blew halfway across the room. "Take off that coat!"

Her eyes were positively dangerous. "Just what would you suggest for stopping me?"

HE WAS started now, he had to go on. "Heaven never designed me for a heavy," he said. "I take the Borland attitude only with the utmost repugnance. But if necessary I'll volunteer as a stopper."

The fury went out of Ellen's voice; it became slow and hard. "It wouldn't be wise for you to interfere, Hank. If you do, you'd better realize what it means."

It was exactly like the movies. Muffled in fur, shod with heavy boots, Ellen looked like the last of the buffalo hunters. Still watching him, she drew on her mittens. She picked up a flashlight. She started across the room. In a kind of catalepsy, Hank counted her steps. Five. She reached for the doorknob. And then he had her by the shoulder and thrust her back. Her eyes blazed. She seized him with both hands; he had a confused impression that she was beating him with her fists. He tore the béret from her head and the mittens from her hands. He ducked under her arm and achieved a kind of half nelson round her. Confusion became chaos. Then he had her coat off, was unwinding the scarf, was saying something that was mostly growl. At boxing, he recalled, he had a definite superiority over Ellen.

Quite suddenly chaos resolved itself into silence. Ellen sat down at the far end of the fire. She was trembling; she was utterly pale. Her hair was tumbling over her face; her sweater was pulled out of shape; that was probably a scratch on one cheek. When the brute was roused in Hank Townshend, he did a workmanlike job. His gaze fixed on her boots— solid, sensible, weathertight,

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unappealing and, it seemed to be established, quite futile. But there was no explaining the tumult of his pulses.

He saw the three hot Scotches on the mantel—forgotten. They had been the immediate cause of the mob scene, but they were a good deal more than that. They were a symbol. And it was possible, after all, to understand the clamor in his pulse. All this had been inevitable, had been preparing for a long time. What had been needed was a decisive moment, a climax. It had been supplied. Everything fell into alignment, everything was beautifully clear.

HENRY required some outlet for this new emotion and went out to the woodshed to attack the logs by candlelight. Then, to his amazement, Ellen was there, her cheeks aflame. No comment was called for; you knew at once that Ellen also had achieved decision. She wasted no time but plunged ahead with the single-minded concentration she brought to a descent on skis.

"That did it, Hank. You know, of course, that I really wanted to telephone to George."

That fitted too. Everything was crystally clear. "I didn't, no," he said. "I was simply trying to do good—I didn't want you to make a fool of yourself. But I can see it was inevitable. I can see you had to."

"I had to, all right," she said violently. "I couldn't stand it any longer. I tried and tried but—no go. I had to tell him to come and take me out of—of—"

"Out of this sink of frivolity and light-mindedness and cheap neglect of the things that count. You were right. It isn't your home grounds — you couldn't be expected to do anything else." He patted her shoulder companionably. "Don't feel sorry about the telephone. This snow makes it a sleepless night at the Southern Quebec Club. Even while we talk, a champion's heart is wrestling with his code and getting it down. Come tomorrow, even before we clear a path to the car, there'll be a thundering at the door—true love laughing at engagement rings. There will enter the inevitable George."

Stark amazement displaced rage in those deep blue eyes. "You don't mind, Hank? You don't feel that I've been abominably—well, that I haven't been a gentleman about all this?"

He made a vigorous effort for solemnity.

"Nobody could blame you. Neither my skiing nor my impulses belong on the high places. So I came to understand how champion must call to champion across the frozen north. It seemed so utterly right that when Lynn saw you getting kissed at daybreak on the rear stairs I all but broke into applause."

"You might have said so, Hank."

"I had to slam you in the eye before I understood."

"I'm glad you did," she said, almost raptly. "Thanks, Hank, thanks a lot."

Relief fairly radiating from her, Ellen turned on her heavy heel and went away. She was not in the living-room when he took in an armful of wood, and the door to the other room was shut tight. She had withdrawn to muse about the now permissible marriage of champions and the mutual ecstasy of cup-winning. He smiled, seeing that she had taken the outing club handbook with her—now that the solution was clear, he felt a curious, detached tenderness for Ellen. At this moment her romantic reveries would make a happy blend with plans for a revised schedule to Boston. When the inevitable George arrived, he would find her adequately prepared with the right woodcraft for getting home.

MAPLE logs crackled but the room had no other motion or sound. Lynn turned a page of a mail-order catalogue; on its other side he could see details of pulleys and leather belting. But also he could see firelight warm on her forehead and cheeks, bringing that odd, admirable gloss to her dark hair. She was relaxed and absorbed; no upheaval, however violent, however unforeseen, was going to interfere with her enjoyment of farm machinery. There was also this splendid garmenture to marvel at—in scarlet and gold and beige —those ridiculous mules slipping from her feet; she had fragility. It seemed, suddenly, the most desirable quality in the world.

"Try as you might," he said involuntarily, "you couldn't put hobnails on those mules."

She put the catalogue away and clasped her hands behind her head; the wide sleeves fell away and her arms took on that warm light.

"I'm a little at a loss," she said. "Is action over for the evening? Tarzan isn't hanging on? You don't have to slug anybody else?"

He swept on. "I can't imagine your heart breaking if a schedule of yours got wrecked—I can't imagine you making a schedule. You don't belong in a world that can be mapped out. There's room for accident and luck and the unforeseen. You're not an efficient person."

"If I felt symptoms of efficiency, I'd take a cure," Lynn said curtly. "But it's been a hard day, Hank. I don't go in for hysterics, either, but I don't think I could stand any more bickering and brawling. I don't think I can even stand much speech-making."

"It's been a ghastly day." On the contrary it had been a glorious day. "But think what it has been for George! The complete collapse of scoutcraft. He spent his life doing exactly what the manuals say. He lit fires with a pointed stick and his bootlace. He did all the things the Indians loved to do, and he nourished his mind on all the best wall mottoes. And then he came to Quebec, just to win another cup for keeping fit, and bang!—Ellen. What's worse, Ellen engaged to someone else, God help us, to a man who couldn't ski."

"Maybe you wrong George. Say what you will, George has his points."

Her lips, which had been smiling, became faintly derisive. But he had more to say. "Ellen too—conflict of loyalty and the new vision—"

Lynn sighed. "I don't need to have Ellen explained to me, Hank."

He grinned. "That only leaves one topic. We might talk about midnight dances at the club. There might be something to say about the hypnotic qualities of firelight. I don't set up for an authority, but I've made a lot of observations."

"It seems a promising topic," she admitted. "There's no telling where it might lead."

WITH some difficulty, he shifted his gaze from her to the mantel where three untouched glasses of Scotch stood in a neat row. "If I went in for accusations," he said, "I could accuse you of foresight."

She was smiling again. "Hank, some day you'll go too far!"

"If you felt symptoms of efficiency, you'd take a cure. But why did you smuggle that liquor through?"

She looked at the fire. "I was allowing for the unforeseen. How was I to know? It might have been just the champagne. If it was, it seemed right to have something in reserve. So I brought the Scotch."

"It wasn't the champagne."

The tumult had begun in his pulses again. It was a reminiscent tumult. It dated from night before last.

"Say what you will," Lynn said with intense exasperation, "George has his points. When the time comes to act, George acts."

Hank stood. He threw his cigarette into the fire. "I've been a little at a loss," he explained. "They neglected to equip this place with rear stairs."

The firelight made Lynn seem remote and unknown, fragile, improbable

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# "THE FIRST MOTOR CAR SINCE THE INVENTION OF THE AUTOMOBILE"

## An interview with Walter P. Chrysler

IN characteristic fashion, Mr. Chrysler turns interviewer himself . . . and by asking more than 30 significant questions, explains why he is about to present the most sensational motor car of his career.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

■ *"Mr. Chrysler, why are you building a car of such radical design as the new Airflow* Chrysler?"*

"The new Airflow Chrysler is not so much a radical design as it is a natural design. . . a car that took shape and form as the result of new features and advantages we put into it. We studied the things people really need and want in a motor car and then built a car that provided them. Let me illustrate:

"For years, we've all crowded through narrow automobile doors. We've seen smartly gowned women dragging their skirts over dirty fenders. We've caught sleeves and pockets on latches, window lifters and robe rails. Why? Because car doors were made to fit external appearance rather than for human use.

"Now, how would you like to step into your car through a door as wide as the average house door? That would be a great thing, wouldn't it?

"And how would you like to pass through that door into a car which had the spaciousness of a room, in comparison with the finest automobile you ever saw? Wouldn't everyone like that?

"How would you like a front seat as wide as a divan?—a rear seat like a davenport? Wouldn't you like a car so roomy that three great big people could sit either front or rear without crowding?

"How would you like so much leg room that instead of sitting doubled-up there'd be ample for a six-footer to stretch full length?

"How would you like that sort of roominess in a car that carries its passengers lower to the road than ever before? . . . a car that just naturally develops into long, sleek, flowing lines?

"... NO CLIMBING OVER DIRTY FENDERS ... DOORS WIDE AS THE AVERAGE HOUSE DOOR"

"And how would you like to sit in such a traveling drawing room free from drafts?—without the deafening wind roar of ordinary ventilation?—without dust on any kind of road?

"Would that be an improvement on present cars, or wouldn't it?

"How would you like, riding in such comfort, to look through windows that triple your vision? How would you like a windshield as wide as a bay window? How would you like a rear window through which you could see a panorama of the whole street or countryside, instead of a little peek-hole?

"Now don't fail to get this point:

"How would you like to ride in the kind of car I'm describing at 70 or 75 to 90 miles an hour, over dirt roads, corrugated gravel, macadam, cobble stones, concrete or asphalt, in perfect relaxation?

"How would you like to be able to read a newspaper or magazine as you traveled at eighty over a gravel road?

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A FRONT SEAT AS WIDE AS A DIVAN?"

"How would you like to be able to sleep in the rear seat of your car at seventy or eighty? And did you ever try it in any car that's built today?

"How would you like to be able to ride through chuck-holes, in deep ruts or sand, over culverts and 'thank-ye-Ma'ams' without clutching for support or hanging to an assist-strap?

"Is there anybody on earth who ever rode in an automobile who wouldn't agree that such comfort and safety literally mean the creation of the ***first real motor car since the invention of the automobile?***

"And how would you like to handle a car that takes a turn, even on loose, shifting gravel, at 65 or 70 with the steadiness of a yacht coming up into the wind?

"How would you like an entirely new steering position, so that you guide your car with a simple, easy fore-arm movement instead of fighting the wheel all the time?

"How would you like to forget the bumps you see in the road ahead?—never have to think about pulling down

"ROOM FOR A SIX-FOOTER TO STRETCH FULL LENGTH"

to avoid a jolt?—never have to worry about the comfort of your passengers?

"I think you'll agree that car would make driving a real pleasure."

■ *"Mr. Chrysler, it hardly seems possible that there could be such a car!"*

"It does seem incredible, doesn't it? . . . Of course, it is impossible for me to sit here and make you *feel* the ride in this new car. It is so entirely different that our minds cannot quite grasp it. But when you and millions of other people actually ride in the Airflow Chrysler, you will know that I haven't exaggerated, that we have created a new form of transportation."

■ *"How are such phenomenal results accomplished?"*

"Through the research of Fred M. Zeder and his great force of Chrysler engineers, who have achieved what I consider one of the industry's greatest engineering feats.

"The engineering world has long known the old horse-and-milk-cart type of automobile called for improvement. For over five years Chrysler engineers have worked in their laboratories and shops—discovering and developing the scientific factors of our Airflow cars.

"First, they knew weight distribution was all wrong in the old-fashioned cars. Their research led them to Dynamic Balance throughout the car. In these new Airflow cars, all the passengers ride at the 'center of oscillation' as the engineers describe it. For example, rear seat passengers ride in the Airflow Chrysler 20 inches IN FRONT of the rear axle. There is no longer any choice between front and rear seats. Both are equally comfortable and spacious.

"In the old design, the motor—the heaviest unit in a car—was BACK of the front axle. In the Airflow Chrysler this weight mass is OVER the front axle.

"This application of Dynamic Balance completely changes the character of the ride—because it allows the passengers to ride at the point of minimum perpendicular movement.

"But Chrysler engineers weren't satisfied to stop there. They went into the problems of the comfort and fatigue of movement. They joined their research with that of European and American scientists. They found the exact 'periodicity of movement' which is most restful to the human nervous system.

"And they perfected a new type of spring action for these Airflow Chryslers—soothing and restful, instead of irritating to the nerves.

"They also discovered that the old platform-type of chassis, with the body on top, set up tiny vibrations that tired the nerves. So they developed an entirely new construction.

"In the Airflow Chrysler, the frame is like a bridge. You ride INSIDE the frame, not ON it. Part of the frame is actually OVER YOUR HEAD. The motor is suspended in the body. The wheels and axles are suspended from the body. Front spring action is entirely independent of rear spring action.

"The result is the FLOATING RIDE which eliminates road tremors just as our famous Floating Power eliminates engine tremors."

■ *"Do you think the public is ready for anything so radical?"*

"I know the public is always ready for what it wants . . . and the public is always able to discriminate between

"REAR SEAT PASSENGERS RIDE 20 INCHES IN FRONT OF REAR AXLE"

what's merely radical, and genuine improvement. Ten years ago, the public was quick to appreciate the revolutionary first Chrysler. People wanted the safety of low center of gravity, of hydraulic brakes, small wheels and no-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**On the Air**

"New York Goes to the Auto Show" . . . Fifteen radio stars . . . five famous orchestras . . . Alexander Woollcott as master of ceremonies. 8:00 to 9:00 P. M.—E. S. T. Sunday, January 7, Columbia Broadcasting System.

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[illegible] High in the tower of the Chrysler [illegible] Chrysler explains the astonishing de- [illegible] Airflow Chrysler with Floating Ride.

sidesway springs; they w[illegible] mechanical advantages, [illegible] away and high speed pe[illegible]

"Public appreciation [illegible] of that original Chrysler to [illegible] of first-year production. And C[illegible] engineering changed the [illegible] of automobile design.

"Personally, I've never under[illegible] why progress should crawl when [illegible] be made to leap! Do you agree?

"We are proud that the new Air- flow Chrysler is a very different-looking car. It is different outside, because it is different inside.

"We found that when we built the kind of car I have been describing to you—when we put together all the advantages people have long been waiting for—we arrived naturally and inevitably at the Airflow shape.

"Dynamic balance and the Floating Ride—wide doors and drawing room spaciousness—freedom from dust and perfect ventilation without wind roar —those things and our other new advantages are all part and parcel of Chrysler Airflow design.

"Like the perfect streamlining of nature, like modern airplanes and railway trains, Chrysler Airflow gives the greatest economy and speed per horsepower, the greatest roominess, the greatest comfort and smartness.

"I think most people will agree that the advantages I have been describing bring about a marvelous improvement in transportation. There isn't the slightest question that upon riding in the new Airflow Chrysler, everybody will immediately realize that it provides a totally new and vastly better form of travel.

"We had the horse and buggy—we had the automobile—*now* we have the motor car—the first *real* motor car in history—the new Airflow Chrysler.

"I'm proud to present it on the tenth anniversary of the first Chrysler car—I sincerely believe that like that original Chrysler, it will bring about a whole new trend in personal transportation."

**Name Copyrighted by the Chrysler Corporation*

## Complete Details

Watch the Magazines and Newspapers for sensation-packed pages describing the new Airflow Chryslers for 1934.

## See the Cars

at the National Automobile Show (Space A-12) Grand Central Palace and at the Chrysler Salon in the Chrysler Building.

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asked Kit, instantly recovered into her efficient self.

A glint of appreciation flashed in Raglan's eyes. "Raglan & Company, top floor," he answered, "half of this same space. Tomorrow at nine."

Again he studied the faces, some turned toward him, some away, and finally arrived at the wiry figure of Mr. Smith.

Raglan was in no hurry. He took his time. The smile on his face changed, not to a frown, but to a look of deliberate contemplation. He had the appearance of filling scales, first one side, then the other, and watching their balance.

"You're a very valuable man, Smith," he said finally. "How do you feel about this business?"

Abruptly every eye in the room became alert and fixed on the office manager. He seemed to be in the grip of some mental torment. He alone knew the exact import hidden behind the clever phrasing of Raglan's question, and the fingers of his clasped hands began to writhe this way and that as if they were striving to decide for him which way he should go. He stared straight ahead, looking at nobody in particular.

"It's all right with me either way," added Raglan helpfully. "The last thing you should do is to worry about me. Think about yourself."

Mr. Smith's fingers ceased their twining. He stood quite still, steadied by Raglan's voice. Now he found he could think. "To know people, know all about them," was not his only working motto —he had another: "Stay where the money is." He remembered it now. He faced about.

"I think I'll hang on here, Mr. Raglan, if you don't mind."

"Fine!" said Raglan, but with such an odd inflection that the color rushed up from Mr. Smith's neck to suffuse his pale face.

SEVERAL pairs of eyes were now turned toward Raglan expectantly, but he avoided them; apparently he was through for the day. He started to leave the room but stopped at the door and turned. He stood with his head down, his hands in his pockets, and looked at no one in particular.

"I'll need only one man for the present," he said, "but he's got to be a good one. If any of you feel up to the mark and want to try for the job you know where to find me. But don't come half cocked; think it over, sleep on it."

He returned to his own office to finish cleaning up his desk and then sat for some time staring down into the peaceful churchyard. Peaceful! Life could trump up some strange contradictions —a graveyard flanked on one side by the howling Curb and on the other by the screeching Stock Exchange! What about himself, for that matter? It seemed incredible that only a few days ago he had been in a quiet rut in spite of the noise around him. Then, in a single morning, the knife of fate had fallen, dealing a double blow, severing the last thread that attached him to Eleanor and shearing the bond of partnership which had stood for the other half of life. Presumably Abbott knew where he was going, but he himself was adrift without future or plan. He picked up his hat and went out. In the hall a shadow darted at him, he drew back defensively, and then laughed.

"Hello, Happy. What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you."

"Why? What for?"

"The key."

"What key?"

"To the new office."

Raglan stared down blankly. His smile for the moment was lost, but a strange light, no less friendly, shone in his eyes. He took out a bunch of three keys, detached one of them and handed it to Happy. Without further words they entered the elevator together and descended to the street, but as Raglan was in the act of turning away, Happy stopped him.

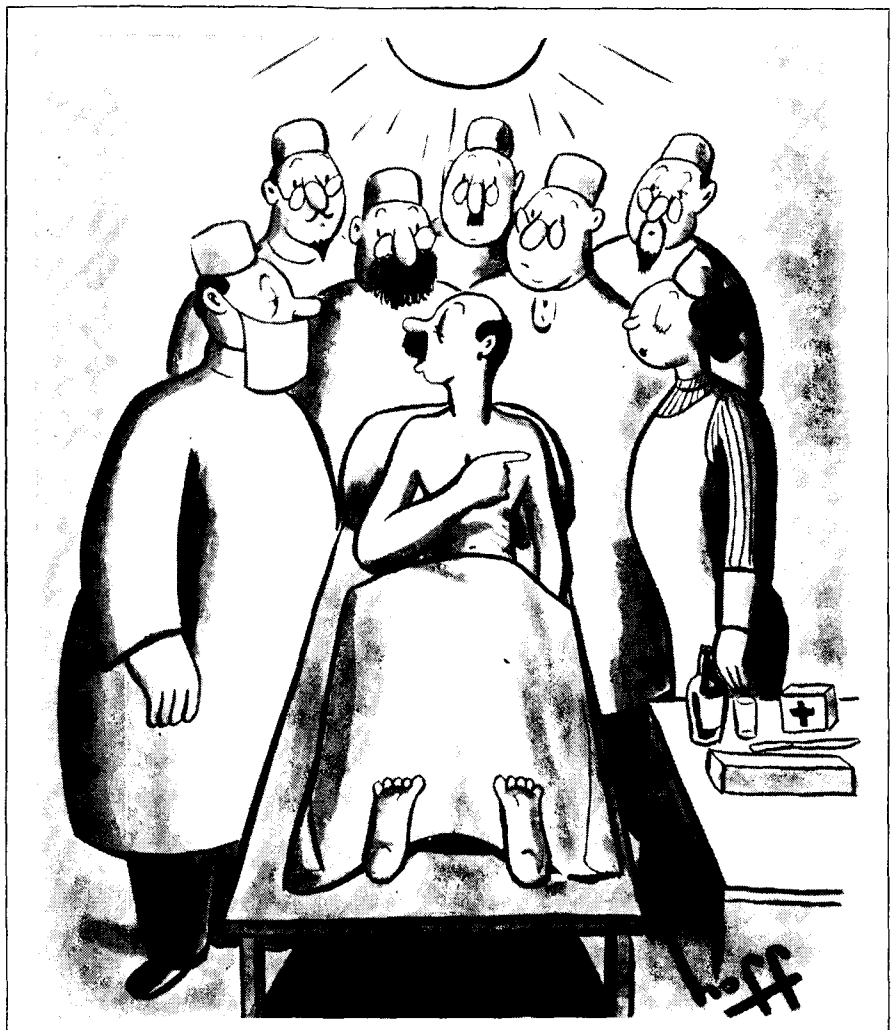
"Listen, Mr. Raglan, don't you bother to come around tomorrow morning. You leave it to me and Kit and Miss Mulholland. Give us a chance to have your things moved. We'll see to everything."

Raglan's heaviness of spirit yielded to a sudden uplift; here was a first bright glimpse into an active future, and he owed it to an office boy.

"That's a good idea, Happy—a fine idea. I won't be in at all tomorrow. Get yourselves settled."

# Marriage for Revenue

*Continued from page 24*



"Tell her not to look" *Sydney Hoff*

He turned uptown, but before he had taken a dozen steps, came to a full stop. Miss Mulholland? That was certainly what the boy had said—Kit and Miss Mulholland. Memory rushed him back to his first meeting with Dora; this was the girl she had striven so hard to have fired, and he had taken her on as his first recruit! Why? How had it happened? Simply because she had been on her toes ahead of anybody else, and you couldn't muff your half of a play like that. He wondered if he would have engaged her had he realized her identity. Probably not, since he never deliberately looked for trouble.

HE STARTED on, his forehead wrinkled in concentration. But he had engaged her, and how would Dora take it? His frown tightened. This sudden importance of Dora in his life actually startled him. Then his balance reëstablished itself and his brow cleared. The fact that he had been innocent of any intention became a bulwark behind which he could take his stand. The girl might possibly prove a lemon and pass out of the picture, but in case she didn't, he need make no move either to mislead or inform Dora. Of course she was bound to find out sooner or later. Visioning that event, his lips and jaw took on a certain firmness which was the dread of his enemies. Business was one thing, Dora another. Turning his back on the day, shutting it out of mind, he took her out that evening as usual.

ONLY the next morning did he realize how welcome was a blank day—blank in the sense that he could forget the Street and turn his attention to the house. Its interior was already transformed. The walls throughout had been replastered, the floors planed and waxed; but he had as yet done little else. A bedroom and study upstairs had been made thoroughly comfortable, but it was the main floor that contained the major innovation. By the placing of two hidden steel girders he had been able to do away with the arches so that what had once been drawing-room, library and dining-room now had become a single oblong expanse, lighted by high windows at front and rear. The empty space seemed enormous; when he walked across it his footsteps echoed to its emptiness. Rugs —he would devote this holiday to rugs— not all he needed, perhaps, but at least a central big one.

After that, what? He began to feel the need of at least a minimum of system. He would concentrate on this room whenever he had time, make it livable, pick up the sort of things he could do with permanently. He hated a completed interior, a scheme without a fault. He might not be an authority on taste but he knew definitely what he wanted, for he was possessed of that odd brand of friendliness which plunges deeper than human contacts. He could make a friend of a chair, a couch, a table, no less than of a picture on the wall or a favorite pipe.

However averse he might be to a completed interior in the home, such was not his attitude toward an office, and a feeling of gratitude swept over him the moment he entered the premises of Raglan & Company. Happy and the two girls had more than made good. To say that everything was in its place fell short of the mark; they had thought of innumerable details—the painting of his name on the door and other directional signs, the application for telephone connections, the ordering of stationery. He sat down at his desk, placed in the same relative position as it had been downstairs, finished reading his paper and then leaned back to think. Which way would he head? Would he go it alone or take on another partner? No—no more partnerships. He rang for Regis.

"Sit down, Miss Mulholland. I'm a little embarrassed because I haven't anything for you to do, but from the looks of things no doubt you and Kit and Happy will keep on finding plenty to keep you busy."

"Yes," said Regis, "there are still a lot of wrinkles, but we'll soon have them ironed out and you can go ahead as if nothing had happened."

"You think it's as easy as that, do you?" said Raglan, his eyes twinkling. "It isn't—not unless you will undertake to iron out my mind as well."

REGIS did not smile; she had the appearance of considering whether she had received an order. Raglan was amused and then interested. He felt her abstraction and that he was free to study her at his ease. He remembered now his two brief contacts with her; she was the girl he had bumped into one day and seen several weeks later on the street with Kit. Her gravity astonished him. It was neither a quality nor a mood; it seemed more like an element and inspired him with an instantaneous feeling of trust.

She raised her eyes, gray in shadow, blue when the light struck them, to his.

"First I should think you would send out your announcement cards and then follow them up with a personal letter to every contact you think particularly worth while."

"That would be a very sensible suggestion if I knew what to announce," said Raglan.

"Won't your business be the same as it was?"

"No; it can't and it won't. I couldn't buy out Mr. Abbott, so he bought me out. We have no longer a floor member. I'm a loose end, Miss Mulholland, fluttering in the wind of indecision."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," said Regis, troubled, "but somehow I can't picture you as a loose end."

"Don't worry too much," said Raglan; "it won't be for long. Even while you've been sitting here an idea has begun to take form in my mind. I have a feeling I'd like to buy and not sell for a while. I mean for others, of course." He stared at Regis so fixedly that the color began to mount in her cheeks; then, realizing he was not seeing her at all, she felt foolish and flushed the more. "I've got it!" he exclaimed, still without perceiving her.

"Got what?" she managed to stammer.

"The answer. I'm going to specialize in bonds—corporation bonds."

"You mean—" began Regis vaguely.

"It's a simple business," explained Raglan, "but it will take building up

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from small beginnings. Almost every company in the country has one or more issues of bonds, Miss Mulholland, and there's never a time when one or another of them isn't interested in buying up its own obligations. That's exactly what I said I wanted to do—buy and not sell. Buy for others, and still keep away from the public. Do you begin to see?"

"I think so," said Regis. "I suppose the companies pay you a commission."

"There's more to it than that or a man wouldn't be able to live. In all unlisted securities there's what is called a spread, the difference between what is asked and what is bid. Our stock in trade is going to be information—information as to the issues themselves, as to what companies are out to buy, as to where the floating bonds are held and how to reach the individual who is willing to sell. That's a big order, but we have one advantage: cash in the bank." His lips twitched in a humorous smile. "When everybody else is riding stocks to the skies I'm sitting on my cash like a fool hen on a china egg."

A SUDDEN commotion arose in the anteroom—Kit remonstrating earnestly in a low voice, and a shrill cry of protest from Happy. The next instant Abbott threw open the door to the private office. Regis rose quickly and faced about, but Raglan did not move except to turn his head inquiringly. Abbott's dark eyes were blazing.

"What's the idea?" he exploded. "Because I had my back turned yesterday you thought it was a good chance to crimp my office. You tried to sneak Smith, and because he wouldn't fall for you, whom did you grab? Kit and Happy, two peewees, but you knew that without them everybody else's work would be balled up. I've come to get them and, by heaven, if they don't—"

Raglan's gaze suddenly became fixed. "Your tie is crooked," he remarked. Abbott's torrent of speech ceased in midflight; his hand flew to his scarf, fumbled at it and found it quite in place. Raglan laughed. "Now, Pretty Boy, I can talk to you. Have you forgotten it was part of our agreement I could take anybody I wanted who was willing to come?"

"No, I haven't, but that didn't give you the right to sling a monkey-wrench into the machine. Anybody who's fool enough to want to go with you can do it, but they're going to give me a week's notice or I'll know why."

"Did you give Mr. Raglan a week's notice?" asked Regis quietly. "Besides, if the others were engaged the way I was, there isn't any reason why they shouldn't have left when they pleased."

ABBOTT turned to face her, a sarcasm ready on his lips, but promptly forgot whatever he was about to say. In spite of his original interview with Regis, and the subsequent glimpse of her which had caused him to ask Kit who she was, he had a sensation of never having seen her until this moment. For one thing, she was closer to him than ever before. Her freshness startled him. Eleanor Raglan, by reason of artistry, perhaps might pass for just as young from across a drawing-room. But this girl was youth itself—youth in her soul as well as in her skin and eyes. But above all in her body, slim and yet firm, almost brazen in its confidence to meet whatever came. No, not brazen; simply frank in its disclosure and unafraid. Eleanor had been right—the girl had everything—looks, poise and breeding.

His lips curved in a slow smile. "It's Miss Mulholland, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Regis, her face grave.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me," continued Abbott, "when I say that as far as you're concerned I'm glad you're out of my office."

Regis colored, but her eyes remained steady.

"I'm sorry anybody should feel that way," she said, "but I'm glad too."

"There, I knew you'd get me wrong," said Abbott, unoffended. "All I meant was you're far too good-looking to belong in any office without lowering its general standard of efficiency."

"That makes it my worry," said Raglan, speaking sharply for the first time.

"Exactly!" exclaimed Abbott without taking his eyes off Regis. "I hadn't thought of it before, but you show me how right I was!"

"There's one more thing I'm getting ready to show you, Abbott," said Raglan, "and that's the door."

Abbott turned his head, but only as though to be prepared for attack.

"You can't hurry me; you're not big enough."

A startling transformation took place in Raglan. Though he did not move he seemed to draw back into the menacing immobility of a rattler. The look in his eyes, the set of his jaw, the rigidity of his limbs, deliberately assumed a terrifying stillness.

"I am," he said in a metallic tone Regis had never heard before, "but I don't need to move; I can do it from here. You're slime. You cheat others but you can never cheat yourself. You know you're slime. You're not afraid of me, but you're afraid just the same—afraid every time you meet a man, wondering when he'll begin to smell the stench. When you've touched a woman, you look at her, surprised that she hasn't turned black. You're—"

He stopped, interrupted by an odd gurgling in Abbott's throat, for Abbott was through, knocked out on his feet by the treacherous blow of his own rage. Rage, gone riot through all his body, fogged his eyes, drained strength from mind and limb and left him impotent, a genuinely pathetic figure. He turned, groping blindly, and went out.

"Oh!" gasped Regis, tears stinging her eyes, "that was horrible—you did something horrible!"

Raglan's hands went lax in his lap, his head fell forward and he stared vacantly at the floor. "I know it," he muttered.

INEVITABLY a period of inaction followed the dissolution of partnership as far as Raglan was concerned. His skeleton office force, consisting of Regis, Kit and Happy, was busy enough for eight hours a day, but he himself remained relatively idle and welcomed the change. Aside from putting out a large amount of cash on call at excellent interest, his activities consisted in turning down several aspirants to the post of right-hand man and in refusing the invitations of several firms to join them as partner or floor member. Outside office hours he had two occupations which he continued to keep separate—seeing a good deal of Dora and adding to the purchases for his house. It was a dreamy interval during which the cross-currents of his brain, without hurrying, were pushing this way and that, seeking a definite outlet.

In the meantime Regis had hit her stride, impelled by certain information she managed to draw out of Kit. The ghastly scene she had witnessed between Raglan and Abbott preyed on her mind, and the more she thought it over, the more did she feel a personal need for some justification for Raglan.

"Kit," she said, "I wonder what broke up the firm of Abbott, Raglan & Company. It must have been something pretty awful."

"They had a row."

"Of course. But what about?"

"That's what I asked myself," said Kit, "and then I asked somebody else."

"Did you find out? Oh, I'm sure you did. Why won't you tell me?"

"It's funny the way things get around," said Kit. "At first nobody knew, then Mr. Smith got the itch to find out but couldn't do it without giving away what he was after. Then Tony Allerton did a bit of guessing and that started somebody else and now everybody knows."

"Everybody except me," said Regis.

"It was an underwriting. Mr. Abbott was all perked up at getting in on a syndicate and market operation with the big boys, but Mr. Raglan said the issue was phony. When he refused straight out to play ball it was like lightning splitting a tree wide open."

"What issue was it?"

"The Benton Peruvian power properties. I guess Mr. Abbott gets the laugh on our man because it went over big. The stock is a skyrocket and if the bond issue was so rotten, how is it the public lapped it up like butter on flapjacks? I ask myself. Then, of course, there was something else."

"What?" asked Regis hopefully.

"Mr. Abbott speculated on the side in XL and cleaned up on it."

"Why shouldn't he? Was there anything wrong in that?"

"Sure; haven't you learned anything? It was against the partnership contract and, since he had to do it in another name, it was as crooked as a snake in tall grass."

SO THAT was it! thought Regis with an odd swelling of the heart. A sense of alleviation so strong that it made her feel faint coursed through her body, but when it had passed it left new strength in its wake. She went to work with a will. She studied the now famous Benton set-up from every angle her inexperience could suggest, especially the bond feature.

She was amazed at the complexity of the sources of information, not so much as regarded this special issue but with reference to all bonds, from the well-known government brands down to the kites flown by dynamiters to their precious lists of suckers. Bonds were what Raglan had stated he was going in for and bonds became her hobby. She would pick an issue at random and set out to learn everything there was to know about it. The field was so broad nobody could expect to cover it in a lifetime, but at least she mastered the method of procedure. Upon demand she was prepared to make a report on any given item in record time.

While Kit had yielded in the matter of revealing the cause of the split between Raglan and his partner, she was not one to tell everything she knew about anything else. Questioned, she might answer; but, left to herself, she could keep her mouth shut indefinitely. During her rare idle moments she would study Regis speculatively, wondering what she would think, say or do if she knew about Dora Mulholland. Mrs. Mulholland was getting to be a nuisance. When Raglan happened to be in the office there was no difficulty, since her call could be put straight through. But when he was out Kit's wits were taxed to escape pronouncing the inquirer's name aloud in Regis' presence and yet avoid the appearance of being rude.

SOONER or later Regis was bound to find out, but Kit was determined to make it as much later as possible. Life was a queer mix-up, a pack of fifty-three cards with the Joker always getting itself dealt off the bottom. Of course, if it hadn't been for Regis, Mrs. Mulholland almost certainly would never have run into Mr. Raglan, but in the name of the big and little gods, why couldn't he have picked on somebody else?

*(To be continued next week)*


# Sudden changes from warmth indoors to exposure outside

# increase your need for good resistance!

Sometimes you wonder how it's *possible* to keep well under modern living conditions! One minute you're in a stuffy, overheated room. The next you're out in raw, wintry weather. No wonder there's more sickness than at any other season!

But many people no longer wait until winter hazards get the best of them. They help protect themselves *by building good resistance!*

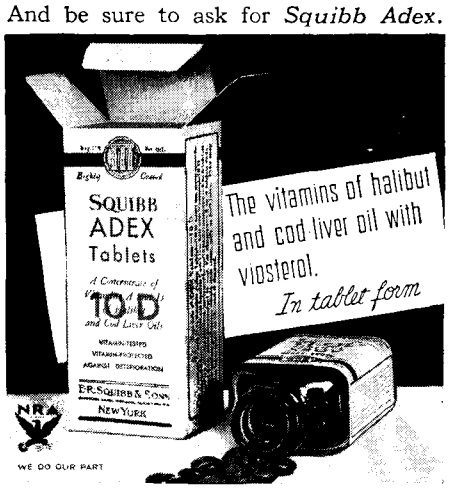
This is a new idea in keeping with the times. It's as important as the *outward* precautions you take against winter hazards. Strong *inner* forces—a condition of good resistance—is *the first defense* you can offer against exposure.

How important, then, for you to improve your physical condition right away! Start with a daily resistance-builder—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets provide, in pleasant tablet form, the protective vitamins of halibut and cod-liver oils with Viosterol! Each tablet contains 1500 units of resistance-building Vitamin A and 2450 units of sunshine Vitamin D.

Their special richness in these health-protecting factors, is explained by the fact that they are made from *three* of the most potent sources of Vitamins A and D and are vitamin-protected. They are the *only* tablets prepared this way.

Taken regularly *every day*, they will aid in building up your general resistance. Get some today at any reliable drug store. And be sure to ask for *Squibb Adex.*





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# Brains in the Front Office

*Continued from page 20*

even in California, has survived. This historian must report that it is a thoroughly bad book and reveals that the Zanuck of 1923 was a thoroughly bad writer.

But Zanuck can enjoy the last laugh. He sent Habit to all of the studios. He sold three of the stories outright, for a total of $10,000. He never lacked steady and lucrative employment thereafter. Within two years he was an executive at Warner Brothers and by 1928 was boss of the lot.

Quite devoid of modesty, false or otherwise, Zanuck sees nothing remarkable about his rise; nothing remarkable, that is, for a Zanuck. Precocity has always marked him. He was a member of the National Guard detailed to the Mexican border when he was fifteen years old. He has always possessed, to put it mildly, self-confidence. One morning in 1930 two of his studio associates mentioned the fact that they had taken up polo. It was a swell game, they said, filled with action. Zanuck pointed toward Lucian Hubbard, another Warner Brothers executive with whom he had just been in conference. They had ridden horseback together.

"Lucian and I can beat you at polo," he said.

This challenge aroused derisive mirth, for Zanuck had never played polo. He teamed with Hubbard against the other two and sticks were borrowed. They played some informal chukkers—as best they could with two on a side—and Zanuck and his partner won. Greatly elated, he took up polo in a serious way. A Warner Brothers team was formed, with Zanuck as captain. They practiced zealously and soon were far from bad, but the established poloists of Los Angeles, possibly afraid that this was a movie publicity stunt, declined their bids for a match.

### Zanuck Beats the Army

So Zanuck sent word up to the United States Army team at the Presidio in San Francisco and a game was arranged. The army four won the first time. But the brave lads of Hollywood triumphed in a return match and after that they had plenty of opponents. The rotogravure sections of the California papers often carried pictures of them surrounded by silver cups.

Zanuck's passion for polo has been misunderstood in Hollywood. One rival producer, doubtless made sour by jealousy, told me that he had social ambitions. The title for this biographical sketch, he suggested, should be "From Poland to Polo." But this was merely another Hollywood dirty crack and is quite without foundation. Zanuck was not born in Poland nor is he of Polish blood. He is a native American, whose ancestors were Swiss, and Zanuck is his real name.

His entry into life took place at Wahoo, Nebraska, on September 5, 1902, in a hostelry called the Grand Hotel, which was owned and operated by his father. On his mother's side, at least, Darryl came of excellent Middle Western American stock.

There was money enough in the Zanuck household and Darryl should have lived a quiet, orderly life. He should have gone through high school and college and become, perhaps, a country banker. But Darryl was not a model youth. On the contrary, he was precisely the type to which mothers point as a horrible example for their own sons. He was unreliable, not studious, and a rapidly rolling stone.

He went to California when he was six years old, on a trip with his parents, and played hooky consistently in order to work as an extra with one of the early movie companies which was often on location near their home in Glendale. He received fifty cents a day for these first, and final, ventures as an actor. When his parents heard of them he was hustled back to his grandparents in Nebraska and commanded to attend school faithfully.

### From Spark to Fire

Young Zanuck did not like school, however. Artistic aspirations surged within him already. He wanted to draw pictures or write. He could do neither with any skill and he found consolation by plunging into the woods and trapping small animals. This kept him out of school, from time to time. Today he finds relief from making movies by going on more elaborate safaris in the north woods. They are magnificent excursions, done in a royal manner, and they annoy Zanuck's Yes Men, forced to go too, a great deal.

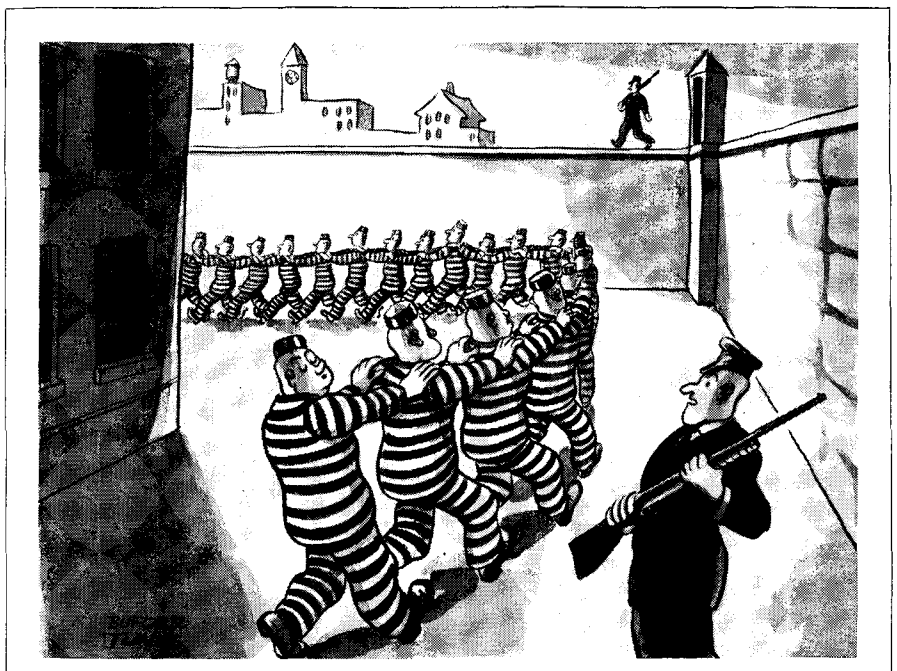
His real chance to avoid school when he was a boy came with trouble in Mexico. When war clouds gathered over the dusty Mexican border, he was very husky for his age. Reporting to the local enlistment officer in Wahoo, he said that he was eighteen and anxious to fight for his Uncle Sam.

When the World War came the regiment was federalized and Zanuck soon found himself in France, where he served with distinction for twenty-one months and was in three major offensives.

Bullets circled around him; gas did not touch him. This was one instance of Zanuck luck. He had a lesser stroke of fortune, also. The divisional correspondent for The Stars and Stripes, the A. E. F. newspaper, was wounded and sent home and Zanuck got his job. Praise from the editorial offices set aflame once more his lust to become a writer. After the Armistice he returned to the United States and settled in New York to make a name with his pen or, more accurately, his portable typewriter.

The road was long and progress was much too slow for the energetic Zanuck, however. He became disgusted when the magazines spurned his offerings. He went to California to visit his parents and this was the darkest and gloomiest period of his life. He did such chores as he could find. He was a longshoreman at San Pedro. He considered the possibility of becoming a lightweight boxer and was neatly knocked flat in his first bout. He organized the Darryl Poster Service, an outdoor advertising concern, and went broke. In desperation, he resumed his writing and, to his astonishment, sold an original story to the Fox Company for $500.

Immediately all his old self-confidence returned and he joined the Athletic Club, as we have seen, to further his chances. Then came the literary effort, Habit; then a job with Fox. The boy had a spark, although his misuse of words revealed his lack of education. He had a visual mind and great industry. For a year he wrote almost a picture weekly. In 1924 he was hired, at $150 a week, to do scripts for Rin Tin Tin, the dog actor. When he had been with Warner Brothers for three years he announced that he had arrived at the point where he wanted his own producing unit and a share in the profits. Otherwise he would quit. The unit was given him and made more money than any other.



**"If you see a big blue roadster with red wire wheels, just tell them I got tired waiting and went up to my room!"**

*Buford Tune*

### The Black-Hearted Hero Triumphs

Zanuck, obviously, was rising rapidly. He was versatile as well as cocky. The revolution which came with the talkies did not upset him; in fact, he was partly responsible for it. The late Samuel Warner had been playing a hunch that music and other incidental sounds might be added to silent pictures and so had obtained the rights to the Vitaphone process. A number of short subjects were made. Then Warner asked Zanuck to make a longer musical picture and Al Jolson was engaged for The Jazz Singer.

The original plan was to have no dialogue—only songs—but Zanuck changed this. Jolson was permitted to say a few words. More dialogue was injected after Zanuck had seen and heard these sequences. When The Jazz Singer was shown on Broadway the crowds stampeded the theater.

The production statistics of Zanuck's pictures are viewed with awe by his competitors. The average cost of his productions last year was only $211,000 each as against $300,000 in other studios. And among his pictures were a number, such as Forty-second Street, which were very expensive. But the explanation of speed and low cost does not do Zanuck full justice. He has been very successful in picking stars from obscure Warner Brothers actors. Among them were Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell. He lured Edward G. Robinson and Warren William from the stage and made them famous. He put Ruby Keeler in Forty-second Street and made her famous, too.

Zanuck has, also, a definite prescience regarding that imponderable, the taste of the movie public. He seems to work along the lines of those Wall Street manipulators who are bearish when the market is strong and buy feverishly when everyone else is selling. He runs counter to the trend, no less than a miracle in Hollywood. Gangdom dramas were on the decline when he decided to produce The Public Enemy. Zanuck argued with the brothers Warner at great length.

"Every other underworld picture," he said, "has had a thug with a little bit of good in him; he reforms before the fade-out. This guy is no good at all. It'll go big."

So The Public Enemy, with its black-hearted hero, was offered to the jury of movie-goers and their unsuspected capacity for realism filled the coffers of the theater owners.

### Elevated by Mr. Arliss

As a writer for the screen he was guilty of melodrama and sentimentality. As a producer, Zanuck had revealed certain hard-boiled qualities which have brought a new realism for the screen. He has never indicated that he is interested in the screen as an art form; his concern is with box-office smashes. Yet he has, without intending it, offered several pictures which have undeniably advanced the cinema as an art.

No other producer showed the slightest interest a year or so back when a curious and moving book, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, appeared on the stalls. This was not screen material; not a cutie appeared in all its pages; it had no feminine appeal, no lingerie, no beds. But Zanuck wanted to shoot it. He chose Paul Muni for the leading part in this searing account of a tortured man. He added no happy ending. The picture was among the very best of the year.

When Zanuck announced his plans for Twentieth Century Pictures it was predicted that he would again turn out fast-moving, realistic, exciting movies at an average cost below that of his fellow producers. He would sign up or develop stars who would bring in the crowds. The observers of Hollywood were astonished, however, when George Arliss made public his intention of joining the new company.

"But tell me, dear old boy," a fellow actor, also English, is supposed to have asked. "Why do you affiliate yourself with this preposterous Zanuck? He is all very well for a Cagney. But for you, really!"

"I'm going because, when I was with Warner Brothers, I always worked with Mr. Zanuck," Arliss is reported to have answered. "He respects my judgment and we work in harmony. Mr. Zanuck is an artist."

Zanuck, it appears, is wily, too. Arliss was one of the best money-makers on the Warner Brothers lot and, besides, he elevated the tone of the place. It is true that Zanuck respected his judgment and often bowed to it. So now Arliss is elevating the tone of Twentieth Century Pictures. And making money for Zanuck.

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# Statesmen must Eat

*Continued from page* 11

He himself carefully concealed the use he meant to make of the tools they gave him. They thought and voted, for once, in national terms. Now, however, that solidity of spirit and action has broken down; they know, or think they know, the results of his policies as they apply to individual states and districts.

They have passed the summer with the dear old home folks, and have felt, fondled and tickled every pulse in the district. They know how many banks have been reopened, what the credit situation is, how farm prices and urban wages and reëmployment have reacted, and whether the presidential program has improved the voters' lot. They are authorities on what has been, on what might have been and on what may be. They are thinking of political instead of economic planning.

"I voted for what Mr. Roosevelt wanted and gave the job to him because he wanted it," they explain. "Now I'm going to do what my district wants. That's all I'm thinking of."

What they mean, of course, is that they're going to do what they believe will win votes for themselves. They admit it without shame. "You see," they add with a smile, "1934 is a reëlection year, and that's a question of life and death to us." All the more so inasmuch as present conditions make it difficult to find another job that will pay $8,500 a year and mileage, and clerkship salaries that may be turned over to a relative or two. To serve your country is an excellent thing, my friends and fellow citizens, but statesmen must eat.

Luckily for the President, he got the bulk of his program at the special session last spring. With a few notable exceptions, he will ask only enough legislation to correct mistakes and fill up gaps overlooked in the haste of the March-April-May emergency. Besides the regular appropriation bills to finance the government for the next fiscal year, he will need more funds for public works and human relief and for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which he will ask Congress to continue.

### Bridles for Millionaires

Financial legislation will crowd the calendar. There may be some demand for revision of nuisance and personal income taxes, and there most certainly will be proposals to prevent millionaire bankers and promoters from evading or escaping, legally or illegally, any tax at all. In an effort to bring the stock exchanges under regulation on the basis of ugly disclosures before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, there will be additional regulatory measures or an attempt to revise the Glass bill enacted last spring. The deposit insurance feature of that act as it applies to permanent establishment of this system on January 1, 1934, will lead to an excited discussion.

In the Senate support for the major measures will come from several strong sources, although with much fuming and fussing. Majority Leader "Joe" Robinson, innately a conservative, who behaved well at the last session, nurses ambitions to sit upon the Supreme Court if some of its elder members ever decide to give another fellow a chance to see how a black gown matches his complexion, and should do even better this time. "Uncle George" Norris, though worried over distress in agricultural regions, is beginning to see, through misty tears in his eyes, so many of his dreams come true under "another Roosevelt" that he will hold most of his twelve Progressives in line, and "Bill" Borah, eclipsed but not forgotten so long as oratory stirs people, will whoop out an "aye" most of the time.

"Jim" Couzens, who grins at the way the President's policies are mussing up the hair of his financial and industrial friends, will vote for still more radical experiments even if his $40,000,000 in government bonds should suffer thereby, and yell, "Sock 'em again, Frank." With the exception of Mr. Reed's coterie, many Republicans will go along, although suspicious and critical of the Administration's monetary maneuvering.

### Broken-Hearted Reactionaries

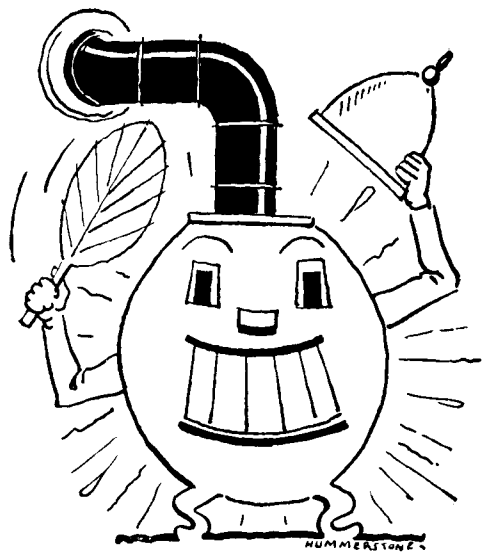
But how the Old Guard on both sides of the aisle will howl! They will demand immediate abolition of the emergency relief set-ups, move to strike the National Recovery and Agricultural Recovery Acts from the books, try to cripple the R. F. C., and oppose continued curtailment of crops as a "waste of wealth"; their hearts will bleed for the little piggies that have been slaughtered.

Messrs. Reed and Dickinson in the Senate, both facing elections, and Messrs. Snell and Wadsworth in the House, to mention only a few, will deliver rip-roaring, back-to-normalcy speeches of an 1896 model. These ultra-conservatives, horrified sincerely and savagely, will try to make a party record for 1934 and 1936, deploring the Democratic drift to the left, and to hoist their own lightning rods. Almost every Republican of push and prominence will walk the corridors with a man-of-destiny gleam in his eyes, and such men are dangerous—to themselves, to the country and, if it matters, to their party.

But if there is one thing upon which most members are agreed, including Democrats, Republicans and Progressives, it is that the old-fashioned order of dog-eat-dog, whether it be called conservatism or Republicanism, has gone forever. This prophecy may be premature, but sentiment among the majority as they compare notes in their offices and congressional window seats is that the fundamental principles of the so-called Roosevelt revolution are here to stay, whether we like it or not.

For the sake of personal and parochial politics, many members may vote "no" on specific items of appropriations and legislation, farm members will grumble at the slowness of agricultural prices to rise, urban representatives will complain over the lag between rising prices and wages, and the inflationist bloc marshaled by the grim-lipped Elmer Thomas will demand a silver-backed currency to restore the 1926 price level, but when the shouting dies down, Mr. Roosevelt can depend upon Congress to follow, if not run ahead of him, in his maneuvering toward the left.

Their dodgings and twistings for the record, and for the folks back home, may wring the necks of onlookers who try to follow each move from the galleries, but it has never been a political axiom that the shortest distance between two points is the straight line joining them. If it were, there wouldn't be any fun in politics for participant or spectator. And, after all, Congress costs enough to put on a sprightly show. So give the boys and girls a great, big hand!


*How to get*

HOT

*without a fire*

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, the last few years have been one continuous, long, cold winter. Sometimes it seemed as if the Springtime of Business Recovery never would come.

But we have just received a letter from one smart business man who, for years, has been able to keep his business warm. Of course, being president of a stove company, he's an expert on heat, anyway. He knows that when you're physically cold, you need a good stove—*which he has to sell.* And he knows that when your business is cold, you need a good market—*which we have to sell.*

Some manufacturers have never warmed up to rural America as a market, but this man's company has been finding it a fine source of sales heat for years—has been advertising in The Country Home, in fact, since 1909. He always uses keyed copy, too, and places his advertising strictly on the basis of results.

Lately, with farm prices rising, he felt that the rural market was hot—and quickly proved it. In his letter, he tells us that his results this fall from Country Home advertising are the best they ever have been, and that he is increasing his spring advertising space in The Country Home sixty-five per cent.

"Our results to date," he* writes, "more than justify this increased expenditure." THE COUNTRY HOME GETS RESULTS.

*NAME AND COPY OF LETTER ON REQUEST

THE Country Home

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK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# Get out of the Ditches

*Continued from page 15*

Let us now turn away from the Inland Waterways Corporation and launch ourselves on the broad if somewhat uncertain and tumultuous bosom of the Missouri River. According to the latest ascertainable figures, the traffic movement for 1929 was 1,158,332 tons. A fairly good showing until investigation reveals that all but 779 tons were sand, stone and gravel used by the government in its own construction work.

Looking into the nature of the 779 tons of purely commercial traffic, it is found that there were 750 tons of logs, ten tons of horses and mules, six tons of cattle and hogs, six tons of corn, four tons of machinery, and three miscellaneous tons. Taking four per cent as fair interest on the government's investment, and adding $2,090,000, the annual bill for maintenance, it is seen that the subsidy furnished Missouri River shippers by the taxpayers of the United States is $6,090,000. It cost, therefore, about $7,900 a ton to move the 779 tons of cattle, corn, logs and mules.

Even this showing is without power to daunt the optimistic denizens of the Missouri basin, for now they plan to have the government provide a six-foot channel between Kansas City and Sioux City, a distance of 417 miles. So far, some $30,000,000 have been spent, and about $50,000,000 more will be needed. In 1929, the only records available, the commercial traffic on this stretch of the Missouri amounted to 489 tons. Figuring four per cent interest on money already spent, and adding an annual maintenance charge of $250,000, the subsidy granted by taxpayers is $1,450,000. In plain words, it cost $2,900 a ton to move each of the 489 tons that went between Kansas City and Sioux City in 1929.

### You Pay the Overhead

New York's own particular waterway experience is no less illuminating than the various federal ventures. From first to last, the people of the Empire State have spent $346,000,000 on their canal system, and a large part of the property has already been junked. The New York State Barge Canal, for instance, is a combination of several principal canals. This venture, begun in 1903 and opened in 1918, incurred the following costs:

| | |
|---|---|
| Construction | $176,747,000 |
| Interest | 63,210,000 |
| Federal Contributions | 10,000,000 |
| Total | $249,957,000 |

The annual overhead, meaning interest on the bonds and maintenance charges, runs up to $10,646,000, which amount is assessed against the taxpayers every year for the supposed benefit of shippers. How far they take advantage of it may be gathered from the fact that while New York has sixty-six canal terminals, costing $26,000,000, no freight has been handled at forty-nine terminals during recent years. Frederick Greene, State Superintendent of Public Works, reporting to Governor Smith in 1926, made no effort to conceal his disgust with the situation. Among other biting criticisms, he said:

"The greater part of the tonnage was bulk freight—grain, sulphur, salt, etc. —which is carried at low rates both by water and rail; a fair advantage rate on the commodities carried by canal from Buffalo to New York, the longest haul, is $3.70 a ton. In 1925 it cost the state $4.51 per ton for all freight floated on the canal, regardless of the length of haul. From these figures it is evident that it would have been cheaper for the state if all the freight carried by canal had been put in railroad cars and the state had paid the freight bills."

The Empire State was fortunate enough to have an official sufficiently courageous to tell the truth, but the country does not contain many like him. For the most part, all emphasis is placed on the fact that water rates are twenty per cent lower than rail rates. Attention is rarely, if ever, called to the lavish subsidies granted by the government and the states, and as a consequence people are led to believe that rivers and canals furnish cheaper transportation than the steam lines.

### Hidden Costs

Why wouldn't water rates be twenty per cent lower than rail rates? The Ohio system, for instance, gets a free gift of $11,000,000 a year, the Upper Mississippi $5,000,000, and the Lower Mississippi $12,710,000. As a matter of fact, the railroads claim that if they were given the same subsidies, and granted the same privileges, they would be able to cut rates a full forty per cent and still make money.

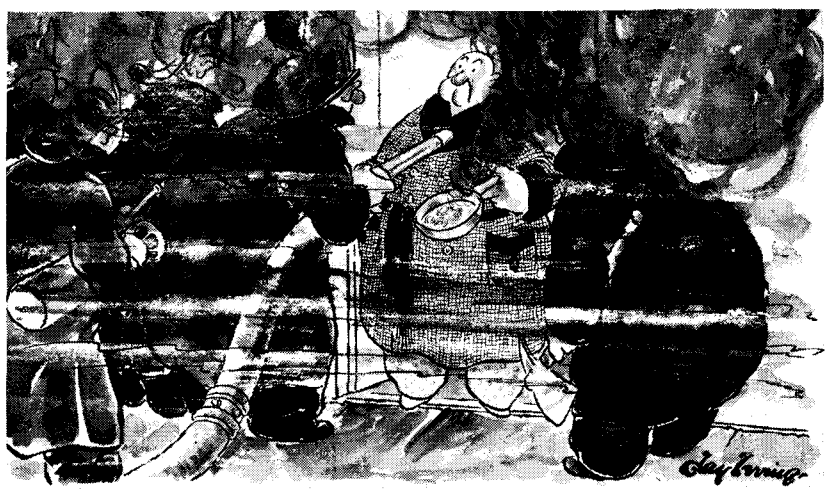
These subsidies, it should be borne in mind, come from the pockets of the taxpayers of the whole country. Whether the development is in the North, South, East or West, and no matter how local the improvement, the bills are paid by the people of the United States. In support of this practice, it is argued that lower water rates stimulate trade, and also that the savings rebound to the benefit of all producers and all consumers.

This argument is vigorously stressed in every discussion of the St. Lawrence waterway project. By providing a 27-foot channel from the ocean to the head of the Great Lakes, it is claimed that grain movement from the interior to tidewater will be measurably cheapened, possibly as much as four cents a bushel. Doctor Harold G. Moulton, of the Brookings Institute, perhaps the country's foremost authority on transportation, makes short work of this contention.

Doctor Moulton, in figuring the cost of the St. Lawrence project, carefully excludes the millions for power development. and arrives at a total of $600,000,000 specifically "assignable to navigation." In computing potential traffic, it is also the case that he takes the high estimate of 20,000,000 tons. Having thus accepted the rosy figures of the proponents, he levels the following attack:

"The annual interest and maintenance charges incident to the St. Lawrence navigation project as a whole, when figured on the most conservative basis, would amount roughly to $40,000,000 annually. This is equivalent to two dollars a ton on the above greatly exaggerated traffic estimate. Taking the grain traffic as fairly typical of the tonnage that might use the route, we find that the taxpayers would be contributing two dollars a ton in order that the shipper might save eighty-three cents a ton."

Not much economic justification there! As a matter of truth, the figures support Mr. Greene's contention that the taxpayers could well afford to put all the water traffic on the railroads, and pay the freight bills. The shippers themselves would make money, for while government subsidies to rivers and canals enable them to save a certain percentage of cost on each ton, this saving is more than offset in the end by the increased taxes that they have to pay.



". . . but I like 'em brown" *Jay Irving*

Even as the shippers themselves do not understand, just so is there very little general understanding of the "hidden costs" in waterway transportation. Many people, for example, have the idea that rivers are all ready to put boats on, and that even canals require little money for construction. As a matter of truth, waterway construction is far more expensive than railroad building, for while the New York Barge Canal cost $370,000 a mile, the eastern railways ran only $188,000 a mile.

### The Hazards of Weather

There is also the genial superstition that rivers, unlike railroads, require no maintenance. No thought is ever given to the fact that the majority of rivers have to be canalized in large part, and that even in the natural stretches, daily dredging is necessary in order to keep the channel open. By way of illustration, these sums were expended on the Ohio River system in the year 1931-1932:

| | |
|---|---|
| Operation of locks and dams | $3,041,000 |
| Repairs and betterments | 985,000 |
| Operating snag boats | 50,000 |
| Open channel—dredging | 970,000 |
| Open channel—new work | 1,161,000 |
| Total | $6,207,000 |

In comparing water rates with rail rates, there is another important point that is generally overlooked, and that is the longer distances. From Chicago to New Orleans is 921 miles by rail and 1,534 by water; from St. Louis to Kansas City, the water distance is 398 miles and the rail measure 278 miles; Pittsburgh to Cairo is 981 miles by water and 648 by rail.

Equally vital to any fair comparison is the matter of uninterrupted, continuous service. Railroads are hampered but little by changing seasons and the hazards of weather, but rivers and canals have no such immunity. The New York Barge Canal, for instance, is frozen five months of the year, and the annual reports of the Inland Waterways Corporation read like excerpts from the Book of Job.

Here are a few of General Ashburn's doleful admissions:

"Upper Mississippi—Navigation suspended from November 15, 1928, to March 15, 1929, on account of ice. Deficient rainfall in May-June, and consequent low water, with continual grounding of steamers and barges. Severe misfortunes in August; among these was the fact that the steamer Wynoka struck a rock below Moline Lock on account of low water, and nearly sank; certain lock gates between St. Paul and Minneapolis gave way, leaving the steamer Altair and six barges hopelessly stranded.

"Lower Mississippi—The first seven months in 1929 were the best on record in respect to regularity of service. The last five months brought every detrimental navigable element presented in the almost eleven earlier years of operation, with serious interruptions to schedules. The inadequate channel was comparable to 1922 with the exception that in 1929 a far greater area was involved, and the duration of the low-water period was almost twice as great. Ice closed St. Louis harbor almost a month earlier than usual."

### A Sound Policy

Every fact in the case would seem to show that waterway transportation is not only less reliable than rail transportation, but far more costly, both in construction and maintenance. At no point can the excuse be offered that the water routes have not been given fair treatment, for in addition to lavish subsidies, they have been granted all manner of special privileges. Their port-to-port rates are not subject to any sort of regulation, and they can cut rates as they see fit, and buy traffic through rebates.

In view of these indisputable facts and figures, a thorough overhauling of the national waterway policy is commanded by every dictate of economy and efficiency. By the most conservative estimate, at least $100,000,000 a year can be saved by cutting out certain projects, and cutting down on others, and this without the slightest impairment of transportation efficiency.

The Panama Canal is run as a business. No subsidies are granted to shippers. As Doctor Moulton proves, "both the original cost of the project, including interest throughout the period of construction, and the annual costs of maintenance, are regarded as transportation charges assessable against the shippers, and tolls are levied for the purpose of covering these overhead costs."

Why is it not common sense to apply this sound policy to all waterways? With the whole country groaning under taxes, what wiser than to insist that rivers and canals meet the test of economic justification just as the Panama Canal is made to meet it? If their own vitality is not sufficient to sustain life, where is the point in pulmotoring them by government subsidies?

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# The Vampire of Khor

*Continued from page* 19

if he had seen a ghost rise from the ground.

Khor wood was a dense oak growth surrounding a single hill. On the summit of this hill rose a gray stone tower and the roofs of a manor house. The narrow strip of highroad ran through one edge of the wood, the bare branches almost touching overhead—a good place for an ambush, the Cossack decided.

Along another side of the wood wound a stream, now frozen and hemmed in by alders. Here stood a Tartar village of huts and gray felt tents fenced in with thorn bush. Demid saw several men in wolfskin *shubas* carrying fishing spears. The open steppe around the wood had once been a cattle range, judging by the wrecks of hayricks and barns. A ruined windmill raised skeleton arms against the gray sky. But there were no signs of living cattle—only a few sheep behind fences.

IN THE wood Demid found a crisscross of trails made by animals and horses. One of these led to a small stone chapel, now boarded up. Beside the chapel the snow rose in short mounds, each one marked by a cross of wood.

The Cossack had dismounted to examine them, when a cold wind swept through the wood, setting the dry snow whirling and dancing around the graves. It struck through his sheepskin *svitka* with an icy touch. At the same time his horse flung up its head, whinnying. Demid looked about him slowly, searching between the trees, until he made out what had caught the attention of his horse.

"Hi, brother—come out!" he called.

A stone's throw from him in a cluster of oak trunks stood a horse and rider, motionless, watching him. The horse was light gray and the rider wore a long, white coat that was almost invisible against the snow. The instant Demid shouted the two wheeled away through the wood.

But the Cossack was not to be left behind. He was in his saddle at once, the big black horse plunging toward the spot where the other had vanished. He saw tracks—caught a glimpse of a gray shape flitting away—and galloped in pursuit.

The gray horse turned and twisted among the thickets. The Cossack, who had chased wolves before now, perceived that it was circling to get past him up the hill. Heading across its track, he leaped a fallen log and came down within lance length of the gray horse's tail. For a moment the white rider tried to shake him off by twisting among the trees at a smashing gallop.

Then the gray horse checked and whirled, rearing. Its hoofs lashed out at the onrushing Cossack. But Demid's horse had played this trick—the dreaded *lava* that the Cossacks taught their chargers—himself. He swerved from the descending hoofs, almost throwing Demid from the saddle.

With an angry cry the rider of the gray horse drew a sword, slashing out at the half-unseated Cossack. Demid had no time to draw his own sword—he threw himself bodily from the saddle, straining every muscle to fall on his feet. As the white rider reined forward to strike again, the Cossack leaped up, catching him about the waist.

So swiftly had he moved, the other was not able to brace against the impact and they both came down, rolling in the soft snow. Demid gripped his adversary beneath him, catching the wrist that held the sword and forcing it back into the snow. His right hand grasped the other's throat. And then he loosed his grip with an exclamation.

For the throat beneath his fingers was soft and round, and long dark tresses lay about the small head from which the *papakh* had fallen. A woman's gray eyes looked up into his.

"The devil!" he muttered.

When he drew the sword from her hand she made no resistance. She lay quiet, looking at him steadily. He got to his feet slowly, the blood pounding in his head. Reaching down, he lifted her in his arms. Without doubt she was a woman, light and warm and sweet-smelling. A vampire would have been cold to the touch. Yet her eyes as they searched his face were the eyes of a wild thing.

"Eh, speak!" he whispered.

Well, she was a beauty, with soft, dark lips—her small head as pale as one of the wax figures in church. Demid bent his head, kissed her lips lightly. "Do you greet all strangers with a sword, little lass?" he asked. "Can't you speak? Are you hurt?"

Suddenly the blood flooded her cheeks, and her eyes closed. Demid waited. He did not want to put her down. But she started in his arms, her head turned and her eyes dilated as she stared past him into the wood.

"*Yok! Tzee-tzee, yok!*" she cried shrilly, and the Cossack set her down on her feet.

Behind him in the brush at which she had been looking a brown wrinkled face was drawing back out of sight—a thing malevolent as a demon, wrapped in a wolfskin, with a great bow held fast in its hand.

Demid knew then that he was in peril of his life, and he crouched in the snow, his muscles tense. The thicket ceased quivering, and there was no further sign of the Tartar bowman who had been peering out at him. He heard sounds behind him, and turned his head in time to see the girl going off on the gray horse.

This time Demid made no move to follow. He knew that eyes as keen as wolves' were spying upon him, and he knew that an arrow from a Tartar bow could kill at a hundred paces. "*No—oh, no!*" the girl had cried at the face in the brush.

So she had guardians, in this wood of hers. She, the wild thing, had warned them not to strike down the Cossack, although he had handled her, unwittingly, as roughly as a bear. She had cried out in the Tartar tongue, which Demid understood. Thoughtfully he went to his horse, and when he was in the saddle again he turned back to the highroad that led to Gorod. He was thinking of a splendid dark head lying in the snow beneath him, and nothing else would come into his mind.

THAT evening he was admitted with Ostap to the hall of the Starosta, who dismissed the other servants in the room before speaking to him.

"Well, have you news?"

"Yes," said Demid slowly. "This maiden of Khor is no vampire but a woman like any other."

"I did not ask for your thoughts," retorted Mikhail. "Tell me what you saw—what happened?"

The Cossack told about sighting the Lady Ivga—as Ostap called her—and his pursuit of her. Ostap listened to every word, breathing heavily.

"The truth is," commented Mikhail, "that the life was nearly cut out of you, my lad. You should have followed her, tied her up, and brought her in for examination by the *boyars* and by myself."

Demid shook his head. "If that was the Lady Ivga, we were on her land. Why shouldn't she slash at a man? She's lovely as a deer." He remembered how her eyes had closed when she flushed, and he was silent so long that the two men moved uneasily.

"Look here," Demid went on. "I know how Togrul was slain—with an arrow. It leaves a small cut; still it will drain the blood out of a man."

"We found no arrow," Ostap muttered.

"And I think otherwise," pondered the Starosta. "What if she had appeared before him in woman's dress—what if she came up to him and put him under the spell of her eyes and then struck him down with a small knife?"

"Ay," put in Ostap heavily, "she's a witch and she has cast a spell on this Cossack."

"If she's a witch, I'm a monk!"

"Now, now, young wildfire. Doesn't she haunt graves, and change her shape? She does, because she rides about in man's dress. Hasn't she long, tangled hair and baneful eyes. You say she has. Did you hear her speak honest Christian words, like 'Get out, you son of a dog?' You did not. Well, then, she's young and fair, but she's a witch all the same and no good will come of her."

The Starosta lifted his hand. "I want proof, not words. Go you to the highway of Khor at night, Cossack, and watch what she does in the hours of darkness. There is a moon and you know your way about now. Eh?"

"I'll do that," Demid nodded, "tomorrow night."

"Not for forty good silver ducats of Kief," said Ostap when they were alone again, "would I do the like of that. Better to follow the hangman's torch than the moon over Khor. Don't you know, *her* brother and grandsire and other men of Khor are in those graves?" He sighed and rubbed his head. "*Akh,* you should have thrust your sword in the ground and said what I told you; then you would be at peace now, instead of rushing about like a wild horse at the end of a rope."

THERE was no peace in the mind of the Cossack. On the morrow's night when he took the snow road to Khor he galloped as if he were racing the wind. Over his head the cloud wrack passed across the face of the round moon. The bare branches of the wood threshed together as if they were bony fingers of the dead doing a dance in the wind.

A bad night. A bad night to go alone, seeking a witch in that wood. But the Cossack saw gray eyes half closing; he felt the weight of a slender body upon his arm. His blood pounded in his head, and he rode straight as the eagle flies, up the hill to Khor tower. With his stirrup he knocked on the closed wooden gate of the yard.

Round and dark, the tower of Khor rose against the flecked sky. When he beat on the gate an owl swooped away. Steep roof peaks of the log buildings stood against the tower.

"What seek ye?" a man's voice cried.

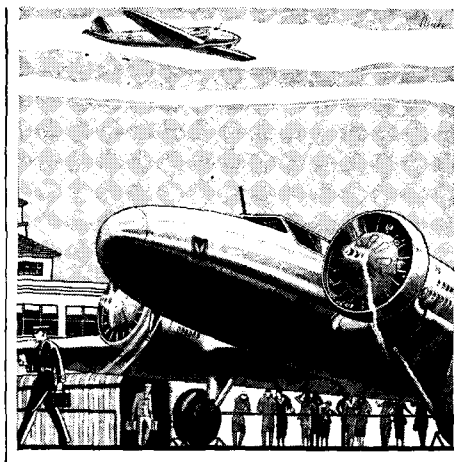
"The Lady of Khor. Say to her that the Cossack Demid comes as a guest."

"Nay, the *khanim* will see no man from Gorod."

"I am no man of Gorod. No one follows me."

Silence at the gate. Dark figures

*(Continued on page* 44)



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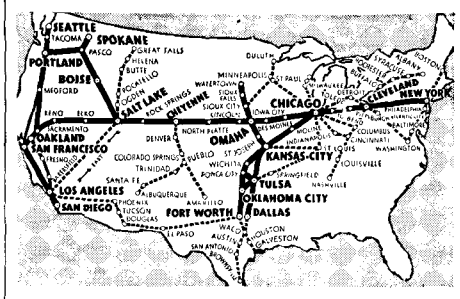


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(Continued from page 43)

moving in the shadows of the log wall. A spear-point brightening in the moon's light. The black horse snorted, turning restlessly. The gate opened slowly, and Demid rode in—dismounted by the well-sweep, to give his rein to the Tartar who opened the door of the tower. Candlelight flooded the trodden snow, and Demid strode in.

No one was in the round room. A fire blazed in the wide hearth. Bright Turkish rugs covered the floor, and the scent of herbs was in the air. Demid, his *papakh* on his arm, flung himself into a great chair by the hearth.

He did not hear Ivga come in, so quietly did she move over the carpets behind him. She wore no man's garments this time—she was clad in a short skirt and embroidered slippers, in a sleeveless *khalat* that left her arms bare. Her long hair was brushed back and held over her ears by a silver band that was like a diadem. Demid sprang up and bowed to her, and she went close to the fire.

"*Chlieb sol*," she said quietly. "My bread and salt is yours, O guest. It is many a moon since a guest has come to Khor."

Again Demid bowed his head. He could not say anything, because his blood was throbbing in his head. The Lady Ivga had changed her shape indeed, and he could not take his eyes from her dark head. When she clapped her hands a Tartar servant entered with a silver goblet. She took this in both hands and held it out to the Cossack. "A greeting to the guest."

"Health to you, my lady," he said hoarsely. His hands quivered as he took it from her and drank the corn brandy that was warm and fragrant with spices.

"Are you not afraid, Cossack," she asked, "that the brandy is drugged, and that I am tempting you from your duty?"

"What is that?"

She looked at him, and smiled slowly. "To ride down women in the wood of Khor."

When she smiled the skin of his head tingled, and the breath caught in his throat. "Why did you go in man's dress, with a sword?"

"Because a little while ago when I rode in my own dress, one of the Gorod riders stalked me like a panther. When he tried to put his hand on me, Ghirei, one of my hunters, slew him with an arrow."

"What became of the arrow? It was not found."

"We took it away. After all, that Togrul was dead. Ghirei caught his horse wandering with a loose rein and rode back to the spot and drew out the arrow without dismounting. If the Starosta's men had found the Tartar arrow in that dead rogue, the Starosta would have taken half the fields of Khor in payment for a life."

THEN Demid understood why the only tracks found by the body of Togrul had been those of his own horse. "Why do you tell me this?" he asked.

"I do not know." Ivga did not smile; her gray eyes sought the fire as if to read the answer in the flames. "Perhaps because you come as a guest, after this long time. Perhaps because you are a Cossack, like my grandfather. I don't want you to die," she added impulsively, "as Togrul did."

Forty silver ducats for proof of a slaying, and now he had that proof from her. The price of two years' service in the wars. Yet here, beside Ivga, he thought nothing of that Togrul, the dog, had been well slain.

"Why did you come to the tower?" she asked suddenly. "You should not have come."

Demid shook his head. How could he have stayed away, after he had held her in his arms? He was frightened, because the wild girl of the snow road had changed into a proud girl of the manor, as remote from his touch as an image in the church. "In Gorod they are saying that you are a witch," he explained, "and your servants rob wayfarers."

"My Tartars!" Her eyes blazed at him. "O fool! My Tartars were born here—aye, their grandsires served Khor in the day of my grandfather, when the lands of Khor stretched as far as Gorod, which was no more than a village then. We counted our cattle by the hundred on the ranges. Then guests filled the house and there was feasting in this tower. My grandfather was a Cossack, so he had nothing but war in his head. He spent lives and gold and horses with an open hand, and he himself died by the sword. His grave is in the wood."

Chin on hand, she gazed into the fire. "Six graves there are that I tend. And the newest is Ivan's. Ivan, my brother, who grew up with me. Ivan was like a Cossack, tall and heedless of everything but his sword and his hunting. He went to serve the Tsar in Moscow, taking the strongest of the peasants with him. Whenever he wrote to me he begged for more gold, for his debts, his horses—all the things he needed. He used to call me his Devilkin. I sold the cattle and the upper pastureland to send money to him. I was a child, then, and I did not know how to manage such things—"

Ivga looked into the fire. "Then they brought his coffin back to Khor with a letter that said he was a hero. But to me, his Devilkin, he had always been a hero . . . well, that's past. Ivan lived joyfully, but we are poor now. The land that is left is good for wheat, but the rest of the peasants went off to town with their carts. That is because the new Starosta is building houses there. Now he takes a horn-tax, a head-tax and a fire-tax from us. I went to Gorod to tell him that we had never paid a tax to Gorod, because the land is our freehold. I cannot work the land with Tartars."

Demid nodded assent—he had grown up on the southern cattle range.

"The Starosta Mikhail said," Ivga went on slowly, "that Khor was an ill place for a woman. He said he would take this land and castle, and give me in exchange a house in town. It had barred windows and the sun did not shine in it. How would I live there, without land and horses? I said I would pay his taxes. . . . The Tartars have not left me. They fish the river and they hunt. We sold skins and honey and grapes in the town, to pay the last taxes. Now the Starosta buys skins only from the traders. The man who was killed on the highroad in our wood was a fur trader on his way from Gorod. My men knew nothing—did not see him. But there were masterless men in the tavern, who knew that trader had silver on him."

THE Cossack also was looking into the fire. He saw how the Starosta meant to get Khor into his hands. But Demid had no skill to deal with merchants' work—

"This year," added Ivga proudly, "we will be able to sell horses for the tax money."

"And after that, what?"

After that? There were Turkish yataghans hanging on the walls, with gold inlaid; there were holy pictures on the ikon stand, with silver frames—Ivga only knew with a deep certainty that this gray tower and its peaked roofs and the graves by the silent chapel were part of her and she could not separate herself from them.

And then the fever that had been rising in the Cossack found a voice. He knelt beside her, pressing his hot head against her knee, and the voice in him begged her to ride with him to the southland where the blue sea water gleamed in the sun. There, he was an *ataman*, a leader of warriors. He would go out on that sea in long boats and take spoil from the Turks. He would bring back silk garments and slaves to her. And his brown hand quivered when it touched the cotton skirt upon her knee.

"Nay," she whispered, stroking his head, "nay, Brother Eagle, where is your home?"

"In the steppe," cried Demid.

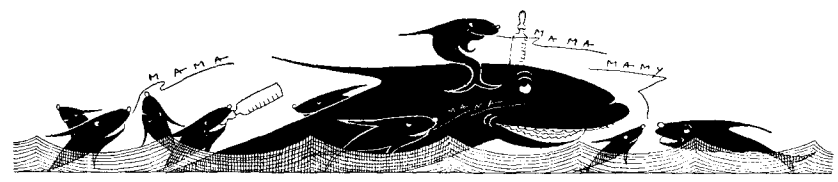
"It is far off, where the wind blows, and the cries are of war. Do I not know, after Ivan went away?" Her eyes, now that he could not see, had pain and longing in them. "You should not have come to my tower, because, after all, I am a Devilkin."

"I cannot go away."

Then he rose to his feet, his hand on his sword hilt. Silently, moving over the rugs in deerskin boots, a Tartar appeared beside him—holding a bow unstrung, his broad face expressionless. Demid recognized the face that had looked at him from the thicket.

"*Khanim*," the man said to Ivga, "two riders are upon the road, in the wood."

"What riders?"




# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***The*** shark gives birth to more living young at a time than any other creature on earth. Along the Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia, females have been captured that contained as many as 70 unborn babies, all of which were from two to three feet long.

***The*** only people to hear their own funeral service were the lepers of England several centuries ago. Upon contracting the disease, they had to attend a "lepers' mass" at which they were pronounced dead and prayers were said for them. They were then sent to leper colonies for the rest of their lives.—*By Aron Posheshinsky, Odessa, U. S. S. R.*

***The*** famous Mogok mines of Burma, which produce nearly all of the world's rubies, have one of the strangest employees' rules in existence. In order to prevent the native workers from swallowing the precious gems, they are made to wear a "cage," a steel helmet with a mesh mask, that completely covers their head and is padlocked.

***Many*** edibles besides meat, tea and alcoholic liquors have to be aged to develop their full and distinctive flavor. Among them are butter, cheese, cocoa beans, ginger ale extract and certain ingredients of candy such as the center and the coating of chocolate creams.

***In*** 1813, New Orleans was harassed by a criminal whose sense of humor won him a place in history. The governor offered a reward of $500 for his capture. Wishing to express his contempt for the small sum, he offered a reward of $15,000 for the delivery of the governor to him.—*By M. S. Mosk, Chicago, Illinois.*

***When*** Paris became the world's fashion center in the eighteenth century, its little fashion dolls, portraying the latest styles, were eagerly awaited each season by European capitals. Their arrival meant so much to England that during the war with France the British fleet was ordered never to fire on a "doll ship."—*By Ada M. Staude, New York City.*

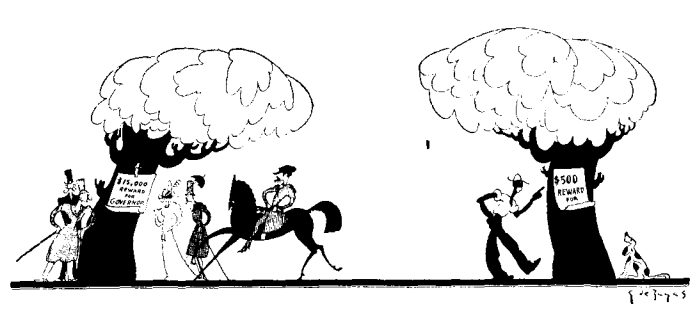
***Germany*** now has an apparatus that ties with string any kind of package or parcel, irrespective of its size or shape; and the United States has—at last—a pretzel-bending machine.

***Not*** only is the cost of a war battle incredible but often the cost of a "preliminary" is staggering. In the summer of 1917, before the third battle of Ypres had actually started, England staged a preliminary bombardment that used 107,000 tons of shells costing $100,000,000.—*By Carroll Dunn, Newark, New Jersey.*

***A recent*** 15 months' record of motion picture deletions in New York, one of the six states having statewide censorship, shows that 38.5 per cent of the full-length pictures failed to be approved in their original form—35.9 per cent receiving cuts and 2.6 per cent being flatly rejected.

***Fluorine*** in drinking water is the cause of mottled or spotted teeth and as little as one part in 500,000 parts of water will bring about this unsightly condition.—*By No. 28972, Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

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"*Khanim*, I do not know. They are calling in a loud voice—*Ai-ai!*"

Demid considered. They might be men who had come after him from Gorod, or belated wayfarers. Here was something that he could see to—there must be no more blood shed on Ivga's land. "I will go down. Only, do not let these bowmen of yours loose."

"Don't go to the wood," she said quickly. "Stay here. I—I am afraid."

She did not know why. A breath of wind from an open door set the candle flames flickering. She touched the Cossack's arm. "Please, do not go away."

But he smiled. "Eh, little Ivga—then I will come back."

He went to his horse and mounted, although she came out into the moonlight and touched his rein, as if to hold him there with her. And she did not go back until he had passed through the palisade gate.

HIGH over the bare trees the moon gleamed on the white snow, outlining the black shadows. As he cantered down a trail toward the chapel and the road, Demid heard a shout. Coming out into the highway he saw two riders moving at a foot pace toward Gorod. They were heavy men in sheepskins with saddlebags at their knees. Demid did not know them, but he looked closely at their horses—he had a memory for horses.

"*Hi*, lad," the foremost hailed him, "where lies Gorod tavern? Is that it yonder i' the wood? Faith, we're weary of this accursed road."

"Ride on for half an hour, and you will see the light of the tavern."

"May the dogs bite me!" grumbled the nearer of the two. "A half-hour he says. Well, here's something for us all." Lifting the flap of a saddlebag, he drew out a stone jug, and then a glass. Seeing it, the other man came over to them, beating his arms against his shoulders to warm his blood. From the three horses rose thin clouds of steam.

The man with the jug poured out a glassful. He lifted it and grinned at the Cossack. "Here's health to you!"

Behind Demid saddle-leather creaked and steel flicked through the moonlight. But the Cossack had not been watching the jug. He threw his body away from the dagger that whipped past his ear, and as he did so he jerked out his saber with his free hand.

Without turning to look or to set himself, he slashed up and back, wrenching his shoulder around with the force of the blow. His saber's edge caught and cut deep under a man's jaw, and the man fell back without a cry.

The other dropped jug and glass and drew a sword from beneath his coat. He slashed at Demid, who caught the blade with his own, and laughed. This was work for a Cossack. The two weapons parted and clashed. Demid kneed his horse forward until he was shoulder to shoulder with the stranger. Once he slashed the man down the cheek and once over the ribs.

Groaning, the stranger cut wide at the Cossack's head. Demid locked hilts, wrenched the other's saber, sending it flying among the trees.

"Don't strike again!" the man screamed. "For Christ's mercy!"

"Who sent you?" Demid demanded, holding back his arm.

The man was silent. He stared at the wood behind the Cossack. "Hush," he whispered, "or he will hear you."

"He'll hear me," Demid said. Reining back, he glanced at the body of the man who had struck at him first. Beside it lay a strange weapon—a blade as long as a hand, yet no thicker than a straw. An Italian dagger, a stiletto that could slay and leave a mark no larger than a tooth.

Swinging down from the saddle Demid picked it up, thrust it into his belt. "Wait here, dog," he cried at the wounded man. Then he spurred along the road, his eyes questing into the shadows of the forest. When he saw a third horseman motionless there, he plunged in among the trees, the blood-stained saber swinging in his hand.

BUT this third rider did not run or lift weapon. It was Mikhail the Starosta with his jutting black beard. Now his hands trembled against his coat and his mouth hung open—for he was shaken by fear, as some men are at the sight of blood.

The Cossack stared into his eyes and then laughed. "Starosta," he cried, "forty silver ducats to me! For I have evidence of a murderer in Khor woods."

Still Mikhail said nothing. He was a hard man, who let nothing stand in his way, yet he had no courage to face bare weapons.

"Starosta," said the Cossack, "do not mount your slayers on horses that have been tethered at your gate. For a horse is to be known as easily as a man. Now look at this evidence, a dagger from your hall, a man yonder who will talk to the *boyars* of Gorod. Aye, he will tell those good men how you sent me here by night alone and then tried to have crow's meat made of me so that you, the Starosta, could find me slain and take Khor as the price of a life."

He stopped, when the Starosta fumbled in his belt. Mikhail drew out a fistful of coins, and the Cossack struck the fist with the flat of his sword, sending the coins flashing into the snow. Suddenly Demid reached forward his rein hand and caught the Starosta's sword from its sheath. Mikhail groaned. He was afraid that his death had come.

"This I will keep, Starosta," Demid said slowly, "lest you change your mind. If you should—if you should ride back to Gorod without knife or sword, where will you find a friend? Do the *boyars* love you, after the taxes you plucked from them? Will Ostap and his lads stand at your back after the kopecks you have done them out of? Nay, they would leave you to priest and hangman."

Mikhail moistened his lips and looked from side to side.

"But if you ride on," Demid said, "if you take to the road into the steppe and stay far from Gorod, why then every one will be content. Now it's time for you to take the road. Which way, Starosta?"

With a cry Mikhail kicked at his horse. He plunged through the drifts to the road. And he turned away from Gorod, past the motionless body in the road, toward the distant, moonlit steppe.

"And now," Demid said to the lady of Khor a half-hour later, "you will be well rid of him. Here is his sword to remember him by, and here am I to watch at your gate, for I will never go from Khor again."

He was sure of that, this tall Cossack who sat by the fire, no longer moody but with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, a goblet of brandy in his hand.

But Ivga tossed her head, and her words were like a song. "Did you think, Brother Eagle, I would wed me to a Cossack who cares for naught but his horse and riding to wars—the worthless one!"

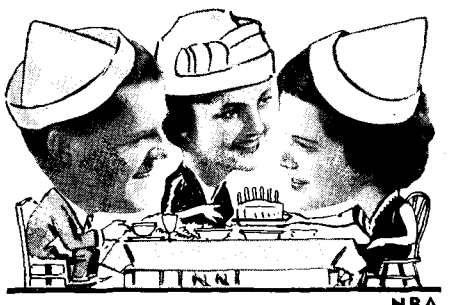
YEARS later a man kept guard at Khor gate. It was Ostap, the sergeant, who had grown fat with good living—for times had changed at Khor. Yes, Ostap, who was too fat for service, sat at the gate and watched the cattle grazing on the uplands, while his Lady Ivga looked to the farm. And when Ivga's children climbed over him they liked best to have him show how Mikhail the Starosta had vanished long ago, never to appear again.

Then Ostap would pull his sword from its sheath while they watched. "One day, my little pigeons, *he* was alive and snorting in Gorod town," he would say. "And that night of all nights he vanished. No one ever saw hair or hide of him again. He vanished like this." And Ostap would plunge the point of his sword in the earth. "*Zzvt!* He went down into the ground like a vampire."

The mistress of Khor must have been happy then, for she was heard singing often in the long months when Demid, her husband, was away at the wars.

He did not write often, that Demid. But he always asked that gold and a horse or two be sent him, and then Ivga saw to it that this was done.

"He hasn't gone near any of his toys since he got them!"
*Frank Owen*

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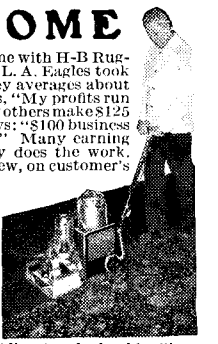

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# Glove Money

*Continued from page 13*

Today? He was lucky enough a short while ago to get a job as a member of the Buffalo police force. They weren't such tough bucks to earn but they were tough to hang onto.

If you'll listen to the railbirds they'll tell you that Freddie Welsh was the best defensive boxer ever to slip out of a tight corner. He was born in Pontypridd, Wales, a place no one ever heard of until 1914, when Freddie won a twenty-round decision over the then lightweight champion of the world, Willie Ritchie.

So Freddie Welsh hied himself to the land of dollars and doughnuts, for both of which he had a fondness. He was lucky enough to be champion in the days of no-decision boxing in New York. All a champion had to do was to stay in there for ten rounds and his title was safe.

Freddie fought two or three times a week and it wasn't until 1917 that he lost his title. The incomparable Benny Leonard found his jaw with a right-hand smash and the Welshman was laid among the sweet peas. Benny's right hand in those days was a kiss wrapped up in a lead pipe.

Freddie looked over his real estate holdings, his stocks and bonds, found them good and retired to a life of ease. But gracious, how those dollars flew! Freddie never knew what happened to them.

In all, he had engaged in 164 fights and he'd never been hurt except by Benny. But he'd left something in those 164 rings. He had left something of a very gallant heart and every now and then a sharp pain would shoot through what was left of it.

"Take it easy, boy, you got a bad ticker," the medicos said, but Freddie thought they were crazy. So did everyone else until one day Freddie dropped dead in a New York street. When they settled up his estate they found that his widow didn't have a thing but a lot of belts Freddie had won, a few scrapbooks full of clippings, and a few doctors' bills.

This, mind you, was Freddie Welsh. Broadway used to sneer at Freddie because he had never been a spender. "They'll never have to run a benefit for that mug," Broadway jeered.

### Tough to Hold

But they did indeed. Then one day, a few months after Freddie died, his widow walked into Tex Rickard's office at Madison Square Garden. She had with her the Lord Lonsdale belt which Freddie had won when he became lightweight champion in England. Tex gave her six hundred dollars for it.

Mrs. Welsh never knew what happened to the dollars Freddie had made in the ring. She didn't know the devilish smile that hovers in the eyes of dollars made in the boxing game. Those dollars say to a fighter, "Sure, sweetheart, I'm yours now, but give me a chance; I'll find another home."

They always do, too. Yes, they're tough bucks all right.

Jack Britton was and is the kind of a man who would be a credit to any profession. An intelligent, good-looking, clean-living, American gentleman, the head of a fine family, he graced the welterweight throne for several years. Like Welsh, he was a great defensive fighter and even today he could make any man of his weight in the world look silly for three rounds. He was harder to hit than a sunbeam.

I saw him fight Soldier Bartfield once. In the third round he hit the Soldier sixteen times on the nose with straight left jabs. The crowd took up the refrain after the first few had landed. "Eight—nine—ten—eleven," they shrieked joyously. They counted up to sixteen and the Soldier had a nose that looked like an over-ripe tomato.

After the sixteenth Jack had landed, the Soldier yelled, "Scatter your blows, Jack, scatter your blows." Then Jack sunk a right-hand punch into the Soldier's stomach.

Oh, but he was a beautiful boxer, was Jack Britton. He fought Ted "Kid" Lewis nineteen times and every bout was a thing of beauty.

Jack was catching a golden stream of dollars in those days.

### Too Many Friends

He had a great many friends among the civic and financial leaders of New York. They advised him what to do with his money. He planted most of it in Florida, tossed a lot more in the stock market and one day woke up to find that his boxing days were over, the stock market was turning handsprings and Florida had died.

Today Jack is boxing instructor at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York. He makes a living all right and he's still the same good-looking, intelligent Irish-American who was fighting the top-notchers in his class ten years ago, but he's flatter than a sailor's hat. Even Jack couldn't hang on to those tough bucks.

And Ted "Kid" Lewis, the Englishman who preceded Britton as welterweight title holder. He made hay while the sun shone but wound up on the wrong side of the ledger. Only recently he ran for Parliament in England, but he was beaten.

They have a rule over there that if you are beaten badly enough you have to pay the expenses of your campaign yourself. Ted Lewis was looking around for an angel to help him out the last time I heard about him.

Fred Fulton probably missed winning the heavyweight championship of the world by six inches. It took six inches for a Jack Dempsey left hook to travel and Fulton caught it where it did him the most harm. If he'd won that fight he might have gotten the crack against Jess Willard that Dempsey got a year later, and Fulton probably would have beaten Big Jess.

Well, Fulton was in the big money for years and he was never a spender. He is remembered chiefly because of that one-round knockout by Dempsey, but, before that, Fred had knocked out men like Al Reich, Jim Flynn, Andre Anderson, Arthur Pelky, Gunboat Smith; and he had beaten big-timers like Willie Meehan, Carl Morris, Sam Langford and Charlie Weinert.

What is Fred doing today? The best he can, as the boys on Eighth Avenue say. He's running a cigar stand in Cleveland and making a living. That's more than a lot of the men he fought are doing.

It was just before the start of the main bout. There wasn't much of a crowd, but then it wasn't much of a fight club, and the headliners were only two youngsters having their first crack at a main bout. They climbed into the ring, scowled at each other through a blue haze of smoke and sat down in their corners. Then another man was led into the ring.

"She'll tip him. Everyone tips him. Such weariness, such beautiful feeling he gets into his grunts"

*Laurence Reynolds*

He shuffled his feet nervously on the canvas and he turned sightless eyes out toward the apathetic crowd, which was beginning to get restless.

### One of the Greatest

The announcer placed a fat arm around his shoulders and his voice boomed through the smoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I wanna interdooce one of the greatest fighters of all time, a boy who met the best of them, a boy who always gave satisfaction, a boy who's blind now and who's broke. The ushers will pass down the aisles and anything, large or small, you care to donate will be given to Sam Langford."

Sam Langford smiled a bit uncertainly and he shuffled his feet again on the canvas. Once he'd stood there in the ring and laughed confidently at the best men in the world. Once he'd been so good that to get a match he had to promise to put on handcuffs and take it easy. Now? The two youngsters looked at him a bit patronizingly and wished he'd get out of there so that they could go to work. Just a worn-out old plug, ol' Sam, why didn't he scram out of there? He'd had his day.

"Come on, folks, toss something in the hat." The voices of the ushers came to ol' Sam's ears. "Come on, folks, toss something in the hat for the old plug." Sam just stood there shuffling his feet on the canvas.

He'd been in the big money once, Sam had. They called him the Boston Tar Baby then, and the fans used to shriek with delight when he drew his ebony frame through the ropes and turned a mouthful of white teeth to his opponent in a friendly smile. He'd made plenty in those days but he found they were tough bucks to hold.

The ushers came up and emptied their hats of the nickels, dimes and quarters they'd collected. Ol' Sam shook hands at the crowd and then was led out of the ring and away so that the two youngsters could go to work.

Only the other day a shabby-looking man, whose two badly scrambled ears shouted forth what his profession had been, walked into a downtown New York office where they buy gold. He unwrapped a parcel and laid a gaudy-looking belt on the counter. It was made of coins joined together with what appeared to be gold and it was brightly polished.

### Just Glitter

The buckle was engraved "To Panama Joe Gans, Light Heavyweight Champion of America." They gave it to him when he won a no-decision bout over Mike McTigue back in 1921 in Jersey City.

The man behind the counter pushed the belt back.

"Can't give you a dime on that," he said.

"But don't you buy gold?" Gans asked in dismay.

The man smiled. "Sure, we buy gold. But that isn't gold. The belt isn't worth a quarter."

Panama Joe looked blank for a moment and then wrapped the belt up again and slowly walked out. He was broke. He'd been broke for some time but he'd hung on to that belt. Now that, the only remnant of his fighting days, had turned out to be phony. As he trudged down those stairs his mind must have been filled with bitter thoughts. Joe had never been in the real big money but he'd fought a lot—one hundred and eleven times to be exact—and he'd earned several big purses. Finally he had quit the ring. A man only has so many fights that he can leave in that squared circle. Then one day he catches himself listening to his own voice. He bends over to tie a shoe and he feels dizzy. He gets headaches and, if he is smart, he knows that he is all washed up. Usually, like Panama Joe, he has a little salted away. But then he finds that they are tough bucks to hang on to.

You could name a thousand more who couldn't hold onto those tough bucks. Oh, you could name a few who have held on to them, but there aren't many. Those dollars you earn in the ring are great kidders all right. They stay with you while you're on the top, but as soon as you need them you find they've flown. They must be born with wings on them, those tough bucks of the ring.

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# Thunder in the Dust

*Continued from page 17*

that he should be standing there. And now the foolish little pinwheel made by the coal of a cigarette came sailing through the door, this time to drop in Solano's lap.

Solano stood up like a man struck with a whip, his face twisted with astonishment; and in the doorway stood El Fuerte, showing his strong teeth in the same exultant, infinitely triumphant grin that had faced down Old Beard.

As he stepped into the room, however, he appeared not quite so tall as usual, and Cloud saw that he was barefoot; evidently del Pino had met him, well out from the corrals, and he had hung his boots on his saddle before coming forward alone. His broad, brown feet made a splayed dusty track on the floor, as if he might have worn sandals once.

Moving leisurely across the room, El Fuerte unfastened the rear door and swung it wide. For an instant Cloud wondered why this was done. Then he remembered the day that El Fuerte had faced down Old Beard, and he saw again the face of Carlos, curiously wrinkled, yet wickedly humorous, as he stood a little way outside with his rifle in his hands, commanding a segment in the room; and he knew that once more the rifles of Carlos and Bravo were casually converged upon the interloper in this room, from somewhere outside in the dark.

El Fuerte went to the shelf where the tequila bottle stood, and half filled a tin cup; he regarded Solano brightly over the rust-marked rim.

After the first confrontation, Solano did not look at El Fuerte. Stiffly he made a faint bow to Cloud.

"*Adiós, señor.*"

"*Hasta luego.*"

Solano went striding off into the night.

"FUERTE," said Cloud, "sit down."

With his bare heel El Fuerte crushed out the cigarette which had dropped to the floor as Solano stood up; then sat down where Solano had sat, locked his hands behind his head and sprawled luxuriously.

"I been there a long time," he grinned. "That is *un hombre muy malo.* I thought maybe he starts trouble—who knows?"

"Then you heard most of what he said," Cloud suggested, beginning to roll a cigarette.

El Fuerte shrugged. "How do I know how much I don't hear? I hear plenty, maybe. I don't know."

"There's a couple things about this that have got to be thrashed out," said Cloud bluntly.

El Fuerte's sleepy eyes widened a little. "You don't like something he says?"

"I took you in here," Cloud said, "because I was losing cattle. You're supposed to get half the increase in return for seeing that I don't lose any more. But the increase we're talking about is natural increase. There aren't going to be any sudden increases on dark nights, or by swinging the long rope!"

"The long rope?" El Fuerte questioned.

"I'm no rustler," Cloud told him flatly. "What I've lost by thievery, I've lost; I don't aim to turn thief myself to get it back. I don't know how long a rope you used in Chihuahua and Sonora, and I don't give a damn. But I've shot square so far, and I don't figure to team up with any rustler now. We may just as well understand that to begin with."

El Fuerte was neither bothered nor annoyed. "I think I do not hear all Solano says. If he is missing cows—"

"He didn't say he was missing cows. But the idea was behind what he said, just as plain as a longhorn steer behind an ocotillo bush!"

El Fuerte waved a big hand reassuringly. "I think you imagine things."

"If Solano isn't afraid—"

"What do we care what makes Solano afraid? I will tell you the truth. In most places I would not make this contract with you, Mister, if I did not expect to take back at least the cattle we already lost."

"Take them back?"

"Just go and take," El Fuerte verified.

"My lost cattle are probably already drying in the wind for jerky. If you're talking about rustling stock to replace past losses, I say no!"

"I speak of what is usually the way," El Fuerte explained mildly. "But here, Mister, this is not the country for that. The cowmen are too small, too many. Everyone of them knows every cow he owns, when he looks her in the face."

Cloud stared at him ironically, stumped by El Fuerte's simple, practical, and wholly unethical explanation.

"We will long-rope no cattle, Mister," El Fuerte assured him. "Not Solano's nor Beard's, nor anybody's. I am glad you look at it this way you do. I was afraid you expected I could make the cattle increase a little faster than can be done here. Most places, yes; Baja —no, Mister."

Cloud shrugged, and lighted the cigarette which had hung idle in his fingers while El Fuerte spoke. "Well, I'll say this for you—so far as I can see you've stopped down on other folks stealing from us—at least for right now."

"There will be no more steal from us," El Fuerte said with conviction.

"You think you've taught them—"

El Fuerte fixed his sleepy eyes on Tom Cloud, eyes that could be at once drowsy and very watchful. "I think these little cowmen that have cause you all the trouble—they will soon prove to be our frands, Mister."

Cloud, studying El Fuerte, suddenly recalled that he could not trust the plausibility of this man's word. A conviction came upon him that El Fuerte had lied; that if he, Cloud, were to ride certain quarters of the range again in cattle count, he would find certain Flying K beeves he had never seen before. There are ways to make a cow deny her own calf, and drive it off so that it can be given an alien brand. There was no question at all as to whether El Fuerte knew those ways.

ABRUPTLY Cloud leaned across the table. "Fuerte," he said slowly, "you have not told me the truth."

El Fuerte smiled. "About what, Mister?"

"Right now," said Cloud with utter conviction, "tonight, there's fresh-branded stock running under the Flying K that came in under the long rope."

For a moment El Fuerte looked faintly sulky, but a twinkle came into his eye. "Mister," he said reproachfully, "I think you go and look."

"You admit it, then?"

Sharply El Fuerte leaned forward, seeming to come fully awake for the first time; and now he spoke rapidly, with force, marking off his words with a rapping of knuckles on the slab table. "You want to know how it is a man runs cattle in this country. You want to know what it is Beard knows and Solano knows that you do not know. And I come to show you how. A man cannot win a fight on the defense. A man cannot win a frand if he is too easy. Now I have showed that the Flying K is not to be fooled with any more. We are at peace with those who stole our cattle, and they are our frands. I have done what was needed to do, and that part is all over. Mister—" there was a little smile on El Fuerte's face—"I do not hope to hear now that all things better be done your way."

Cloud's face darkened. "You mean—"

"In calves," El Fuerte said, "in young beef—we have taken back some of our own."

TOM CLOUD came to his feet, leaning across the table, his neck thickening as the blood rose to his head. "You fool!" he snarled at El Fuerte. He did not know whether Carlos and Bravo still watched from the outer dark, in positions from which their rifles could rake the room—and he did not care. "You infernal fool! I tell you, the rurales are coming—they're already on their way!"

"Good," El Fuerte said.

"I sent for them twice," Cloud rushed ahead, his voice like a saw in tough wood. "Now that they come at last, what will they find? A lot of fresh, raw Flying K brands on stock I've never even seen!"

El Fuerte regarded him with a weary tolerance that deepened the dark flush that had come into Tom Cloud's face. "And you think I cannot handle all that?"

"How the devil do I know how it will be handled? Damnation! They've got us dead in the wrong."

El Fuerte made a blank look of goat-like stupidity spread over his face. "Now you got me mixed up," he said.

"Mixed up?" Cloud bellowed at him.

"This right and wrong business," El Fuerte said. "First they take your cattle—that is wrong. Now we take some cattle back again—that is wrong too. Mister, who did own these cow animals?"

"In the first place, I was the loser," Cloud snapped at him. "But that doesn't square you for going out on your own say-so and long-roping as suits you. If these things can't be handled somewhere near according to the law, they can't be handled at all!"

"Oh, it's the law," murmured El Fuerte. "I thought you speak of right and wrong. *Bueno.* I think I am within my rights, Mister."

"You talk to me of rights," Cloud shouted at him. "Don't you forget I own this brand and this lease. If you don't work this rancho to suit me there's nothing to stop my putting you out of here!"

"Except the law," said El Fuerte reasonably. "Me, I got a contract under the law."

El Fuerte's composure was too much for Tom Cloud. "Damn the law!" he shouted. "I'll—"

Once more El Fuerte made the look of utter imbecility come over his face. "Now I am mixed up again. First you say it is not right and wrong, it's the law. Then you say to hell with the law —you are going to be a lawless man, now. Mister, I think you make up these rules yourself."

For a moment they stared at each other; and now slowly the stupidity left El Fuerte's face, and though it remained almost as blank as before, El Fuerte's eyes faintly narrowed, and a

*(Continued on page 48)*

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*(Continued from page 47)*

glitter came into them for the first time. With a smooth movement he stood up on his heels and faced Cloud. "Do not go too far with me, Mister. Contempt for law is one thing in your country; but we will not stand for it here."

For a moment more they faced each other, Cloud dark-faced and blazing with a burst of the berserk temper so hard to raise, so hard to put down when once up; El Fuerte, blank-faced, faintly slant-eyed, waiting in arrested motion.

Then slowly Cloud relaxed. Somehow, he did not know just why, the situation had become ridiculous to him. A twinkle came into his eye; and after a moment more his face broke into a grin. "Well, I'll be damned," he said.

El Fuerte's grin answered and he stuck out his hand.

"I think we can work along and handle these things fine, Mister," El Fuerte said.

Cloud chuckled and shook El Fuerte's hand. "I guess maybe," he agreed. "I guess maybe we will."

El Fuerte stretched lazily. "Mister," El Fuerte said, "we are going to go far, you and me. We understand each other, Mister. And we will show Baja a rancho like it has never seen. And maybe much more things, too," he added.

Cloud checked in the act of hanging up his gunbelt and eyed El Fuerte. "Much more things?" he questioned.

"Mister, I think some day you and I will be greatest in Baja; and that day, maybe, Solano—and Old Beard, too—they will be far away."

Cloud regarded him ironically a moment more. "First we got to get some salt out in the up-country brush," he said prosaically. "There's cows up there never saw any salt in their lives." He was starting to take off his shirt, getting ready to turn in.

El Fuerte picked up his hat. "I see you tomorrow," he said.

"Where the devil you going now?"

"I got one more little ride tonight."

"No more long-roping now!" Cloud warned him.

"Oh, no, Mister. Nothing like that, I promise you. This is just a little ride I make."

He flashed his quick grin, and was gone, his bare feet silent upon the dry earth.

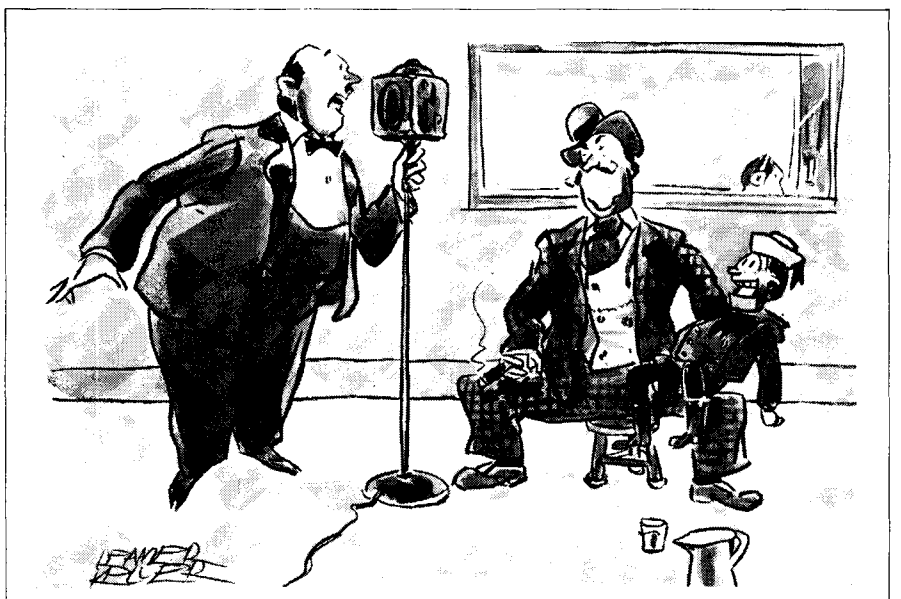
RIDING down-valley, El Fuerte presently turned aside into a dense manzanita thicket, and from its depths extracted an oilcloth-wrapped guitar; for this was not the first time that El Fuerte had ridden down the Valley of the Witch feeling the need of strings and song. At least four times in the last three weeks El Fuerte had serenaded Kathleen Boyce; and almost automatically he had taken to planting the guitar in the thicket, since obviously it caused less comment to ride out with a rifle in his saddle boot than with a guitar on his back.

He rode on gayly, at a snappy trot, for by this time much of the night was gone; and in a quarter of an hour rounded a point of rocks into view of the Boyce hacienda. He began to clear his throat and hum to himself, selecting the songs he would sing. Three songs would be plenty, the idea being to leave her wishing for more and wondering why he had stopped.

Sometime, El Fuerte supposed with flawless confidence, Kathleen would come to her window when he sang; sometime later, he would sit in the outside of her window embrasure, talking with her in whispers between songs. For when John Boyce was in the hills ransacking old lost shafts for some sign of the metal that might rebuild his fortunes, no one was around the old hacienda except Kathleen and a few mestizo servants, whom El Fuerte knew how to handle as well as he knew anything in the world. El Fuerte looked to the future happily, with a gentle surety, and no sense of hurry whatsoever.

He was debating with himself whether she would be offended if he made his version of the thundering *Rancho Grande* slightly *colorado*, and his eyes were fixed speculatively on the hacienda, when something that he saw there made him pull his horse up sharply. Through the low-hanging pepper trees showed a little steady gleam of light. Someone was awake and up in the main house.

HE HESITATED, momentarily at a loss in the face of this minor mystery. For several minutes he sat quiet in the saddle, watching the light in the vague hope that it would go out, and thus eliminate itself as a mental problem. He was wondering if by any chance John Boyce would have returned from up-country in the middle of the night; and this annoyed him as a discredit to his information system, to say nothing of an upset to his serenade.



**"And the voice you just heard coming from behind your pianos, folks, was that of Professor Wilson, the great ventriloquist"**

*Reamer Keller*

Suddenly he dismounted, picketed his horse to a bush, and walked on toward the house, his high-heeled boots surprisingly silent on the sandy soil. Slowly he made a half circuit of the low garden wall, peering through the low drape of the pepper trees in an effort to get a view within. Within a window of the house he could see the high-trimmed lamp which lighted the main room; but not until he was almost directly in front could he make out any great part of the room itself.

The broad front door was open, wide, and El Fuerte, whose teeth were chattering slightly with the night chill, shivered a little at sight of this evidence of barbarism. It told him that John Boyce was there; for already El Fuerte had gathered that Boyce was a fresh-air fiend at all hours—a thing utterly inexplicable to El Fuerte. Swearing under his breath, he shifted his position until he could see the gracefully sprawled figure of Boyce himself. Boyce occupied the room's largest and most comfortable chair, and he was smoking slowly, as if with relish. Then, shifting a yard farther along the wall, El Fuerte brought into the picture the figure of Kathleen, and his gently chattering teeth shut with a click.

There were things about John Boyce which El Fuerte would never understand, and even more things that he would never understand about Kathleen. But in certain directions his intuitions could be as subtly accurate as those of a coyote or a wolf; and now, with his first glimpse of the figure of Kathleen, he knew instantly and certainly that she was under an all but unendurable strain—a strain that was twisting her to the cracking point.

Kathleen sat with her feet drawn up under her in an immense Spanish chair. It was a straight chair, built of hard flat planes of wood, with high, useless arms, and its exaggerated size made her slim, huddled figure look tiny, the wispy figure of a child. She was wearing some kind of black robe; her hands, gripping one arm of the chair, showed very white against the black folds—but not so white as her face, with her dark, soft hair all about it.

Her chin was in the hollow of one shoulder, as if the shoulder had come up in instinctive defense against something unseen within the room; but her face was turned squarely toward John Boyce. And she was perfectly still. He had never seen anyone so completely still, yet so taut, so unrelaxed.

John Boyce was talking. El Fuerte could not hear what he said. Those suave, low tones so characteristic of Boyce probably did not carry out of the room, let alone across the twenty yards that separated the open door from the wall upon which El Fuerte leaned. And El Fuerte could only partly see the man's face. But without being able to see Boyce's expression El Fuerte knew about what it was. It would be faintly ironic, faintly smiling, in a way that should have got Boyce in trouble long before this.

EL FUERTE knew also in what manner the low tones Boyce used would be flowing on and on, deceptively gentle, subtly accented by that perfectly modulated, perfectly controlled voice. Starting from indirections, he could build a half concealed meaning that presently fastened itself dreadfully deep. There was no doubt in El Fuerte's mind that Boyce could more than torment this woman—could strip her to her very soul.

He supposed now that Boyce was working on Kathleen because Tom Cloud had been there—for El Fuerte knew that Cloud had been there. Doubtless Boyce had pried that out of her; Boyce could pry at Kathleen until nothing within her remained concealed.

Kathleen said something in a low, intense voice, rapidly; and though the listener did not catch the words, they had the sound of a desperate pleading that still was without any hope.

El Fuerte leaned both elbows on the wall and slowly rolled one of his bitter cigarettes, for he felt the need of a drink, and tobacco would have to do. Then he stooped low behind the wall and lighted the cigarette, concealing the flame of the match in his armpit within his jacket. His hands were cold, and shaking a little with the chill of the night. Deliberately he squatted on his heels with his back to the wall and to the house, and drew a few deep drags, the coal of the cigarette hidden in his fist.

Then within the house a chair moved sharply on the floor, almost like the crying out of a voice, and El Fuerte stood up, whirling, as if he had been cut with a bull whip.

Kathleen was standing very straight beside the Spanish chair, a slim, taut figure in her black robe. He could see her hands, fingers spread tensely, pressed tight against the sides of her thighs. Her hair was back from her face as if she faced into the wind, and for a moment her eyes were big, dark smudges in the whiteness of her face. Then her mouth contorted, and even from the outer wall El Fuerte could see upon her cheek the glimmer of sudden tears.

She cried out, "No, no, no! I can't stand it any more." Then abruptly she turned, and was gone out of El Fuerte's range of vision, out of the room.

EL FUERTE stood looking, his eyes gone sleepy again under their heavy lids, at the almost placid figure of John Boyce, who continued to sit where he was, smoking. He still could not see Boyce's face.

Cigarette trailing from his lips, he swung over the adobe wall and went through the garden toward the house; not in perfect silence, for now he wore his boots, but silently enough to evade the untrained hearing of Boyce.

For a moment El Fuerte stood in the shadow outside the door. Then his twisted cigarette shot spinning through the air, bounced once, and slid to rest just beyond the seated man.

Boyce's whole body jerked as he looked up; and though he had never before seen El Fuerte's trick of announcing himself with his cigarette, he must have known instantly what he would see. El Fuerte was lounging in the doorway, enormous on his high-heeled boots. His heavy-lidded eyes roved idly about the room, and he was smiling, a sleepy, contented, somehow faintly anticipatory smile.

For a moment there was silence there, except that half a furlong away El Fuerte's restless horse whinnied, and was answered from the little horse corral behind the house. Then Boyce demanded sharply, "Well—what do you want?"

The visitor's eyes ceased their wandering to rest for a moment or two on Boyce, without seeming really to see him; but El Fuerte did not reply. Instead he stepped into the room, lounging easily, and looked about him with a mild, genial curiosity, as if he had never seen the place before. For a moment he seemed to notice a neat hunting rifle that stood in the corner, almost within the reach of Boyce's hand; but then his eyes passed on, studying the vari-colored string of corn ears that hung against the old wall, the serapes, the old frayed reata.

Boyce had not moved from his chair, but now he spoke again, and this time his voice was easy and controlled. "Do have a chair," he suggested. "It's a cool night; just the time for a drink."

El Fuerte made a casual, strolling circuit of the room. He appeared to slouch, utterly lazy. Only, his boots made no sound on the floor, and there was something uncanny in that, infinite-

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ly disturbing. And now in the new, tense quiet that was on that room could be heard a faint, broken murmur that came from another part of the house; the smothered sound of a woman sobbing uncontrollably.

EL FUERTE stopped now in front of a window; he adjusted one of the casements, as if to let in a little air, then stood gazing out into the night. He hadn't spoken any word.

Unquestionably, Boyce knew exactly what he was up against, by then. Suddenly he said in a queer, cracked whisper: *"In God's name what do you want?"*

If El Fuerte could see the face of John Boyce reflected in the pane of the window, he knew then that Boyce's face had gone white and rigid, with staring eyes—the face of a coward unexpectedly caught in a limitless cruelty. And once more in the silence that room heard the little, muffled sound of a woman crying—crying terribly, as if she would never stop again.

Then John Boyce moved explosively, quick as a trapped animal, and his chair overturned as he snatched at the rifle in the corner.

El Fuerte did not turn from the window that he faced, did not seem to move at all. But his gun spoke from under his arm, with a heavy, smashing report.

The blurred reflection in the windowpane showed the white face of John Boyce turn upward as his knees sagged; then he collapsed suddenly, as if something within had snapped with an awful finality. He was down upon his face, his rifle under him in his hands.

The visitor holstered his gun, waved one hand in ironical salute; then stepped out through the window into the dark.

*(To be continued next week)*

# Familiar Disguise

*Continued from page 21*

when Marcia told him, on the morning of the great affair, that the car was waiting to take him to the barber's. Nevertheless, he went.

An hour later he came home. Marcia was upstairs in Grandma Linden's room, discussing the final details of the anniversary dinner, which was to be held, as usual, at a quarter to seven that evening.

Grandpa walked into the room.

Marcia saw him and shrieked. Grandma Linden took one long, bewildered look at him and then let out a piercing wail of anguish.

"Father! What have you done?"

Grandpa struggled for speech. He made violent gestures with his hands. "That fool barber!" he gasped. "A new one. . . . A new barber! I went to sleep in the chair. . . . The rascal shaved me clean!"

"Oh, my! Oh, land o' Goshen!" whimpered Grandma. "Been married to you sixty years, too!"

"I tell you I couldn't help it, Mother!"

"Don't talk to me, Cyrus Linden! Go away from me! I can't bear to look at you. It's plain indecent, that's what it is. I've a good mind to divorce you, I swan I have!"

At this frightful pronouncement Grandpa turned pale. He staggered toward Grandma, crying: "You wouldn't do that, would you, Mother?" But the shock of seeing his naked chin had been too much for Grandma Linden. She had fainted quietly in her chair.

Marcia sprang to her side.

"You go downstairs, Grandpa. I'll take care of Grandmother."

Grandpa gave his wife a stricken look and crept out of the room.

After a while Marcia came down.

"Well, Marcia—? Is she—?"

"Yes. Grandma's all right. I told her it wasn't true, that she must have fallen asleep and dreamed that you'd had your beard shaved."

"Told her what? Told her—it wasn't *true?*"

"Yes."

"But—my Godfrey, child! She'll know it's true when she sees me again. She'll divorce me!"

Marcia shook her head.

"I have a scheme, Grandpa. Get your hat and come with me."

At exactly a quarter to seven that evening Grandpa Linden, familiarly and adequately bearded, as always, with his white mustache as bristling as ever, rose in his place at the foot of the table to propose a toast to his bride. He was in fine fettle. He had been through an appalling experience that afternoon; but he had survived it. More than that, he had fooled Grandma completely.

Gazing about the circle of his guests, his beaming glance met that of the blond young man seated on Marcia's right. That young man was John Sprague. He had been invited at the last moment, at Marcia's suggestion, and with Grandpa's consent. Grandma had been surprised and greatly pleased at Grandpa's sudden liberal-mindedness. Apparently Cyrus had got over his life-long hatred of actors.

The guests rose and drank. When they were seated again, Grandpa said splendidly: "Friends and members of the Linden family, I want to take this opportunity not only to pay tribute to the angel in human form who has been my spouse and inspiration these past sixty years, but furthermore I wish to —uh—break the news to you of an approaching event that I hope'll turn out as well as my own blessed union. I been saving this as a surprise even for Mother, but I know she'll be pleased about it. Ladies and gent'men, I have the honor to announce the engagement of my granddaughter, Marcia, to Mr. John Sprague."

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed Grandma, from the head of the table.

IT WAS a joyous dinner and a happy evening. At the riotously late hour of ten o'clock the guests departed, Marcia and John went off for a drive in his car, and Grandpa and Grandma Linden retired to the bedroom they had shared for more than half a century.

Grandpa was closing and locking the door, as usual, when suddenly he heard a low chuckle from his wife. He turned, and saw a grim smile hovering on Grandma's wrinkled lips.

"Thought you fooled me, didn't you, Cyrus?"

"Why — why — what you talking about, Mother? I don't know what—!"

"You needn't try to brazen it out. I *saw* your nekked chin, and I *know* it wasn't any dream. So I asked Marcia, and she told me she took you down to the theater and got John Sprague to fix you a false beard and glue it onto your chin."

"Well, Lord's sakes, Mother—"

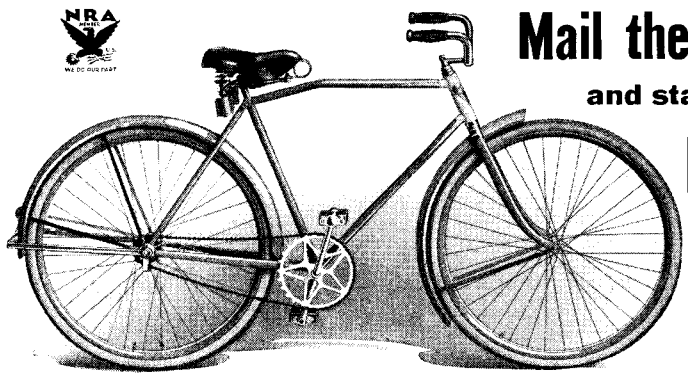
Grandma's smile widened. Her old eyes twinkled with a malice that had in it a great tenderness. Pattering across the floor, she put her hands on Grandpa's shoulders, raised herself on tiptoe and kissed his ambushed lips.

"Take off those whiskers, Father!" she said. "I know you!"


# BOYS! WIN A BICYCLE

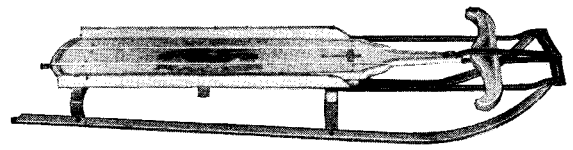
## And Your Choice of 300 Other Prizes

OH, BOY! Here's your opportunity to win a speedy Iver Johnson bicycle—*without a cent of cost!* Comes to you exactly as shown below, with drop-bar frame, coaster brake, rear wheel stand, etc. Built for speed and long wear. Besides this bike you can win your choice of 300 other big prizes, including your own clothing. Earn CASH PROFITS, too. It's easy! Just deliver Collier's, The American Magazine, and Woman's Home Companion, to customers in your neighborhood. It's valuable training. No experience needed. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon NOW—and we'll start you.

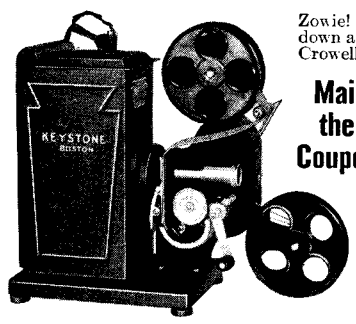


**Mail the Coupon and start winning MONEY and PRIZES**

You can have your choice of this fleet Iver Johnson, a Columbia, a Rollfast, or a Ranger bicycle. Each one comes to you fully equipped—*without cost!* Win yourself a new 1934 model, and earn CASH PROFITS, besides.

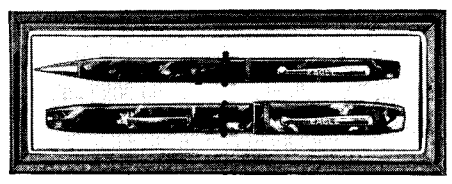


Zowie! This Wee Racer sled, with flexible steel runners, will shoot down a snow-covered hill like greased lightning. Win it by delivering Crowell magazines. Mail the coupon and we'll start you.

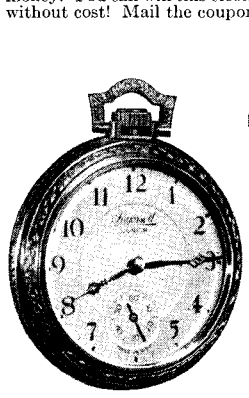



Show movies in your own home. Make money. You can win this electric machine without cost! Mail the coupon!

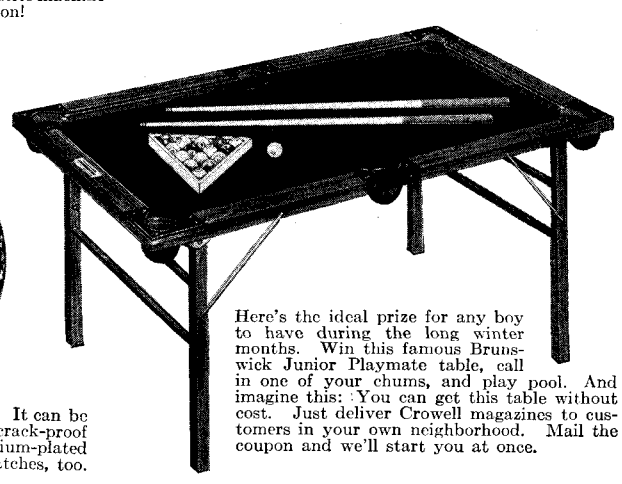
**Mail the Coupon**



You can easily win this pen and pencil set and dozens of other school needs. Just fill out the coupon and rush it to us today.



Want this beautiful watch? It can be yours without cost. Has crack-proof crystal and engraved chromium-plated case. You can win wrist watches, too.



Here's the ideal prize for any boy to have during the long winter months. Win this famous Brunswick Junior Playmate table, call in one of your chums, and play pool. And imagine this: You can get this table without cost. Just deliver Crowell magazines to customers in your own neighborhood. Mail the coupon and we'll start you at once.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-97
The Crowell Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to win some of your wonderful prizes and earn my own spending money. Start me off as a salesman and send me a Big Prize Book.

My Name is ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

# 1934 Gets a Good Start

VIEW it as you will, 1933 was a marvelous year. We touched bottom and we rose with courage, determination and, perhaps history will say, with wisdom to attack problems which many thought were certainly beyond quick solution.

First, and possibly not most important, there was prohibition. Not many imagined twelve months ago that the Eighteenth Amendment could be repealed within a year. Yet it was swiftly accomplished. Once the American people understood the facts, there was no hesitation.

Nobody imagines that the act of repeal has settled the liquor question. Obviously it has not. It has merely given us as a nation the opportunity legally to attempt a solution. Possibly the emergency laws and plans adopted by the various states won't appear in experience and retrospect to be the last word of wisdom on the subject. We may make other mistakes. We are, however, at last free to experiment and to work out the best practicable methods for us.

The end of national prohibition marks the finish of an era. Prohibition was the high tide of governmental interference with the personal behavior and personal conduct of men and women. It did more to make drinking popular and excessive than anything in remembered history. We won't repeat that mistake soon.

Not less far-reaching in its effects upon us was the establishment of the NRA. Economic stress led us to adopt the NRA but the changes it ushered in won't vanish with the emergency.

For the NRA marks a turning in our industrial and economic life. During a hundred and fifty years we hated anarchy in politics and demanded anarchy in our business affairs. We called it rugged individualism. Scholars called it laissez faire—the let-alone policy of drift, of non-interference, of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

We found that in the time of adversity the devil would take too many. So we set up the principle of social responsibility, of controlling wages and working hours and of preventing and alleviating unemployment. The government also took a hand at price fixing and permitted and approved combinations previously forbidden under the anti-trust laws.

The net of all this is to set up a government in business. The forms immediately evolved will not necessarily be lasting. In fact we may be very sure that there will be changes and improvements. Daimler's first automobile doesn't look much like 1934's motor cars. But, once having experienced the advantages of a national organization of our business life, that we shall go back to the old rule of dog-eat-dog is improbable.

For a long time to come unquestionably we shall march along the road opened to us when the industrial recovery act was passed. We have gotten rid of child labor. We have recognized the national necessity of providing work and decent incomes for honest, energetic men and women. We have realized the benefits of coöperation on a vast scale. We shall not soon forget these things.

We have perceived at last, also, the utter dependence of all classes of society upon one another. During two generations farmers, as a group, failed to keep pace with industrial workers. Farmers got less than an equitable share of the national income.

We have long known this. Finally we came to see that this inequality could not and must not continue. He would be a sanguine prophet who held that the farm question in all its aspects was ultimately settled in 1933. But even though many new devices are tried and rejected, we have, as a nation, accepted the obligation to do economic justice to the farmer. The consequences of this decision are prodigious. Whatever the immediate effects, in the long run agriculture will stand on terms of equality with industry and commerce.

The farmer's son and the farmer's daughter will realize that life on the farm will offer as satisfactory a career as any other employment. This will mean a vital change in our national way of life. Ambitious and intelligent boys and girls will remain in the country as they did in other eras. The cities will cease to drain the rural regions of the most ambitious youth. We have in truth started a new cycle in our development as a people.

We still have problems. The biggest decision which 1933 bequeathed to 1934 concerns our currency. Many social and economic revolutions have foundered on the sands of a debased monetary system. We should be able to avoid that blunder.

At other times in our history we have wrestled with the same problem. It is the familiar aftermath of great wars. Following our Revolutionary War, at the close of the Napoleonic Wars, after our Civil War, the same issue arose and was after a long travail settled. Alexander Hamilton led the infant republic through the confusion of the early years and in every subsequent generation the good sense of the nation finally prevailed.

We shall emerge triumphantly this time. No one who understands his America can believe that forty million intelligent Americans will permit any Congress by reckless paper money inflation to destroy savings banks and insurance companies, to wipe out the endowment funds of hospitals and colleges and other public service institutions and to destroy the hard-won savings of the frugal and thrifty. The issue has only to be stated clearly to assure an honorable and just decision.

We took long strides forward in 1933. As a people we showed courage, resourcefulness and good will. We face 1934 with confidence bred of sound achievement. When the record of this new year is written may we again be able to look back with pride and forward with assurance of continued progress.



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FREDRIC MARCH & FLORENCE ELDRIDGE

*in a Mobiloil Movie..* **"SMOOTH PERFORMANCE"**

Fredric March co-starring with Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper in "Design for Living," a Paramount picture.

FLORENCE: "Where can Freddie be? Why, it's half past eight, and we're due at Times Square to see the preview of 'Design for Living' in twenty minutes!"

FREDDIE: "Tonight of all nights to be stuck with a car that won't start! Guess I'll call up a garage."

DEALER: "Your car'll be all right in a few minutes, Mr. March. We're putting in Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas now. She'll be winterproof then!"

FREDDIE: "Sorry to be late, dear. I couldn't get the car started but it's fixed now for good."

FLORENCE: "Never mind, we can still make it."

FLORENCE: "My, isn't she attractive—and such a good little actress!"

FREDDIE: "You can thank another couple of smooth performers* for our being here on time!" (*Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas.)

## Get quick starting and save money too!

Both are "double-range"—Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control! "Double-range" because no matter how cold the weather, you always get a quick start. And when your engine warms up, full gas mileage and full oil protection.

Mobiloil & Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

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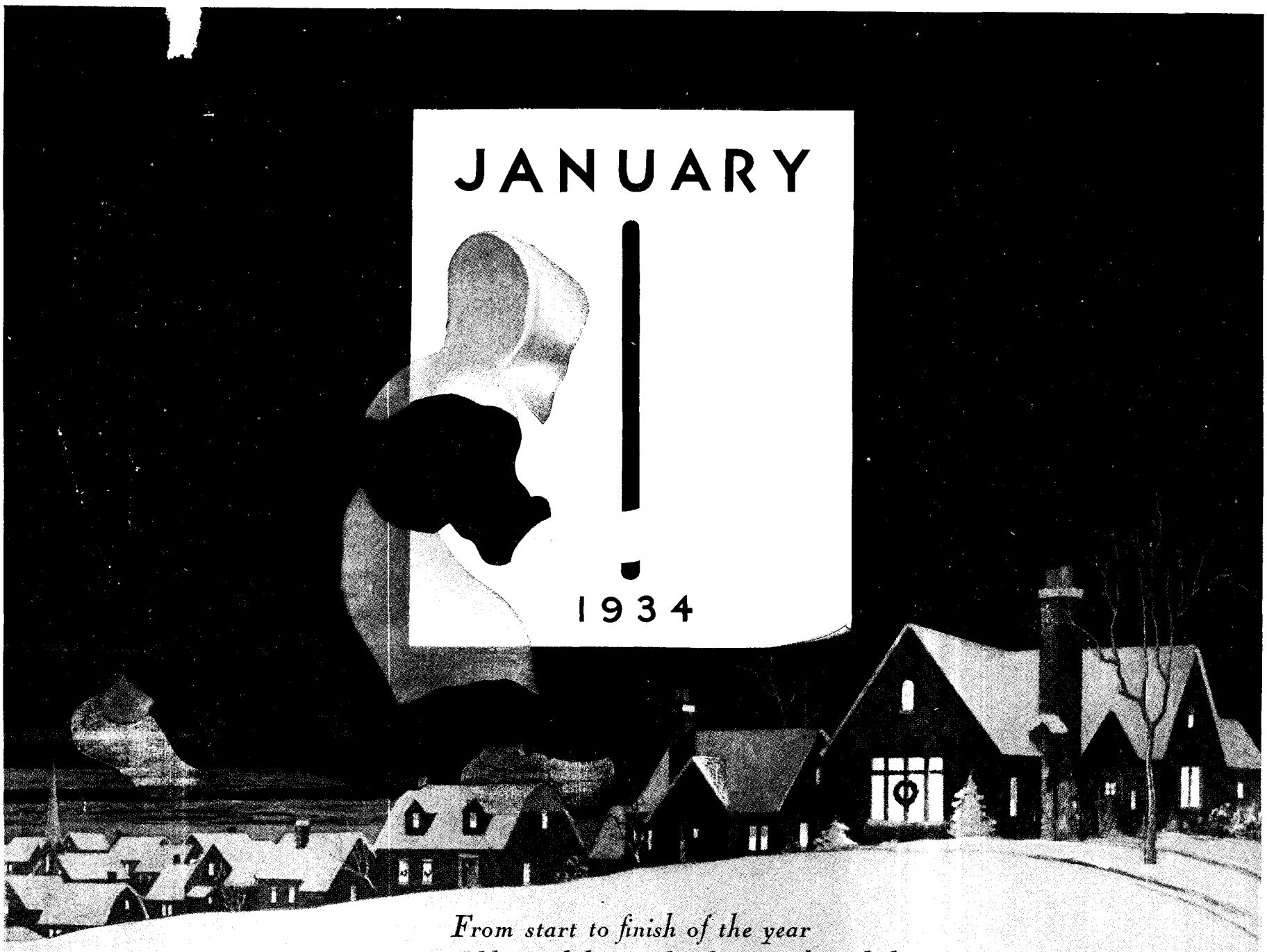


*From start to finish of the year*
*Old Dutch brings cleanliness and good cheer.*
*Resolve to clean the Old Dutch way*
*And thus save money every day.*

This year, join the millions of happy women who have discovered that Old Dutch is ideal for every cleaning task. You'll be grateful every day for its gentleness and safety, for its time-saving speed and money-saving thoroughness. For Old Dutch *is* thrifty. It is as outstanding for economy as for safety and speed.

Ordinary cleansers contain chunky, gritty particles like this . You can see that they're wasteful, that they touch the surface only with their sharp, hard points which scratch and make hiding places for more dirt.

Old Dutch is entirely different because it is made with pure "seismotite." Its flaky, flat-shaped particles like this cover more surface and do not scratch. That's why it cleans quickly with a smooth sweep that insures healthful cleanliness by removing invisible impurities as well as visible dirt.

You'll find Old Dutch is perfect for cleaning any surface on which water may be used. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.

*Doesn't Scratch*

**This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge**

Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Dept. D127, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

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*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

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